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GOOD WILL TO MEN

BY ALVIN JOHNSON

WORDS, so often and justly treated as a symbol of futility, do nevertheless sometimes clothe themselves with undying power over human hearts. Good will to men: who can estimate the part these simple words have played in the creation of whatever is true and enduring in modern civilization? There had been mighty empires before our era, empires erected by blood and violence, perpetuated — no, merely prolonged — by ruthless force. Those empires were not altogether inhuman. They punished their enemies, but they rewarded their friends. There was good will in them, as in all things mortal, but good will only to one's family, one's party, one's country. All else was enemy, to be paid out in full with ill will.

It remained for Christianity to set up a moral law enjoining good will to all men, irrespective of social or political status, irrespective of nationality or color. Good will to the slave and peasant and artisan, to the scholar and the noble, to the Lord's anointed on his throne and the prisoner in his dungeon. The Roman Emperor could say, 'Let them hate me, so they fear me.' Henry V of England, absolute under the divine right of kings,

expresses himself otherwise. 'Speak freely. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king.'

There have been tyrants who called themselves Christian, but the pervasive force of the principle of good will has worked relentlessly toward a social order based upon consent, until finally democracy became a practical possibility. It is true, we have never yet realized perfect democracy. We have never been wholly free from ill will toward individuals and groups we do not understand. Even in the democracies we have sometimes had instances of the tyrannical technique of setting brother against brother, of capitalizing ill will. But few intelligent democrats fail to realize that all such practices are dangerous excrescences upon the body politic, needing to be excised before they spread from organ to organ until democracy perishes.

Democracies can stand securely only on one foundation, good will to men: good will to all men. Tyrannies may endure for a time on the basis of ill will to men: race against race, language against language, class against class. But no tyranny endures forever.

On what charge will future historians

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particularly condemn this generation of ours? They will describe our wars, unexampled in horror and cruelty, our tyrannical governments resting on the Roman emperor's maxim. But they will lay chief emphasis upon the world-wide abrogation of the principle of good will to all men, the vain attempt to build a system of good will upon a basis of favored groups and the exclusion of other groups — to-day particularly the Jews. It is a vain attempt, for, once the rule is breached, its binding quality is gone. Exclude the Jews — next you will exclude other aliens and the sons and daughters of aliens, the men of different religious beliefs, of different political views, of different economic status. Instead of the peace that flows from the principle of good will you will have the war of all against all. Instead of democracy you will have the totalitarian state, to create a desert and desolation and call it peace.

There are complacent persons, priding themselves on their common sense, who will say that this is to exaggerate the importance of the Jewish problem. True, Jews are being beaten and robbed, hounded down and often murdered, in regions once dominated by modern civilization. True, they are being thrust out of their homes toward an outside world that refuses to receive them. True, for millions of Jews to-day the only homeland to which they can look forward with confidence is the grave. But what of the millions of Chinese noncombatants who are perishing miserably under the terror from the skies, from flood and fire and famine? What of the noncombatants of Spain?

These same common-sense philosophers might as well argue that a judicial murder, the execution of an innocent man after a corrupt trial, is only one among the multitudinous murders we always have with us. A thug may kill me. I was born to die, but not like that. I have a just grievance, if the police have been negligent. But if I and my kind

are being condemned to death on perjured evidence by corrupt judges the whole system of life under which I live as long as I can, and my children and my children's children after me, is being poisoned at the roots.

The Jewish problem — *not* the problem of the Jews alone, but of us all — is not one to be dismissed with a shrug of the shoulders or a quip on the Chosen People. It is a poison that penetrates to the heart of democracy, a cumulative poison. If in this year of our Lord 1938 we in America exclude the people of Christ from His principle of good will to men, our democracy is on its road to a heavy reckoning.

Need I state that in recent years there has been a marked increase in anti-Semitism in America? Everyone knows that this is true. Need I attempt to recount the causes of this hideous phenomenon? Everyone knows that there has been an active anti-Semitic propaganda carried on, in part by sympathizers with Nazi Germany, in part by gullible individuals who take seriously such myths as that of the 'great Jewish conspiracy' of international bankers and Bolsheviks, to ruin the world and establish the empire of David on its ashes. There are four million natural-born morons in the United States, and probably twice as many who have become virtual morons through defect of education or through the stupefying effect of a scatterbrained environment. If someone were to prove to me that the present anti-Semitic following amounts to two million I would say, 'Astonishing! Is that all?'

To a democrat, what the morons think and feel is by no means a matter of indifference. We are all of limited intelligence, and in the eyes of God the difference between the philosopher and the moron is no doubt immaterial. The morons, too, are capable of good will, and if this has become corrupted to ill will and anti-Semitism, that is the fault of the rest of us who pride ourselves on our superior intelligence.

It is, however, not the organized anti-Semitism prevalent among the people of low intelligence that really signifies, but the growing antagonism to the Jews, the growing indifference to the wrongs heaped upon the Jewish race, among people who are otherwise intelligent and public-spirited, people who are endowed with conscience and humanity. How are we to account for this? And, what is more important, what are we Christians and Jews going to do about it?

A learned rabbi has pointed out that anti-Semitism is a symptom of a sick world. The world has been sick ever since the Great War. Before the war there were in every country great numbers of individuals who thought they had their lives ordered to the end. They had apparently secure positions with retirement pensions in sight, or they had property or business that could be counted on to produce a steady income. Economically they were at peace with the world, and, being at economic peace, they were also more or less subject to the sway of moral peace. Toleration was possible in such a world. But the war and the post-war disorders shattered all these assumed economic certainties. Embittered anxiety succeeded to the mood of peace, and infections like intolerance found a fertile soil to grow in.

No one will doubt that there is a high measure of validity in this analysis. In a sick world the Jewish problem will assume an aggravated condition; but there was a Jewish problem, developing according to laws of its own, even when the world was comparatively well. To press the pathological metaphor a little farther, we have normally in the body politic a quiescent lesion, a disposition to carp at the Jews, to exclude them from social organizations, occasionally to erect property restrictions against them and to throw difficulties in their way when they attempt to gain entry to professions regarded as privileged. These fairly harmless discriminations are capable of flaring up dangerously in times of

social stress, involving all sorts of adjacent tissues.

An extreme example is that of Germany. The flaring up of anti-Semitism involved with it not only Communism, — promptly identified with Jewry through the accident that Marx and a prominent Communist minority were Jews, — but also the Social Democratic Party, in our time as little socialistic as Roosevelt or Landon; also all liberal parties; also all democratic groups; also the 'international bankers'; also pacifism and internationalism; also all recent tendencies in art, music, literature, education, particularly religious education. The Jewish problem in Germany behaved just like a malignant cancer neglected too long and now sending cell colonies everywhere through the circulatory system.

We all believe that nothing like that could happen here. We have a far stronger Constitution than that of Weimar. Nevertheless, who can say what may happen in fifty years, or a hundred years, if we presume too much on the quiescence of the anti-Semitic lesion?

II

What, then, is the nature of the Jewish problem of normal times? It is certainly not a matter of religion. We have a long tradition of religious tolerance, and, except in a relatively small number of benighted localities, we exhibit respect toward every man's religion. To be sure, we have had anti-Catholic crusades. But Catholicism was popularly supposed to control the political action of its adherents. It was supposed to be hostile to democracy. With the realization that Catholics divide on questions of politics, each worth-while individual following his own convictions, the popular opposition to them has faded out. Every decent Protestant treats the convictions of his Catholic neighbors with respect. So does every decent American, even though tinged with anti-Semitism, treat respect-

fully the Jewish religion. And if there are small and thoughtless persons who bring up the crucifixion of Jesus, a Jew, by Jews, it is merely to find effective material for expressing an antecedent anti-Semitism.

Neither is it a matter of race. There are those who argue gravely that the Jews are Orientals, and that it is forever true of East and West that never the twain shall meet. Anyone who has eyes and good sense besides can see that there is no unity of racial type among the Jews. Look at the tall Spanish or Portuguese Jew with the high narrow Iberian head; look at the blue-eyed, long-headed Jews of Holland and the Rhine Valley, the stolid faces of Polish Jews, the mercurial, curly-haired round heads from the Ukraine. Any competent anthropologist can match any type of Jew, feature for feature, with non-Jews from our own authentic population.

There is something wrong here, the reader will say. I always know a Jew when I see one — nearly always. But so can one always tell a farmer, a building worker, a railroad man, a traveling salesman, a doctor, a professor. Persons of a similar range of experience acquire similar earmarks, and in our popular anthropology it is earmarks that tell.

It is not a question of differential ability. You hear it endlessly repeated that Jews are apt imitators, not original thinkers. Look at Spinoza, Einstein, Freud, Weil, Ehrlich, Haber, Brandeis, Cardozo, Picasso, Matisse. In the arts they are said to be mere middlemen. Mendelssohn a middleman? Heine? If Epstein is a middleman, whose goods is he selling? The fact is that no group produces many original thinkers. Gentile or Jew, we are nearly all imitators, middlemen. I must confess that the Jews have produced no Shakespeare. The whole non-Jewish world, outnumbering the Jews four thousand times, has produced only one.

Neither is it a question of character. There are square Jews and crooked Jews,

as is the case with other groups, and anyone who has a wide acquaintance with both races knows that the crooks are an insignificant if disastrous minority among either Jews or Gentiles. There are shy Jews and aggressive Jews, as with the rest of us. It was a Jew who first bearded the lion, but it was Sir Francis Drake who set out to singe the beard of the King of Spain. I could go on indefinitely with these parallels, and yet the reader will reassert, 'Nevertheless I know a Jew when I see one.'

What, then, is the heart of the Jew's offending? First of all, he composes a compact minority group, and compact minorities are always subject to peculiar social laws. If you are of the majority and produce a notable achievement, the credit is yours. Your work is judged in terms of the individual character it expresses. If you are of a compact minority the achievement is still yours, but the critic will stretch every point to give it a racial interpretation. Of all living Americans the one most like Abraham Lincoln is Mr. Justice Brandeis. Both men's work exhibits a veneration for the law, but a sense of the moral law behind the statute from which the latter derives its essential validity. Both men's thought is premised upon the democratic rights of man and the democratic responsibilities of man. In the case of Brandeis these characteristics are said to be Jewish.

But if we do occasionally impute to the minority virtues and achievements that actually are of all mankind, what we do infallibly is to impute to the minority outstanding instances of vice and crime. If a Gentile pulls off a gigantic swindle, we impute it to him alone. If a Jew perpetrates a similar misachievement, it is a Jewish swindle, tarring in some measure the whole race.

Three fourths of the Jews in the United States are either immigrants who fled from the pogroms of Tsarist Russia or the children of such immigrants, brought up in solid immigrant communities.

Like all immigrant stocks, these Jews are imperfectly assimilated after so brief a lapse of time as is represented by two generations. They are inadequately assimilated in language, gesture, and manners, and occasionally in law and in the customs that are more binding than law. Exactly the same charge of persistent alienism was once brought against the slightly earlier Italian groups, the German and Scandinavian immigrants of the seventies and eighties, the Irish of the forties and fifties, the colonial immigration of Scotch, Irish, Germans, and French. Always America has made a wry face over the ingestion of a new alien group. But we tend to impute Jewish alienism to fundamental Jewishness.

Alienism as a rule mends itself with time. Most minority groups are absorbed into the majority. This is not true of the Jews, because the Jewish religion embraces a whole cultural system, resistant to assimilation not only through its spirit but through external observances, such as the Jewish holidays and Jewish dietary rules. Many Jews, to be sure, have abandoned these distinguishing customs, but so long as the central core of the group holds to them, all Jews will be treated as a compact minority, credited grudgingly with the achievements of the virtuous and able, credited generously with the peccadillos and vices and crimes of the foolish and wicked. So it is written in the irrevocable laws of the modern Medes and Persians, the sociologists.

So it is written, but this does not mean that there is nothing to do about it. Of that, later. Just now we must consider the bearing of another characteristic of this particular compact minority, the Jews.

Once the Jews, like all other peoples, were pastoral and agricultural, and even under the Roman Empire they were known not for their business capacity, their competence in money matters, but for their skill as gardeners and craftsmen

— was there a business man among the followers of Christ except Judas, and he too afflicted with a conscience? But the occupational restrictions of mediæval and early modern times urbanized almost the whole body of the Jews. There was room for an occasional Jewish rural cattle trader, or manorial superintendent, but almost the whole Jewish population was confined to the Ghetto, to live if it could by trade and the industrial operations immediately attached to trade, though there was within the group a privileged minority set apart for the rabbinate and related professional activity, law and medicine.

Jewish emancipation in the liberal era made possible the escape of increasing numbers of Jews from the Ghetto, but not from the Ghetto tradition of the means of livelihood. The Ghetto trader mushroomed out into the Jewish merchant, the pawnbroker into the banker, the learned man into the professor, journalist, author, lawyer, accountant, or physician. The Jew was liberated, after a fashion, as to his head, but his feet clung to the city pavement.

Well, why should this count against the Jews? Were they not performing a valuable function here? Certainly. Any historian can prove that the quickening of commerce, in which the Jewish merchant and banker played a large and honorable part, was the most powerful force making for economic progress in the western world. He can also prove that the Jewish contribution to the advance of the arts and sciences is of inestimable value.

Business and the professions are the fields in which competition is most severe, animosities most bitter. Not so with manual labor. Rarely does a bricklayer hate another for laying bricks. A man can lay sixteen hundred bricks a day; a union man may lay only eight hundred at most. In times of building activity the number of bricks to be laid is astronomical, and what one man can do is an insignificant part of the whole.

So with other trades and factory work. Through years I have inquired diligently for instances of racial jealousy between Jewish and Gentile craftsmen and factory workers. I have found none. Similarly, what one farmer brings to market is never enough to sink the price. No farmer hates another for competent farming; rather, he reserves his hatred for the farmers who seed up the whole neighborhood with weeds. There are sixteen thousand Jewish farmers in the United States. I have yet to hear of any that are persecuted by their neighbors.

Business and the professions, however, are another story. A grocer, we will say, has established himself on a frequented corner, and for a time does a comfortable business. Another grocer sets up on the opposite corner. Either could do all the business in sight. Now the business has to be divided between two, and the first comer is far from happy. True, the two, with their competing displays, may pull business away from other street corners; conceivably they may attract so much of this business that, paradox of paradoxes, their last state will be better than their first. But no merchant is so optimistic at the outset as to expect any such result. He hates his rival whole-heartedly; he detests him besides, if the rival is a Jew.

Similarly, competition is keen among doctors, lawyers, engineers, scientists. In the long run, and as a general rule, professional services are capable of expanding into a more important place in society. Any able worker may open up new fields of great value to other workers. But the immediate effect of additional personnel is to split the business and render life more difficult for men already finding it hard to make ends meet. Professional men do not like rivals; and their dislike is intensified if the rival can in any sense be regarded as an alien.

III

A fatality appears to dog the steps of the Jewish people. When the world was

young and wide fertile lands beckoned, in the east and north and over the sea, what did they choose for their homeland? The favorite battlefield of the competing empires of Egypt, Mesopotamia, and the Hittites of Asia Minor. They might sow and build, but almost every generation saw alien armies, numerous as locusts, marching in to reap and burn. In their present-day attempt to restore their homeland they find themselves again on a battlefield where Arab nationalism, British and Italian imperialism, are in perennial conflict. And in these times of universal unrest they set up their tents in the most venomously competitive of fields, business and the professions. These are the very fields that suffer first and most grievously when the world turns sick.

To sum up the sociological analysis: the Jewish religion, particularly by its external observances, sets the Jewish people apart as a permanent minority; a minority as a whole is held responsible for the misbehavior and misdeeds of its individual members; the Jewish minority, following its traditions, takes its stand in the most savagely competitive field of modern life. What more is needed to explain anti-Semitism, to demonstrate the hopelessness of the problem?

Only the last part of this statement is wrong. Granted that the spirit of good will to men still lives among us, — and if it does not we die, — the problem is one that admits of solution.

There is room on the broad bosom of the earth for minorities, compact minorities living their own lives, maintaining their own values. There are endless examples of the long survival of such minorities. The Druses continue to live on the slopes of Lebanon, having defied Arab and Turk and Christian imperialism; the Albanians have held their own in their barren hills since Agamemnon was a puling infant; the Kutzo-Vlachs still hold the slopes of the Pindus range; low Latin survives among the Ladins of

Switzerland. But in all these instances the minority stands squarely on the soil. Though its polity is primitive, all vocations necessary to survival have their fair representation in it.

Or take a nonterritorial minority group like the Scotch. There is, to be sure, a Scottish homeland of crag and glen and lough, where the stag noses his way through the cold mist, secure because the tough-limbed hunters have distributed themselves over the seven seas and the ten-times-seven lands. Wherever they may be they are Scotchmen still, peculiar and formidable. There is no walk in life where you will not meet them. Like the Jews, they exhibit an incurable intellectual interest, a canny sense of business. But, unlike the Jews, they have never permitted the white collar to become a yoke. They have a preference for business and the professions, but they also like to follow the plough and wield the axe and scythe.

Woven thus into the whole texture of economic life, the Scotchman finds the civilized world his homeland. The civilized world is the true homeland of the Jew. I say this without prejudice to Zionism, which I trust will succeed in establishing as solid a homeland in Palestine as the Scotch have among their ancestral moors. But Palestine and Scotland will accommodate only a symbolic fragment of the Jews and Scotch.

If the wide world is to become for the Jews a greater homeland, as it is for the Scotch, they too must weave themselves inextricably into the texture of economic life, occupying all vocations from the soil up. As I have indicated, there are Jewish farmers in America, but only sixteen thousand. There should be two hundred thousand, to give the Jews proportional representation in American agriculture. With such representation in agriculture we should not need to trouble ourselves about proportional representation in other fields. For the superfluous farm youth distributes itself

naturally over the whole range of employments.

But Jews will not live in the open country, someone objects. Is it sufficiently taken into account that millions of Jews are now asking whether they shall be permitted to live at all? That among so philoprogenitive a race there are hundreds of thousands who do not dare to bring children into a world like this, hundreds of thousands of excellent vigorous stock whose seed appears fated to die with them? I refuse to believe that this vital and creative race can long withstand the lure of the fertile countryside.

In country as in city the Jews will remain a minority. They will be subject to the differential requirements that a permanent minority must meet. Among minorities, whether Danes in German Schleswig, Poles in Germany, or Germans in Pennsylvania, you encounter a rule of life which must have grown out of long experience. Their voices are soft and low, their manners unobtrusive. They leave noisiness and conspicuousness to the majority. The Jews of Europe, behind the walls of the Ghetto, were under no similar requirement. In their compulsory shelter they might compete to their heart's content for the attention of their fellows. This habit of social competition can be lived down but slowly. Yet it must be lived down if a permanent minority is to exist happily in the modern state.

IV

I have apparently wandered far afield from the theme of good will to men. But it is only apparently that I have wandered, for, as we value good will and all that depends on it, we must understand and cope with the outstanding problem of ill will in our time, the Jewish problem.

It is a problem for Jew and Gentile alike. Were anti-Semitism to grow to the proportions of a movement for the

banishment of the Jews, the first sufferers would be the Jews themselves. But we should all suffer the loss of our liberties that would inevitably follow such an unloosing of ill will. The Jews of Germany were the first victims of anti-Semitism. But in the progress of time the Nazi triumph made possible by the passions of anti-Semitism has victimized far more non-Jews than Jews. Many more non-Jews than Jews have experienced the miseries of the concentration camp; many more have perished there.

Is it an extravagant hope that men of good will, Jews and Gentiles alike, will presently awaken to the fact that we have too complacently permitted anti-Semitism to go as far as it is safe for us to let it go, if we care about the survival and progress of American democracy? Is it not time for us to translate our good will into action in behalf of this sorely beset people? Good will unused spoils in the container. How many of us have fallen into anti-Semitic modes of thought and speech as a defense for our consciences against the reproach that we have seen our fellow man hunted and

stripped and beaten while we did nothing about it? We never did think the Jews a desirable element in the state, we say. The Devil was bright when he invented the moral alibi.

We who value our civilization owe a tremendous debt to the Jews. In place of childish aggregations of gods mostly malevolent, in place of terrifying superstitions abated only for the elect by philosophy, they gave us religions of singular purity and splendor that yet could reach even the lowliest minds. The book of history is not yet closed, and it may be fated that our present civilization of aerial bombs and poison gas must once more go through an era of mediæval darkness. The Jews, however small a remnant, will manage to keep their lamps burning. Their mission has not come to an end. Indeed, one may say that even to-day, in the midst of the greatest of all persecutions, their mission stands out clearly: to awaken us from the stupor in which we dreamed that a civilized society might rest on some other basis than that which has been tested by time — good will to men.

CHARLOTTE CARR—SETTLEMENT LADY

BY MILTON S. MAYER

I

A FEW months ago a 'fat Irishwoman' (as she describes herself) decided she'd seen enough front-line service for a while. For twenty years she had manned the barricades, as a policewoman under Brooklyn Bridge, as Secretary of Labor of war-torn Pennsylvania, and as director of relief in New York City. Now she was tired and forty-seven (though she looked neither) and she wanted a furlough. What she got was one of the toughest assignments in America.

When Charlotte Carr hit town to succeed Jane Addams as head of Hull House, Chicago could n't quite make her out. For the new boss of the world's most famous settlement did not resemble the old in any superficial respect except total displacement. Charlotte Carr is probably the only graduate of boarding school and Vassar who ever walked a beat. To-night she dominates a drawing-room with native grace; to-morrow she dominates a relief demonstration with native persuasion. Her long service in behalf of the hard-bitten underprivileged has awakened in this well-born woman the traits of her ancestors. They, seven or eight generations back, were meat-and-potatoes Irish.

Chicago was a little afraid of the rugged successor of the 'angel of Hull House.' That was partly because Chicago did n't know Charlotte Carr, and partly because it had forgotten that it once called Jane Addams all the dirty names it could think of. But Charlotte Carr was n't worried. She knew Chi-

cago; she had seen Pittsburgh and Philadelphia and New York fighting and stumbling and afraid, and the picture was the same everywhere. At the moment Chicago happened to be stumbling worst.

The settlement house as an institution, as Jane Addams knew it and made it great, was as dead as Austria. It had fulfilled its early purposes, outlived its original usefulness. The settlements may not have been aware of their unhappy state — few corpses are. But Charlotte Carr has a facility for sizing things up. The result, at Hull House, has been audit and upheaval, to the end that the glorious landmark of an old era may be a living agency for a new.

For many years Hull House had a community doll that the children of the neighboring tenements came and played with. 'What Hull House is interested in doing now,' says the new Head Resident, 'is making the homes of those children fit to have a doll in, and enabling their parents to buy them one.'

The first heresy was the de-emphasis of such Hull House prides as pottery and weaving. Work in the arts and crafts was shifted from a production basis to an educational one. Hull House got out of the bric-a-brac business. 'Why should working people weave rugs in 1938?' Charlotte Carr wanted to know. 'Let's ship these looms to a mental hospital and send the weavers down to City Hall in a nice, orderly committee to tell the Mayor what their neighborhood needs.'

Charlotte Carr put carpenters to work inside the ancient buildings of Hull House, and classrooms took shape in such holy relics as the Jane Club. Founded by Miss Addams as a coöperative home for working women who were dispossessed when they went out on strike, the Jane Club had become just a good cheap place to live.

When Jane Addams moved into it, forty-eight years ago, Chicago's nineteenth ward was one of the plague spots of America — an unrelieved slum, rotting and stinking within and eating its way into the rest of the careless city. In the square mile between Hull House and the river there was one bathtub. There were no parks or playgrounds. For every pickpocket clubbed by the police there were twenty maturing in every pool-room. The children of the immigrants earned four cents an hour at piecework on garments.

Hull House had two jobs, from the first. One was to make the poor less miserable in their poverty. The other was to make them less poor. The first had the blessings of Chicago's 'leading citizens'; the second did not. Jane Addams and Hull House fought the city. They forced Chicago to establish a juvenile court, to build small parks and playgrounds where the children of the poor could get at them. They forced Illinois to pass factory inspection laws, the eight-hour day for women, and a workmen's compensation act. By their example, they carried these reforms to many another city and state.

Hull House was the haven of every unpopular movement of its time. Its halls were open to every new idea, its heart to every losing cause. Young mavericks of every shade took refuge under its wings. The early residents of Hull House included Ellen Gates Starr, Walter S. Gifford, Sidney Hillman, Dr. Alice Hamilton, Julia Lathrop, Gerard Swope, Robert Morss Lovett, Florence Kelley, Frances Perkins, John Dewey — yes, and Benny Goodman. Young

Crown Prince Leopold was there, looking out from his window on to Polk Street and observing that in all of Belgium there was no street quite so wretched.

The battles of the early years were ultimately won. The sweatshop was shamed. Trade-unions were accepted. Bathtubs and forums were no longer oddities. The University of Chicago, which had spurned Jane Addams in the early days, was only one of the respectable institutions which fell over themselves trying to honor her. At seventy she was still known, in some quaint circles, as 'the most dangerous woman in America,' but John D. Rockefeller, Jr., echoed the sentiment of the world when he called her 'the most Christlike of all living human beings.'

II

Its battles won, Hull House, like the rest of the settlements, rested on its oars. The result was that it came to a standstill. When Charlotte Carr took over, the place was a museum, a shrine to Jane Addams. The thousands who still poured through its doors came to see not what Hull House was doing but what it had done. The bloody battleground had become a 'must' item for out-of-town tourists. Tinted memories overlay the scenes of Jane Addams's struggles. The crusaders were gone. Pottery, weaving, and dramatics attracted bored young matrons from other sections of the city. Hull House had become Chicago's toy.

There stood \$800,000 worth of property, occupying a city block, in the centre of a neighborhood that had begun to forget it was there. Its usefulness as a refuge and rallying ground for the immigrant had disappeared as the foreign-born got the feel of the new country and learned its language and its ways. Immigration had dried up. Hull House was a place for 'foreigners,' and the foreigners were no longer foreign.

The wealthy trustees of the institution dumped their problem child in the lap of

a spinster who had never been a social worker. They asked her to come to Chicago and find the place of the settlement house in a new age. Charlotte Carr gave them fair warning. She told them she was considering accepting an executive job with the CIO. She told them that in certain circles she was known as 'Scarlet' Carr.

They did n't bat an eye. Their chairman, Mrs. Joseph T. Bowen, had abandoned her patrician rôle in Chicago society half a century before to follow the thorny path of Jane Addams. Seventy-nine-year-old Mrs. Bowen had gone to the trustees and asked them if 'Hull House was going to stand still and go on making tams, taffies, and tidies.' Only one of them answered yes, and he resigned. Then the board told Charlotte Carr to pitch in. The place was hers.

The biggest obstacle in the way of the 'Irish policewoman' was the dead hand of her predecessor. In Charlotte Carr, Chicago wanted another Jane Addams — not the Jane Addams who was misunderstood, despised, and even hated while she lived, but the 'Saint Jane' of blessed memory. One look at the newcomer, who offers her guests a drink and can cuss in a crisis, and Chicago whistled with mixed amazement and respect.

But to those who know the No. 1 Settlement Lady of 1938 and the life of the No. 1 Settlement Lady of fifty years ago, their differences are superficial. Jane Addams was 'no lady' in her day. She organized trade-unions, lobbied for social legislation, defied the railroad barons, and sheltered the 'anarchists' — in an era when decent women rustled modestly between kitchen and drawing-room and never, never read the newspapers. Beneath her mantle of serenity was the spirit of a fierce fighter, defying the thunder of the mobs and the millionaires alike.

Miss Addams is remembered widely but inaccurately for the last ten years of her life, which, painfully ill as she was, she devoted to frantic efforts to save the

world from another war. As a peace worker she assumed a relatively harmless aspect in the eyes of solid citizens. But in the last year of her life the enfeebled founder of Hull House took to the battlements again to fight for a system of old-age pensions and government-subsidized housing. Ten days before she died she appeared before the Cook County Commissioners and demanded public relief for the jobless and suffering.

Jane Addams was a Quaker and a product of the nineteenth century. Charlotte Carr is Irish, and a product of the twentieth. The new head of Hull House is an enveloping personality, a strong executive, an eager, adventurous nature. If her thinking falls short of profundity, it abounds in facility. Between action and contemplation her choice of action is invariable. Externally, and in the little, she is politic and canny; in the large she is imprudent and uncalculating, an emotionalist with an incidental knack for administration. She was meant to be the hard-headed, soft-hearted mother of about fourteen unmanageable kids.

She looks her duality, too. Like Hull House, she finds it equally natural to be stately and informal. Her dominating height reduces her heft to dignified, yet potentially genial, proportion. Her eyes are at once jovial and belligerent. And while her nose and mouth are small and unobtrusively businesslike, her heap of black hair, slightly graying, rides off in a dozen directions and gives her big Irish face an Ossa-on-Pelion look. Jane Addams hated to be called 'sweet'; no one will make the same mistake with the laughing, scrapping woman who has taken her place.

Miss Carr's lifelong struggle for the betterment of industrial conditions is her qualification for the backbreaking job of restoring life to an institution which was established to improve the lot of the 'lower third.' The nation that was still handicraft and pioneer fifty years ago is to-day industrialized. Charlotte Carr's

career has convinced her — and this may be a clue to the future of Hull House — that enlightened organization among industrial workers is a modern bulwark of the democracy to which she is wholly devoted. But first, she insists, workers must be educated in democracy if they are to save their organizations from exploitation. And that may be another clue to the future of Hull House.

As Jane Addams saw the danger signals of democracy in the squalid back streets of Freeport, Illinois, and became a social worker, so Charlotte Carr saw them, as a girl, in the mills and factories of Dayton. The half century that separated these two girlhoods saw the national economy expand so rapidly that it had no time to solve the problems it created. Charlotte Carr was still in her teens when she decided to go into industrial work; to bridge, if she could, the widening gap between honest labor and honest capital in an assembly-line age. Her father owned a collection agency, and she learned what hard times did to the poor who bought luxuries on the installment plan. She saw the breakdown of paternalism when the unorganized workers of a Dayton factory walked out because a genuinely benevolent employer, who happened to be 'bugs' on health, refused them salt and pepper in the company dining room.

Her parents had refused to send her to college. She was (she says) unpopular, and they wanted to assure her of social success by 'bringing her out' as soon as she left boarding school. So she ran away and got a job in Pittsburgh. Mama and papa relented and let her go to Vassar. There, she recalls, she learned very little, but as the fat girl of the dramatic association she starred in the rôles of Falstaff, President Taft, and Friar Tuck.

Out of Vassar, she became the \$18-a-month matron of an orphan asylum; then a 'kidnapper' for a child placement agency in New York, delegated to bring back children who got into the wrong

homes; then a policewoman in New York during the war, patrolling Brooklyn Bridge and Sand Street from 6 P.M. to 6 A.M.; then the personnel manager successively of a printing plant in New York, a hat factory in Brooklyn, and a textile mill in New Hampshire.

It was in these years, in the world of lower conflicts, that Charlotte Carr got her higher education. She already had the superficial equipment for Park Avenue dinner parties — dignity (which she turns on and off, mostly off, at will), ease of bearing, and the social and conversational graces befitting a daughter of Vassar. But it was in 'bumming around,' as she puts it, that she picked up a stone here and a stone there for the foundation of what is now a full-blown social philosophy.

'Charity,' she says, 'costs more than unions.' Again: 'Child labor is cheap — until you have to build penitentiaries and county hospitals.' These Carrisms fall casually from her lips, but they are grounded in long experience. Behind them lie more than theories. As a personnel manager she discovered that 85 per cent of the factory workers to whom charity had to minister were non-unionists. A few years later, when she worked under Al Smith and Frances Perkins in the New York woman's bureau, she made a survey revealing that more than 50 per cent of the children under seventeen working in factories had physical afflictions that were being aggravated by the kind of work they were doing.

It was Governor Gifford Pinchot who called her to Pennsylvania to start a woman's bureau. The state had never known civil service, but heard about it from Charlotte Carr. Pinchot's successor fired her because she refused to contribute to a campaign fund, and Pinchot then made Charlotte Carr a campaign issue. He promised to bring her back to Pennsylvania, and the people elected him. She was appointed Secretary of Labor.

While Pinchot was out of office, Miss Carr was industrial consultant for the Charity Organization Society of New York, headed by that old Hull House boy, President Walter S. Gifford of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. Representing organized philanthropy's efforts to cope with depression, she added another stone or two to the foundation of her philosophy. Private charity was still bearing the relief load, and Miss Carr made a survey which demonstrated the impossibility of absorbing the growing numbers of able-bodied men and women thrown out of work. She learned too that when private charity releases its clients to employers at substandard wages it is simply creating more charity cases.

III

Pennsylvania's industrial headaches completed Charlotte Carr's education. Her first discovery was that some people still believe — gallantly but naïvely — that this is a man's world. The patrol-woman of Sand Street knew it was n't, and proved it. Many times in her career an 'assistant' to some male official, she has invariably succeeded the boss and done the job better. Of one of her fallen superiors she once said sympathetically, 'A nice guy; never did anybody any harm. A regular Alice in Wonderland.'

The Secretary's he-man assistants tried to keep her out of trouble. Settling labor disputes was, they told her, man's work. One night Steve Raushenbush, her labor mediator, was setting out for the scene of an impending battle between two groups of miners. The Secretary went along, over her mediator's protest. They reached a state highway police station shortly after midnight. Steve conferred with the local officers, and returned to the car and told the Secretary that the clash would probably occur in one of two directions; he and the police would go one way, and she and her

chauffeur would go the other. They'd meet at Pittsburgh at eight the next morning.

The Secretary knew her assistant was simply getting her out of the way. But she decided not to kick up a fuss; she would take her licking like a man. As she drove along to nowhere, the headlights of her car discovered a mass of marching men. Pulling ahead of them, she saw their objective — the entrance of a large mine, guarded by two lonely state policemen. The police saw the state car. Reinforcements at last! Then they looked inside and saw a stout lady and a thin chauffeur. They asked where the troops were, and the Secretary jerked her thumb in the opposite direction. The policemen explained that the day shift of miners would arrive at 6 A.M. and the marching insurgents were determined to keep them from entering the mine.

Driving back to the head of the insurgents' ranks, Miss Carr got out of her automobile and asked the men to stop. Not a little surprised, — it was about four in the morning, — they did. She asked to speak to their committee. Five grim and grimy miners stepped forward. They talked for two hours, and the Secretary persuaded them that she had a great mediator, a veritable Solomon, waiting for them in Pittsburgh. Then with the help of the two policemen she rounded up the enemy's committee. Two more hours of heated arguing, and both sides agreed to hold their fire and send their committees to Pittsburgh. As she drove away with the ten leaders, the miners hollered, 'So long, Miss Perkins!' They had heard there was a woman named Perkins in the government.

At 8 A.M. the Secretary of Labor and her ten miners arrived at the Pittsburgh hotel where Steve Raushenbush had agreed to meet her. There sat Steve — and his state police. They had n't been able to find the impending Armageddon. Raushenbush negotiated the peace be-

tween the two factions, and from that time on nobody told Charlotte Carr anything about 'man's work.' The Secretary ran the Labor Department. With the power of the Governor and the state militia behind her, she succeeded in breaking the terror of many of Pennsylvania's 'company towns.'

When Pinchot's second term expired, his Secretary of Labor went back to home base — New York — to look for a job. Governor Lehman immediately appointed her to his unemployment commission. A few months later she was hired by Mayor La Guardia — whom she had never seen or talked to — as assistant director of home relief for New York City. It was n't long before the director, a member of the stronger sex, had retired, and Charlotte Carr was feeding New York's million hungry with a staff of 18,000 and a budget of \$9,000,-000 a month.

Guided by all her past experience, she ran the big town's relief administration not on the basis of 'humane' treatment of the individual but with the single aim of doing nothing that would make worse the kind of conditions she was trying to cure. Typical of her clashes with the social workers was her insistence upon deducting the earnings of children from a family's relief allotment, though her colleagues pointed out that children whose wages were taken by their families to run the household sometimes ran away from home. Agreeing heartily that this was unfortunate, Director Carr pointed out that unless children's wages were deducted from the relief allotment, parents would keep their children at work and stay home themselves, thus getting a full allotment and the children's wages besides. Her job was to spend available funds intelligently, not 'humanely.'

Back in Pennsylvania, Miss Carr had tangled with General Hugh Johnson, whom she accused of enforcing the NRA indifferently. Now, as director of relief in New York, she found the saddle-sore

soldier right across the street as director of WPA. He asked her to furnish him 75,000 unemployed within a week for WPA jobs. Knowing he could n't put so many to work in that short time, she refused. The General then announced to the world that the unemployed did n't want work. Charlotte Carr was Irish and mad. She rounded up a few thousand relief clients overnight and massed them — just a sample — in front of the General's headquarters. The corridors, the sidewalk in front of the building, the street, and the park across the street were jammed solid. Johnson telephoned and begged her to call them off.

It was General Johnson's successor who dubbed her 'Scarlet' Carr. What makes New York cosmopolitan is its ability to digest extremes. Charlotte Carr, like any good New Yorker, knows her Communists. She knows that Communists have the same equity in the First Amendment as anyone else. She knows also that Communists love to be arrested. She would n't arrest them. 'Starvation makes a few Reds,' she says, 'but martyrdom makes a lot of them.' Her job in New York was to fight starvation, not to dramatize the Reds by letting them annoy her.

Back in her Pennsylvania days, the Communists wanted to show a film in Harrisburg. When they finally got a hall — after making capital of their difficulty in getting one — they brought their movie projector to town. It was an ancient type, long since forbidden by law. Foreseeing more howls from the Communists — and more Communists as the result — the Secretary lent them the Labor Department's projector. Then she attended the meeting. 'The audience consisted of twenty-five or thirty dreary people,' she recalls, 'and the picture consisted of miles and miles of wheatfields and a Charlie Chaplin comedy.'

Giving the Communists that projector raised an awful row among panting patriots, but Charlotte Carr thinks it

was the most conservative thing she ever did. Out of the past rises the picture of Jane Addams turning Hull House over to radical meetings while the cry of 'anarchist' beat about her ears. Miss Carr's theory is that the only good Communists are fed Communists. When they picketed her office denouncing New York's relief standards — 'and Lord knows,' she says, 'relief rations are no bed of roses' — they received the same pleasant 'hi-ya' as anyone else, and the Director listened to their protests.

The biggest relief job in the country 'was the easiest job I ever tackled,' she says. 'That's because I was working for a fellow who understood the problem.' Fiorello La Guardia is her idea of the man the country needs. 'Hiring me without ever having seen me was Fiorello's way of running a city,' she says. 'He knew my record. He did n't want to know my politics. Pressure? Plenty — eighteen hours a day of it. But it was n't political pressure. It was pressure to get things done.'

Confidentially, she'll tell you, Fiorello La Guardia is the most fantastic administrator she's ever known. When he gets an anonymous letter accusing some petty official of incompetence or graft, he may drop everything and investigate personally. When he smells something bad in some far corner of the city, off he goes. He fights with everybody in his official family at least once a day. But he's the best mayor New York has ever had. Why?

'That's easy,' says Charlotte Carr. 'He has the energy of twenty men, to begin with. He can "waste" his time jumping into everybody's business and still get his work done. And, precisely because he's always poking around, he knows more about actually running a city than any man I ever knew.'

'But more important is the fact that people who work for him — and fight him — all love him. I'll make the prediction that no matter where he goes in his career he will never have a subordi-

nate fail him. He's the kind of fellow you don't let down.'

Once in all the time she knew him she saw him break a law. Stern as he is in regard to his own citizenship, even down to traffic regulations, he once telephoned Police Commissioner Valentine and ordered him to let Arturo Toscanini park his automobile on Broadway. She recalls how he would come out of a meeting with an antagonistic Board of Estimate, purple and perspiring with fury. He'd see her and grin suddenly and say, 'Well, they're not going to hear the Philharmonic to-night, and I am. To hell with them!'

IV

Breaking away from New York and La Guardia was n't easy. The Little Flower stormed and pounded and told her he'd never speak to her again. But she just laughed — and so did he. She wanted to see how the other half lives — not the other half of the people, but the other half of those who represent the people. For twenty years Charlotte Carr had been a public official. Now she was going to be one of those who go to the public officials and try to get things done. She was going to be — horror of horrors — a social worker.

When she told her friends why she was resigning as New York's relief director, they suggested she get ready to write her memoirs — only, instead of *Twenty Years at Hull House*, the title would be *Twenty Days*. She would n't last a month, they told her. Settlement houses and social work were not for the likes of Charlotte Carr. She was n't ready, they said, for the old lady's home. But she went. And she's still there. And it's a fair guess that she'll be there a long time.

The settlement house is dead. That's as it should be. 'The very job of the settlement,' says Charlotte Carr, 'is to keep putting itself out of business. It can't cure the ills of society, but it can point the way. As the public awakens to the settlement's example, public agen-

cies absorb its functions. Then the settlement writes the past off the books and moves on to new frontiers.'

The new frontiers of Hull House are two, and Charlotte Carr is formulating her plans to cross them.

The first, she believes, is adult education, and something more than the kind of adult education that consists of instruction in English and that nebulous something called citizenship. The new classrooms at Hull House are filled with workers of the lowest wage groups, and they are studying labor law and collective bargaining. As long as workers are going to organize — and England, France, and Sweden convince her that they are — Miss Carr thinks they might as well know how to organize intelligently and democratically. In addition to the workers' education programme, the famous Hull House forum, dormant for several years, has been revived, and it is packing 'em in.

The second frontier that Charlotte Carr wants to put behind her is the elimination of nationalistic barriers and racial lines that serve the machine politicians of a big city and perpetuate irrational antagonisms that divide groups which have common interests. When she arrived at Hull House, Miss Carr found that there was n't a Negro in residence — in a heavily Negro neighborhood. She persuaded Dewey and Faith Jones, distinguished Negro social workers, to move in and set up an education programme. To stimulate the thinking of Negroes, Mexicans, Italians, Poles, along neighborhood instead of national and racial lines, she has begun opening community centres in an ever-widening radius from Hull House.

This woman who has made so many surveys in her time has a consuming contempt for talk and a consuming faith in facts. She has established a research staff, putting her own investigative ability and the man power of Hull House to work on such foggy problems as public

health service and city planning for blighted areas. She wants Hull House to be once more what it was in the old days — a sounding board for Chicago's needs, a centre for educating not only its neighbors but its city.

Strangely enough, she is n't raising the roof. Defying her own impetuous Irish nature, she has begun scientifically on the foundations. She knows what she wants, she thinks she knows what the settlement house needs, but, like any good builder, she gets the lay of the land before she turns a shovel. The months she's been at Hull House have been devoted, for the most part, to some arduous listening. She is new at the settlement game; she knows she is new; and she insists that experts, including people who don't like her, tell her what they think of her notions.

Chicago is beginning to cotton to this Jane-Addams-geared-to-a-new-age. She speaks its language. She listens to its troubles. She is n't 'high-hat.' She is, as she says herself, a 'sentimental Irishman,' and the boys in the City Hall will listen to her where they laugh at the professional reformers. Already she's been called in on Chicago's tangled relief situation as chairman of an emergency committee appointed by the mayor. She keeps a fire going under the committee and makes the mayor like it.

The settlement house is n't going to turn twentieth-century overnight. It's a long pull, and Charlotte Carr knows it. That's why she's taking her time. But one of these days you'll hear the eggs being broken for the new omelette on Halsted Street. Mossy memories are going to be shattered and a few old hats crushed. There will be plenty of squawks from the tenders of the sacred shrine.

Well, Jane Addams could take it, as they did n't say in those days, and Charlotte Carr is not what you'd call a violet. She's forgotten all about that vacation she had to have. It's heavy duty from here on in.

WIND AND FURY

BY FRANCES WOODWARD

[HURRICANE in New England — it was unthinkable. In the tropics the weather-wise are cautious, but the wind and water that devastated the North Atlantic coast on September 21 caught people alone and unprepared. The story of that storm can be told only in terms of individuals, and it is beyond the scope of any single witness to measure the violence or to enumerate the loss of the thousands of New Englanders involved. The *Atlantic* has invited Frances Woodward to try to define the experiences of that part of the coast which she knows and loves well. None of her characters are precisely identifiable, but to the best of her endeavor she has told nothing that is not true, nothing that did not happen. — THE EDITORS]

I

THE poles and stands for the Labor Day celebration of the Portuguese-American Society of the Holy Ghost were still up in the big meadow behind the Arch Street sea wall, and they gave you the feeling that summer was really ended. Down the narrow street some of the festooned branches still hung, and the seven little painted figures on Mrs. Saint Peter Lemos's wonderful windmill turned briskly. Mrs. Saint Peter would n't leave it out long. She had brought that windmill from the Islands, and the fall rains might dull the paint. But it was part of the festival decoration, and in the Mandanos house next door the altar was installed for the year. Mrs. Mandanos's

parlor door was open, and as Mrs. Saint Peter hung the grandchildren's clothes in her narrow, vegetable-crowded garden she could see the light touching the golden crown, the pink paper roses, the beadwork dove — Spiritus Sanctus. The low ebb churned twelve feet below the garden, and though the sky was overcast, and the wind strong south, the day was warm for the twenty-first of September.

Queerly warm . . . Mrs. Saint Peter wiped her forehead, pushing back her strong black hair, and frowned at the sight of Saint Peter's boat, *Dimintine-Rosa*, bobbing where she was tied down there to the first dock on Race Street, idle on this good day. Because Saint Peter and his friends had seen two strange coppery sunrises in succession they would not set out to-day, though the bluefish were running off Block Island. Three thousand dollars that boat had cost — two thousand paid off in the twenty years, and the last still to pay. The fishing had not been so good this wet summer that a man could lose a day for a whim. But you could n't argue with the men. None of the boats had gone out. They lay, green and chunky, all along these two east docks, all along the big docks on the west side of the village. Old Captain Nat Taylor had agreed with the fishermen. 'Yeahen. There's going to be weather. My barometer's falling. Besides, it smells high salt, somehow.'

Captain Nat said it again at noon, standing in the doorway of his hardware

and ship-chandler shop, talking to young Bill Evans. Captain Nat approved of Bill: graduated from Harvard College last spring, and came straight home to set up a boat yard and live with his father in the big white-pillared house on High Street where Evanses belonged. 'Be a real southeaster by afternoon, Bill. *Pelican* on your ways now?'

'Yes, Pete wants her caulked some before cold weather.'

But it was n't cold to-day. It was warm — queerly warm. . . .

The back windows of Captain Nat's store looked out on the west harbor. He lived upstairs, in a starkly neat apartment, with his navigator's license framed on the wall alongside the four-master *Hattie Z.* in full sail, his good binoculars handy on the window nail. Captain Nat's big dock, with its oil pumps and coal and ice sheds, had half a dozen boats tied on the lee side. Fanning's dock, Miller's dock, the century-old Kinney Machine Company dock — reddish stone and granite bollards four feet around — had a lot of boats in, too. A couple of dozen power and sail boats moored in the harbor were rolling some, because there was quite a little sea running. You could see white water out beyond the second breakwater, towards Fishers.

Summer people were mostly gone from Fishers now. The Port was n't a summer resort, though there were plenty above and below it, on the beaches. The Port was a town — a place to live in, and earn your living in, and always had been. There was n't room for a lot of summer places in the Port, anyhow. The old houses were pretty well crowded in on the small peninsula. Shaped like an almond the Port was, with its broad end lying along the railroad tracks, the Harbor on the west side and Little Narragansett Bay on the east. Margin Street ran the west length of the village, to the lighthouse point, Race and Arch skirted the east harbor. High Street cut the town in two from north to south, and

the cross streets were block-long fins, raying east and west. A tight town, with the Square on one end and the sea on three sides.

The sea had built the Port. The sea still kept a good part of the village going. The fish fleet, mostly Portuguese, had long since taken the place of the clippers, and their fish the place of the whales and seals. Kinney Machine shipped mostly by truck these days, for it is a hundred years since Major George Washington Whistler built the railroad from the Port to Providence, and thirty since the Port ceased to be the main Connecticut steamboat junction between Boston and New York. But Kinney Machine was still there, squat brick on its famous dock, and a good part of the thousand residents of the Port earned their living there, or at the Velvet Mill or the Foundry. Nice place for indoor workers, the Port was. Half a block from your lathe or loom or desk to your rowboat, and the summer evenings always cool. But it was n't cool to-day. Queerly warm, for all the wind. . . .

Jim Hale, straddling the ridgepole of the Parton house, pointing up the last brick on the chimney, began to find the wind a damned nuisance. It flicked a small tool from his work board to the lawn below, and, looking down High Street to the sea, he made it was shifting east some. Rain, maybe. Well, he'd finish setting in Hyde's back steps this afternoon. Plenty of work in the Port. People took pride. Why should n't they? The old fellows who built houses like this one built to last. Something to be proud of, living in them. And money getting easier, and the Port solvent and solid as the Point sea wall. Easing himself down the roof slope, he noticed the wind was even shaking his ladder a little, and flattening his shirt to stick to his wet back. Queerly warm, it was, and his ears felt sort of deaf. Funny wind. . . .

Miss Malvina Parton nodded to him from her drawing-room window, as he went by. The window was rattling, and

Miss Malvina's twisted blue-white fingers strove to tighten the catch. The late lilies by the wrought-iron fence were blowing dangerously. A pity if so early a fall storm should flatten them. Perhaps it would be well to pick them and bring them in to fill Grandfather Parton's ginger jars. They would be pretty for the Port Improvement Society meeting this afternoon. But when Miss Malvina turned the brass knob the wind flung the heavy white door at her. It took really a minute to close it, and was very tiring. The hall seemed hot, too. She sat on one of the little Empire chairs to rest, and was disturbed to see a small elm branch fall past the window. She had the tree surgeon's report on her desk, ready to read to the Society. The elm directly south of Miss Malvina's house should have two branches off, and some filling, he said. But only one tree in all the Port need come down this fall. Miss Malvina would be glad to tell the Society that — especially glad. Now that she was eighty-two she found she cared more for the trees than for most people.

The wind pushed against Miss Malvina's door. The equinox, perhaps. But very strong. And an oppressive day, in spite of it. . . .

The Machine Company whistle blew. One o'clock. People coming out of the Company, out from the mill and the carpenter shops, were startled by the wind. It was as though the whistle had been a signal to the wind, too. It set itself due southeast, and lifted to a gale — a queer, hot, violent gale, flipping hats off, flinging paper down the streets, swaying the signs, making the girls grab at their skirts and giggle. A crate of tomatoes in front of the grocery store toppled over, and people scrambling to help Eph Turner pick them up steadied themselves against the brick walls and laughed. . . . Some blow, eh, kid? Regular hurricane. Hurricane your foot! Whad'ye think this is, Palm Beach?

Rain began to spiral on the wind. . . .

II

There was salt spray in the rain at the end of Race Street, by the Point, where the Seymours' garden lay above the fifteen-foot sea wall. Good-sized waves were breaking on the wall now, throwing spray on the mossy herringbone brick of the walks, drenching the red chairs. There in the garden you were so near the water that all you saw was the gray tumble. But from the house windows, up the slope of the lawn, you could see the waves rolling in past Napatree from the open sea, washing the breakwater without pausing, a ceaseless parade of green-black water with spray flattening out before it. The pines that edged the garden wall glistened and bent in the wind, and Tom Seymour wrestled to set the winter covers over them, struggling with recalcitrant planks and canvas. This spray would burn them so they'd be lopsided in the spring. Behind him Mary crouched in a fuchsia bed, doing frantic trowel work, hampered by the excited attention of the black cocker. She must, she said, get the plants in for the south window this winter. 'When it blows like this I wish we'd never made a garden.'

Tom agreed, briefly, and anyone in the Port would have known that they were lying. Twenty years ago this land had been iron slag and rubble, and now it was a garden people came miles to see. No matter how many times you came through the high board fence which hid it from the street, the sudden beauty of that place never dulled for you, blowing bright between the green lawn and the blue sea — a garden the Seymours had made themselves, from stone wall to espaliered pears. They seemed to find as much to do in it in January as in June. Below the house, by the long dock, stood the studio, the small red guesthouse wrapped in wisteria. Now that he was sixty-five, Tom Seymour said, he was willing to admit that perhaps he was not the greatest painter in America. 'But

just the same I made enough out of it to own this acre, and that's all anybody ought to want.'

He pulled a rope around a tree cover. Damn this wind — pushing up the high September tide. Apt to lose planks off the dock, or shingles off the guesthouse. Lucky the studio skylight was north. That would n't catch it, anyway.

The wind heaved itself farther forward, and a jar of nasturtiums slithered along a table, crashed on the flagging. The Seymours looked up to see Charlotte Adams coming from her house down the street, her slicker yellow in the gray wind, laughing, as excited as the cocker. 'Look, tell Aunt Malvina I could n't get there this afternoon. They'll have to improve the village without me. I have to meet George in Westerly on the five o'clock, so I'm going to Watch Hill beach to see the storm. Be swell from there.'

The brass cock of the weather vane jerked at a sudden angle, and the wind made a high humming against the metal. Tom shouted, to make Charlotte hear him. 'Be terribly stiff on the shore road. We're twice as sheltered here.'

'But it's such fun! If my house blows down while I'm away, rescue Denny.'

The gate slammed behind her — hard.

You caught the wind's pace somehow, and it was wild and active and unreal. Along the docks the men scurried around the boats as though they were getting ready for a race. You could taste salt on your lips. . . . Some storm. Some equinox. Blow your car right along the road for you.

The wind picked up still more. It had a strange quality of pushing. No gusts — just a great weight, like a wall, like a wall moving. The salt rain ran before it in horizontal streaks.

From his southeast window Tom Seymour watched a larger wave than the rest rear and break directly over the garden wall, dumping itself into the enclosure. Water — not spray. Even the heaviest winter storm had never managed that. . . .

Abruptly, denying the unreasonable, senseless apprehension that was stirring in him, he made himself turn on the radio. Anthony Eden was to speak at two-thirty. Two-forty now. Hell of a lot of static. The stations sputtered and crackled. Tail end of a news broadcast. ' . . . *crrink* . . . low pressure areas traveling . . . *crrink* . . . and winds of high velocity . . . *crrink* . . . hurricane warnings out for . . . *crrink* . . . possibility . . . *crrink* . . . dwellers should evacuate . . . *crrink* . . . '

Damn the thing. Dead out. Power off in New London again. Hurricane warnings, eh? Those poor devils in Florida catching it, and the Port getting the spent end of it. Hurricane warnings . . . 'Let's get the south windows as tight as we can. Hope that stupid nurse-girl at the Adamses' has sense enough, too. Ruin their paper.'

Three o'clock. Three-thirty. . . . The wind began to confuse you. You knew if it would just stop for a few minutes there would be things to do, things to say, before it began again. . . . You could do things like getting your awnings down, like shoring a plank or so against a tree which, leaning too far, too long, drenched in the salt rain, might break. . . . You could even talk to people, sensibly, instead of shouting at them, three feet away as they might be, and seeing by their faces that they had n't heard you at that. . . . You could decide what to do about the boats, if only this damned wind would just stop. . . . But, more all the time, the wind seemed to wrap itself around you, engulf you, make you a part of itself, so that you were alone in it, deafened in it, blinded by its wetness. It was n't a wind — it was a state of being. It was breaking windows now, and tossing bricks off chimneys. Things were moving that could not move, that must not move. And you were alone in it, in spite of all the people who were in it with you. . . .

Saint Peter Lemos, leaning against the storm, carrying two anchors out of his

house door, was angry — angry because he was worried; angry because he was mixed up, because wind did n't blow this way, because a man could n't be sure his boat would hold . . . even with these extra anchors . . . even with every man in the fish fleet working on the docks to steady the boats. 'Lena!' he shouted. 'Keep those children in the house. Can't you see water already breaking on our wall? Can't you see . . . Goddam! . . . You get them in!' He left for the dock at a dogtrot. . . .

Mrs. Saint Peter heard him . . . and did n't hear him . . . and snatched dishtowels to cover the windmill. . . . You could n't get it down . . . this wind. . . . She pulled the grandchildren into the house with her, roughly, away from the sight of the sea. . . . 'You, Manny! You, Adelina! You stay outa the wet! You help me I put towels here where the rain comes under the door. You heard your grandpa?'

Four o'clock. Four-fifteen. The wind possessed the Port, and all the people in it, and all the things in it. The wind, and the rain — the warm, driving, salt-tasting rain. . . . The rain began to come through tight window sashes, to overflow deep eaves gutters, to be a brackish brook in the streets. . . . And the wind began to take things. Two elms on High Street leaned at an angle six impossible feet farther than trees can lean — recovered — leaned again, from the very roots, pushed up the roots themselves, heaved the roots against the bricks, against the curbing, against the asphalt. And, roots and all, they fell — not fast, inexorably. The first one lay square across the street and the second one crashed down on Miss Malvina Parton's house, through the roof, shearing, all groaning branch and odor of bruised leaves, through the dining room, through the clutter which was furniture and porcelain and crystal chandelier. . . .

Four-thirty. Quarter to five. There was nothing in the world but wind and salt rain. Nothing else in your mind,

nothing else to occupy you. The whole universe was just a loud whirling. People struggled over the unfamiliar clutter of their own yards, careless of the falling trees, on errands of enormous and evasive importance, seeing other people moving, but seeing them as isolated strangers. Deaf, unable to make the other deaf hear you, whirled and soaked outdoors, impotent and shaken inside houses. . . .

The colored nursemaid stood in the bright hall of the Adamases' bright young house, holding the child, rain-soaked because she had thought a while ago maybe she and Denny ought to go to somebody else's house — for comfort; for escape from whatever this was. The telephone was dead. 'Hush, Denny. Ever'body's all right. Ever'body's —' Folks had a right not to live on oceans like this, had a right not to leave a person alone. She watched water smear the windows, form pools on the inside sills, run darkly down the blue walls.

III

Along the docks the sea began to run so high, the interval between the crashes of the great waves was so short, that it was useless to stay any longer on the bucking boats, hopeless to try another anchor, another turn around a bollard. They would hold — or they would n't hold. The boats had deserted you, anyhow, before you deserted them. They were not *Dimintine-Rosa*, not *Margaret Q.*, not *Santa Clara* — just heaving, heavy, animate objects beyond your power to help or to control; things that belonged to the wind; things that were beginning to belong to the sea.

The east docks knew that first. Those waves were not just waves. They were tons of water — acres of water — water breaking and sloshing where no tide had ever reached before — waves that belonged to the wind. . . .

Race Street knew it. There was a sea straight across the Point now, existing

there, wave after wave, running in high past the Seymours' garden, spilling on the flowers, nearly over the dock, down past the Adams house, down toward Arch Street.

The wind neither slackened nor increased. One gnarled and stubborn apple tree still twisted in the Seymours' garden, above the green rubbish of the rest. And now the roof of the studio lifted — held — lifted — and came straight away with a shower of glass that you could see. See, not hear. The roof went down the street toward the Adams house.

The child and that nursemaid! Tom pushed Mary roughly back, started into that omnipotent, implacable wind. Outside his fence, people were trailing up the street slope to higher ground, wet clothes plastered to them, in an effect of bulky nudity, pushing blindly away from the wind, from the drenching salt rain, from flying wood and glass and branches, and sand flicked sharply on your skin.

They were pushing — Tom knew it before he had taken a dozen steps in the gray, shrieking world that was Race Street — away from the sea itself. Even as he slodged along, the pound of water against wood added a new booming to the present sound, and he saw the dock of the Adams house, the whole broad porch along the sea, wash and splinter and fly high in the streaked air.

The girl stood numb and quiet in the hall, holding the child, who whimpered a little. Water ran from Tom Seymour's clothes on to the floor, and wind raced through the house from the door he had not closed, could not stop to close. The house shook itself, rumbled. . . . 'Come on, Matty! Step fast. Our house is higher.' Her mouth moved, but he could not hear her. The child was warm and heavy in his arms. Hurricane . . . hurricane warnings. His own gate swung splintered, and three of his paintings plastered themselves against the fence. With the studio roof off they would all be gone, in this wind. Well, no matter now. . . .

Mary was white-faced in their living room, the shivering dog crouched beside her. Rain poured through jagged glass in the south window. Down past the Point, along the wall, came a great green wave, straight across the whole garden, ignoring and obliterating. . . .

Blankets for the kid. Out of here up to Silver Street.

Water rushing ankle-deep down the street slope, and an empty car proceeding crab-wise toward the sea. The dog ran, dodged wildly, and in one slam of tearing sound the high fence fell in a solid piece, over the place where he had been. Water lapped over the wood. . . . No matter now. Come on.

People walking with you, absorbed in their own progress, ignoring all but their own necessity to move. People crowded into the second-floor room of the Hammet house, not saying anything, looking down toward Race Street. People holding cats and children and blankets and wet useless bundles — just standing, dripping, looking down. Race Street was the sea itself, with houses standing in the sea. From the southeast a bulk of green water which was not a wave, was nothing there was a name for, moved in — paused — moved again. . . .

Curious to see the houses you knew so well, the roofs under which you had lived, tilt, and curtsy gravely — hesitate, and bow — and cease to exist.

The whole east side of the street was running up the Bay.

Saint Peter saw it, and started to run, too, thumping towards his house in his sea boots, jostling against people who rushed against him, slowing him up, barring his way. Somebody tried to pull him back, in the direction of their flight. 'Get outa my way! . . . God-dammit, the trees to jump over! . . . Lena! Manny! You, Adelina!' They were standing in the kitchen. They spoke. And then the sea came down on them — down — from above the door lintel, crashing, smothering. Leaden sea boots which found no floor, no ground.

Manny's arm in Saint Peter's hand, and the furniture, the good kitchen cabinet, tilting. . . . The whole place moving, and you with it. . . . Water in your lungs. 'Manny! Lena!'

All Arch Street went, piling back in the meadow, under the water.

IV

Southeast, that wind and sea. And then, with no change in sound, with only a shifting of that great weight from one pushing Titan's shoulder to the next, southwest. Into the Harbor, down along Margin, chewing at the docks, canting the bollards, picking up the boats, washing over the five-o'clock train from New York where it teetered on the causeway, with two cars dangling in the water, its engine's nose against a sixty-foot trawler sprawled across the tracks.

George Adams, in the first car behind the engine, decided to swim for it. Five hundred passengers. Nobody hurt — yet. Fifty little boys in blue serge suits from Brooks Brothers, in consciously new felt hats, behaving well, torn between fear and excitement. A young master, only different from them because he was taller, shouting, 'Quiet, boys! Just quiet!' into the roaring deafness. George went out a vestibule door, tried for ground, started to swim. This was the main highway. The signal tower. . . . His hand touched solid metal, and he hung on to it, resting. Top of the gasoline pump at Matt's filling station. A big boat careened by him. . . . What about Charlotte? . . . What about the kid? . . .

Charlotte knew a fingernail was dangling loose where her left hand shifted to freeze a new grip on what was left of a garage roof. Not that it mattered much. The only thing that mattered out here in the Bay was planning to breathe in the places where one wave had just broken over you and the next one was only beginning. Someone — she herself, maybe, though she could n't be sure — was say-

ing, over and over, in a crying woman's voice, 'If my house blows down while I'm away, rescue Denny. . . . Oh, if my house blows down while I'm away . . .'

Down through the Port streets the tide was turning, if this surging gray waste could be called anything so familiar and commonplace as tide; turning back along outrageous ways where no tide had ever been; rippling six feet deep over fallen trees, through the Machine Company engines; sliding over what used to be the Foundry, receding from black-wet piles of fabric in the Velvet Mill, pulling branches and chairs and life buoys with it.

On High, on Margin, on the highway across the tracks, small rowboats were floating free and men began to capture them, poling through the streets, feeling the tide ebb beneath them, feeling the wind slacken some. A crying gale now — something you could recognize for wind, and put a name to. The rain began to fall like rain.

People began to straggle along the trestle off the train, to move and speak in the blowing streets. . . . Porter drowned . . . I saw a woman . . . Which way is the town? . . . Saw some men in a boat and they said . . .

Passing the mouth of Arch Street, George Adams saw men working at a mass of splintered lumber, pushing, prizing. . . . Jim Hale helped to lift out the woman's body. A big woman, heavy and sodden and bruised in death — Mrs. Saint Peter, with a dishtowel still in her hand. 'Whole end of the town's gone. Whole of Race and the Point is gone.'

He ran lumbering among trees and planks, down streets so strange you might never have seen them before, out along the water's edge. Nothing there at all, to show where his house had been, but rubble and wet sand and pieces of painted wood. . . . It was still light. You could see people's faces. 'Your little boy's okay, Mr. Adams.' . . . 'Your baby's up to Hallets', Mr. Adams.' . . .

A little farther on was Tom Seymour, walking on a small spit of tumbled slag and sand and bricks, of stone beams tossed endwise and pieces of wet rubbishy cloth. 'Denny's all right, George. Up at the Hallets' with the nurse. Charlotte's — I'm sure she's all right. She was going to meet you in Westerly. I'm sure —'

Carefully he avoided looking out toward the new coast line which was Napatree, or over toward Watch Hill, where you could see that two houses, at least, were still standing.

Something glittered in the wet sand at his feet and he picked up a piece of Mary's spode teapot.

Quarter to seven. It had n't taken long.

'I guess Charlotte'll be turning up any minute now, George.'

'Yes,' George said. 'Sure.'

The wind was falling, and dusk was coming on.

Boats were in the tree branches, canted against the houses, spilling rope and gear through stove-in holes on to lawns and streets and fields. Three boats sat neatly on the new beach where Captain Nat's shop had been. Captain Nat did n't know the boats. Part of his apartment was a hundred yards down the harbor line, and a window curtain kept blowing back and forth in the wind. All the docks gone. . . . They say there ain't a boat in the harbor. . . . There ain't a stick of a dock. . . .

'Yeahen. Bad. Well, boys, let's get started. Must be plenty people hurt.'

Captain Nat found Bill Evans pinned under *Pelican's* mast. The boat was jammed into the wall of Eph Turner's grocery, half a mile inland from Bill's yard. It took three men to lift the mast off him, but you did n't need to be worried about hurting him, because he was unconscious anyway.

They took him to Miss Malvina Par-ton's house. It was the nearest, and the doctor was there already looking after some women off the train. Sixteen of the

little boys and the young master were in Miss Malvina's kitchen, being quiet and polite and fearfully excited, being useful about blankets and coffee made on a spirit lamp. Many more people were in the drawing-room, and the wind blew through the hall from where the dining room used to be. You would n't dare start a fire in any house, not in this wind, with so many roofs and chimneys gone. People were beginning to get pretty cold in their soaking clothes. Miss Malvina was erect and competent — so erect that she looked brittle.

It was dark now. Some people had candles, and some people had lanterns, and you could see electric torches spotting around in the black streets. Folks off the train in the priest's house and the Town Hall. . . . Lotta those people from Race Street up in the rectory and at the Fannings'. Have n't got a stitch but what they stand up in. . . . Blankets . . . milk . . . shoes . . . liquor. . . . Anybody got any idea where there's another two-handled saw in town? . . . Candles . . . lanterns. . . . Ought to be terrible careful of fire around here. Rain's let up now. No water running in any pipes. . . .

People hacking and sawing at the trees, and digging in the mess. They found Saint Peter, with his dead hand still on Manny's dead arm, but not the little girl. Probably up in under that stuff in the meadow. . . .

It was n't the Port. It was just some place out of a cold-sweated dream. The sky began to get red down toward the west, and you could see a flame shoot up now and then behind the jagged horizon. Mystic? Noank? No — New London. Burning all along the water front, lighting the sky all night. It was a sort of nightmare background to the wet and the cold and the feeling of being still as confused as you had been in the wind. People meeting, and separating, and moving around, and stopping. People going into houses, and coming out again after a while. . . .

V

The sun was half an hour above a bland pink dawn when Miss Malvina walked from her bed to her window. She had not undressed, nor slept, but along about three o'clock in the morning she had felt that even though her house was full of guests she must rest a little, to be of help to them later. When she got to the window she steadied herself on the sash, and stood looking out for quite a long time. Two trees, with a few little black leaves on them. Like winter. Houses she had never in her life before seen from this window stood bald and nakedly revealed, their chimneys down, their shutters dangling. The widow's walk on the Fanning house was broken wooden teeth. The Congregational Church steeple was an ice-cream cone mashed by a careless foot. The white paint of the houses was scummed brown, and the screens on the dirty windows were greenish and thick. A few men struggled through the littered streets, and there was a sour smell on the air.

Miss Malvina lay down on her bed again. When lists were made of the Port deaths, Miss Malvina's was set down as of old age and a heart attack.

By noon Captain Nat had a sort of clean-up crew organized. There was talk of a volunteer militia — because strangers were beginning to turn up here and there. . . .

Looters — a new word for the Port. Sanitation squad. Red Cross station. Quicklime. Compensation. Typhoid serum. Disaster relief. Reparation. . . . They say only about one out of ten automobiles can be made to run again. . . . They say the porter off the train was found in Gifford's garden. . . .

And the sour smell on the air. And the alien face of the harbors, blue and placid, with shore lines no one could recognize, with heavy channel beacons canted at crazy angles, without a dock along their margins, without a boat on the water, and the outer breakwater like

a dam children had started to build across a brook, and got tired of.

Fifty fish boats lost, at least — some of them gone completely and some of them lying on the land. The fishermen looked at them as a man might look at his own right hand, cut off at the wrist and thrown on some rubbish heap to stink and rot. Thirty houses gone, and no house left uninjured. How did you begin again, with this?

Things turning up in the tangled mess — one shoe; someone's piano; a part of an electric icebox; a doll; a piece of mashed gilt that was the altar crown from the Mandanos house.

People began telling each other how lucky the Port had been. Only seven drownings. And they say that at New London . . . they say that in the Westerly morgue . . . they say . . .

You got used to it, in a way, if you kept going. Plenty to keep going on. Strange to poke in filthy rubbish, trying to find your clothes, or your spoons, or maybe part of your tool chest, and turn up a painted tray nobody had ever seen before. Funny how bad the smell was, when you always thought of the sea and the sand as so clean. . . .

You even got used to the sweep of the searchlight the Coast Guard set up off the Point. It was almost comfortable to see it, nights. They say they are cutting rings off dead fingers on the beaches . . . they say that at Charlestown . . .

They say . . . they say. . . . Rumor was like the people who began to appear with cameras and box lunches, watching you saw and dig as if you were some animal in a cheap sideshow, while you tried to pretend you did n't see them. . . .

Lookit, Papa, is n't that terrible? . . . They say this was all a garden. This is the worst we've seen. . . . Lookit, don't those boats look comical? . . . Is n't this just terrible? . . . They say there's a kid's body there they have n't found yet. . . .

'Yeahen,' Captain Nat said. 'Vultures. Well . . .'

GOD REST YOU, MERRY GENTLEMEN

BY BILL ADAMS

I

THE carrier's cart was drawn by two very slow old white horses. Only now and again, where the road was not too slippery with ice, did the carrier urge them to a heavy trot. There was a stout canvas cover over the cart, in which, besides myself, were five old village women. Young women walked to and from town on market day, saving tuppence each way. The carrier, who'd been paid tuppence to bring me from the little market town three miles away, whither I'd come by train, set me down where Bowers lane leaves the highroad at the edge of Peterstow village. I'd my clothes in a brown paper parcel. I'd been traveling since nine in the morning, and had come about a hundred miles.

It was very cold. There was snow on the ground. I had mittens on my hands, and a thick muffler round my neck. The tip of my nose felt frozen, and so did my feet. The old women each side of me helped keep me warm while I was in the carrier's cart; but when I was put down I set my parcel on the snow, stamped my feet, and beat my hands on my sides before starting down Bowers lane.

It was maybe three quarters of a mile from the highroad to Bowers. The lane was steep, narrow, and full of curves. It had high banks on the top of which were tall leafless hawthorn hedges. The oaks and elms that stood here and there in the hedgerows were leafless too. Everything was bleak and bare and cold, except for the holly trees, which were covered with bright red berries.

Because I stopped to make snowballs, and to slide where there was smooth ice in the wheel ruts, it took a long time to reach Bowers farm. My paper parcel burst open, and I had to stop to tie it up. I didn't tie it very well, and it kept bursting open. By the time I came to Bowers a pair of my stockings, my toothbrush, and some handkerchiefs were missing. Garge Gwilliam found them, and brought them to Bowers next day. But this has little to do with what I'm writing about. I'm grown-up now, and have a good deal of gray in my hair and a great many wrinkles. My socks, toothbrush, and handkerchiefs are in their right places. Yet it was on this same pair of feet that I first went to Bowers, and with this same heart pulsing. I'm still me.

It's Christmas night, and Bowers farm is very far away in that quiet valley through which the little silvery river flows westward to the wide Atlantic. Very long ago it is; yet also it is very near, and only yesterday. Things do not change unless you let them — not the things that count, the lovely things. The stars are bright to-night, and all is still, save for the echo of an echo on the silent air.

My wife and our two daughters — Apple Dumpling, aged thirteen, and Honey Bee, aged six — are in bed and asleep. Ellison, our grown son, and Helen, his wife, are gone home an hour or more ago. It is late. The floor is strewn with toys. I have just turned out

the lights upon the Christmas tree — electric lights of many colors which one turns on and off by one switch. Artificial icicles that are quite safe hang from the tree, which is covered with artificial snow that is quite safe. When the lights are turned on, ice and snow glimmer and gleam. The sole gleam now is from a big red candle that stands in the window, its light shining out into the darkness of the night. By the gleam of the big red candle I am writing this.

I had not thought of Bowers farm for many years till yesterday, when we were all trimming the Christmas tree and hanging our stockings in a row along the wide mantel above the sunken open fireplace.

II

It was getting dark when at last I came to the door of Bowers farmhouse. As I approached it, I heard shouting and laughter. When it opened at my rap, a wave of warm air streamed out, as though to cheer all the cold world outside. It was the night before Christmas Eve, and what happened that night from the time the door opened I have no memory of. But the two following nights I can see very plainly, and can hear very plainly their sounds.

Bowers farm was owned and managed by a widow with four young daughters and a son of my own age. An old Welsh servant named Mary Llewelyn lived in the house, and two nephews and a niece of the widow were visiting. On Christmas Eve, John Thomas the wagoner, who lived in a cottage across the lane from the farmhouse, came with his wife and their fourteen children. Bill Weevin the shepherd, and the girl he was going to marry in the spring, came too, and Jack Evans the cowman, who was going with Thomas's eldest girl Annie. Last came old Garge Gwilliam, the gardener, with his old deaf wife and their grown half-witted daughter Jane. Everyone gathered in the stone-floored kitchen, from the whitewashed ceiling of which hung

sides of bacon, and hams, and great bunches of herbs. There was a huge plum cake on the table, and there were loaves of fresh bread, with cheese, and ale, and cider. For Mrs. Thomas, because she was nursing a baby, there was stout. For the children there were pitchers of milk. Mistletoe hung from the oaken beams of the ceiling. There were red-berried holly wreaths on the white-washed walls, and in the windows.

We played 'Here we go gathering nuts in May,' and 'London bridge is falling down,' and 'Oranges and lemons said the bells of St. Clemens.' Everyone but Garge Gwilliam's old deaf wife, and their grown half-witted daughter Jane, danced the quadrille, the lancers, and the Sir Roger de Coverley, to the tune of old Garge's fiddle. The kitchen was lighted by one big bright oil lamp and several cow-horn lanterns. In the large window was a big thick candle burning to show the Christ child the way to Bowers farm.

While we were dancing the Sir Roger de Coverley there was a rap on the door. Mary Llewelyn opened to the bell ringers. They came in, sat just within the door, and rang their bells. Then they ate bread and cheese and drank ale, and went on to the next farm: Weir End, a mile away through the snow.

The bell ringers were but a little while gone when we heard voices without. Mary opened the door and there, in the snow, one of them carrying a cow-horn lantern, were six village children, necks muffled up, woolly caps drawn down on their foreheads, snow thick upon their ragged clothes. They sang 'O come, all ye faithful,' and 'Hark! the herald angels,' and about 'peace on earth and mercy mild.' And when they had sung

'The roads are very dirty,
My shoes are very thin,
I've got a little pocket
To put a penny in,'

they were brought into the warm kitchen, and ate plum cake and drank milk and were given pennies by the widow. Then

they went on their way to Weir End farm, and were gone but a little while when more carol singers came. Lads and lasses of round eighteen and twenty, they too sang, 'O come, all ye faithful' and 'Hark! the herald angels,' and about 'peace on earth and mercy mild,' singing with strong voices in which was light-heartedness, and a note as of challenge. With flushed faces and sparkling eyes, they came jesting into the warm kitchen and ate bread and cheese and plum cake. Lifting mugs of ale and of cider, they drank to the health and the happiness of the widow and all our company, and went merrily off into the snow on their way to Weir End.

And not long had they been gone when again we heard voices and, opening the great oaken door, looked out upon a company of men and women of and beyond middle age. First they sang 'O come, all ye faithful,' and then one carol after another, singing as though for the joy and delight of it, all unconscious of the snow and the cold. Not till they had been bidden several times did they enter the snug kitchen, and eat and drink. In their wrinkled faces and steady eyes was a strong and a merry contentment. Yet also they resembled in a manner children, because of the frankness of their countenances. When, lifting their mugs, they wished us happiness — why, then it seemed that happiness must of a certainty be, so honest, so stolidly determined, were the tones of their friendly voices.

These, when they went, left behind them a great sense of peace in Bowers kitchen; yet also a something of regret, a sort of rue, because they had not stayed longer. But that sense of regret swiftly ceased; for of a sudden we heard their upraised voices again, and opened the great oak door and looked out after them. They had stopped at the end of the driveway, and stood in a ring in the snow singing 'God rest you, merry gentlemen, Let nothing you dismay,' singing for their own joy, with the light of the

cow-horn lantern shining in their smiling faces.

A little after the last carol singers were gone the widow took down a lantern from its hook, wrapped a shawl about her head and shoulders, and went forth from the snug kitchen into the thickly falling snow. John Thomas, Bill Weevin, Jack Evans, and old Garge Gwilliam each took a horn lantern and followed. Her son and her daughters, her niece and her nephews; John Thomas's wife, carrying at her breast her last infant; the girl Bill Weevin was going to marry in the spring; old Garge Gwilliam's old deaf wife and their grown half-witted daughter Jane, and all the children, went out from the snug kitchen into the thickly falling snow, with Bill Weevin's two sheep dogs following after them. Last from the kitchen, old Mary Llewelyn shut the great oak door, then, holding tight to my hand, followed after Bill Weevin's dogs.

Down the long drive we walked, the light of the lanterns shining on the snow-laurels, lilacs, and red-berried holly trees that bordered it. Through the old iron gate we went, and across the lane, and through the high five-barred gate opposite, into the great fold upon which opened the stables and cow houses and sheep pens.

There was a jingle of halter chains, and a shifting of hooves, as we entered the stable. Boxer and Dobbin, Prince and old Tom, Taffy and Merlin, looked round at us from questioning eyes.

'There be good 'ay in h'every manger, missis,' said John Thomas.

'That's right, John,' replied the widow, and, having handed to him her lantern, went to one after another of her horses and laid her hand upon it gently, speaking a few soft words.

From the stable we passed to the cow house, where Molly and Creamcup, Hilda and Bess, lying soft in deep straw, looked up at us with big round eyes. Beyond the milch cows the long row of great red oxen with white faces

gazed at us from warm straw-strewn stalls.

'Good dry beddin' an' a manger full for each on 'em, missis,' said Jack Evans.

'That's as it should be, Jack,' replied the widow, and, having spoken a few low words to her milch cows, passed slowly down the long narrow passage in front of the white faces of the great red oxen that gazed at her placidly.

We looked into the pen folds where lay the quiet sheep, and into the small pen where by himself the horned ram dwelt. Silent, they gazed at us, expectant-eyed.

The night was far advanced when we went from the fold through the big five-barred gate back to the lane. Sleepily holding to old Mary's hand, I heard Jack Evans say, 'Midnight be a-comin', John!'

'Aye, Jack, lad! Soon they'uns'll be a-talkin' same as you an' me,' replied John Thomas.

'Mary, who'll be talking?' I asked.

'The be-asts,' replied old Mary Llewelyn.

'But, Mary, animals can't talk!' I argued.

'It be Christmas Eve, little lad,' she answered me.

And then John Thomas and Jack Evans and Bill Weevin, old Garge and the women and sleepy children, were calling 'Good night' and 'Merry Christmas,' and disappearing toward their cottages through the thickly falling snow.

We came back to the warm kitchen. The widow put out her lantern. Mary lit tallow candles and handed them round for us to go to bed by. With the bright oil lamp extinguished, and our candles in our hands, we went from the kitchen into the hallway. Only the tortoise-shell cat was left in the kitchen, curled in her box by the stove. On the window sill the big candle still burned clear and steady, gleaming out into the snow, to show the Christ child the way to Bowers farm.

On our way to bed we were allowed to peep into the drawing-room, in which,

all along the wide mantel, hung a row of empty stockings high above the bright fire.

'Mary, how can Santa Claus come with a fire burning?' I fearfully asked.

'Doant 'ee be a-frettin', little lad! Just 'ee wait!' replied old Mary.

III

All I know of the rest of that night is that Santa Claus came. I did n't see him, but my stocking was full next morning — as were those of all the other children. There was no question about his having been, for in those days there was no cynical child. In those days when you heard the carol singers 'O come, all ye faithful,' that 'ye' meant yourself. Without question you accepted the invitation. If ever a child wondered why the Christ child did not see the candle in the window and come to Bowers farm, the explanation was simple. We did n't fret about His coming. We waited. There were so many other farms for Him to go to. In time He'd come!

We opened our stockings in the drawing-room, where was also the Christmas tree. The Christmas tree was covered with tiny wax candles of many colors, and every candle had to be lighted with a match. On the branches of the tree, to represent snow, was cotton wool. In those days a Christmas tree was not alone a thing of beauty and of joy. It was a thing of danger, too — a thing for small children not to come too close to.

Though we scattered paper and string everywhere, the widow did n't mind at all. The drawing-room was a very special room, used only on very special occasions, such as weddings and funerals, and when the rector came to call, and at Christmas. On one wall was a photograph of the widow as a bride, with her husband. They had been married in the drawing-room, and he had been buried from it. On the opposite wall hung the widow's 'marriage lines' in a gilt frame.

On another wall was a picture of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort; and opposite them, on the remaining wall, one of a champion cow and bull together. The chairs and sofas were covered with antimacassars.

The widow always swept and dusted the drawing-room herself, and no one else was permitted to enter it on ordinary days. But to-day we were allowed to play in it as though it were just like any other room. The widow, busy helping old Mary in the kitchen, came to look in on us now and then. Once when I chanced to look up I saw old Mary in the door watching us. There were tears in her eyes. I jumped up, ran to her, pulled her under the mistletoe that hung from the chandelier in the centre of the ceiling, drew her head down, and kissed her withered cheek. 'Oh, Goad bless 'ee, little lad!' she cried.

Old Mary was alone in the world. She had been engaged for twenty-two years before she married David Llewelyn, who was killed by a white-faced bull one evening eight months later while he was taking a short cut through a meadow, being in a hurry to get home because Mary was n't very well. Her son, who was born a month later, grew up to take the Queen's shilling on market day, and was killed a little while afterwards at Tel el Kebir, in the Sudan.

I don't recall anything else very definitely of that day till evening. I see wrapping paper and string, toys and books and sweets, all over the house. I see turkey and goose, turnips and carrots, parsnips and baked potatoes, onions and cabbage and pickles; shiny apples, red, yellow, and green; big juicy deep-green winter pears; walnuts, hazelnuts, cobnuts, and filberts; and, from lands beyond the sea, oranges, figs, dates, raisins, prunes, coconuts, tangerines wrapped in tinfoil, and almonds and Brazil nuts. There was a sprig of red-berried holly stuck in the top of the Christmas pudding. The widow poured brandy over the pudding, set fire to it,

cut it up, and passed it round while it was blazing. There was a dish of blazing snapdragon, too. I see it all in a sort of happy haze, and hear a continuous murmur of talk, with laughter rising and falling, young feet running to and fro, and young and old faces shining.

And I see old Mary come to the drawing-room from the kitchen, where she has just finished washing the dishes. She says something in a low voice to the widow, who replies, 'You stay here now, Mary. I'll go see to him.'

The widow went to the kitchen. I followed, curious.

He stood with his back to the great oak door, his battered hat in his thin fingers. Bare knees showed through holes in his ragged trousers. A jacket with frayed sleeves and holes at the elbows, its collar missing, hung loosely from his sharp shoulders. His face was pale. He was shivering, at his feet a little pool of water from the snow that had melted and run from him.

The widow set a plate heaped with food on the table, and bade him sit down to it. About it she set other plates, with fruits and pudding and nuts, and a tankard of ale. Then, without having noticed me, she went back to the drawing-room.

He did n't seem able to eat. He nibbled a bite of this and of that. The tortoise-shell cat leaped to a chair beside him and regarded him solemnly. He reached out a hand and stroked her soft warm fur. Having eaten scarce anything, he leaned wearily back in his chair. The oil lamp went out. Mary must have forgotten to fill it that morning. The only light in the kitchen was that of the big candle burning in the window to show the Christ child the way to Bowers farm. He gazed at it, his eyes full of longing. There was n't a sound. By the light of the candle I could see beyond the windowpane the big flakes falling. He rose, picked his hat up from the floor, and looked uncertainly about the dimly lit kitchen. Something told me

that he wanted to say 'Thank you' before he went away.

I was just starting to the drawing-room to call the widow when he became aware of my presence. Without a word, reading my mind, he shook his head. Had he said aloud, 'Don't disturb anyone any more on my account,' his meaning could have been no plainer. Next moment he was gone through the great oak door out to the cold snowy night. Left alone in the dim kitchen, I was suddenly very frightened. Of just what I was afraid I could not have said. Old Mary Llewelyn appeared, closing the kitchen door behind her, shutting away the sounds of merriment in the drawing-room. Unaware of me, she sat down in the just-vacated chair, longing eyes fixed upon the big red candle that burned on the window sill, her aspect one of utter loneliness. I ran to her and buried my face upon her flat breast.

'Doant 'ee be a-frettin', little lad! Yonder's the candle burnin'. Just 'ee wait!' said old Mary, stroking my head.

IV

Now, as I say, Bowers farm had been forgotten till yesterday, when my wife, Apple Dumpling, Honey Bee, Helen and Ellison, and I were trimming the Christmas tree and hanging our stockings along the wide mantel above the sunken fireplace, in which a bright fire burned.

I paused and looked from a window out to the starry dark. Faintly I could hear the murmur of the creek that, a short distance away, flows westward to the wide Pacific. Dim in the starshine I could see the trees that border our drive, the branches of the great oak that spread over our roof. On a hill a little to the north of the drive's end an air-mail beacon flashed alternate red and white rays across the sky. From high above our roof came the drone of a passenger plane. Round a curve in the paved highway that passes between the drive's end and the beacon hill came the lights of a

transcontinental auto stage. It was at that instant that Honey Bee spoke.

'Daddy, how can Santa Claus come down the chimney with a fire burning?' asked Honey Bee. And spark touched spark. Memory's embers were fanned to flame, and I heard old Mary Llewelyn answering that same question asked by me so long ago when I was Honey Bee's age. And I wondered if in stage or plane was some small boy on his way to spend Christmas many hundreds of miles, perhaps a thousand miles, away. 'How different it all is to when I was a child,' I thought.

On our little farm, so little that it scarce can be called a farm, is neither wagoner, cowman, shepherd, gardener, nor serving woman. It is but a few months since we moved here from the city, twenty miles away, where live many friends. Distance precludes neighborliness. Now, on Christmas Eve, no one would be dropping in upon us to wish us good cheer and to share for a space the warmth of our hearth. A sort of sadness came over me, a longing. There was too much haste, too much noise, in this modern world where all was so changed.

The trimming of our tree was finished. The stockings were hung in a row on the mantel. The many-colored lights on the tree twinkled and gleamed, the fire blazed bright, and in a window, on the window sill, a big red candle burned, as long ago a big red candle had burned at Bowers farm.

I took a powerful flashlight, opened the French door, and stepped out to the starry dark, my wife at my side, the children old and young following, and the two little terriers that keep the rats from our outbuildings and the gophers from our two acres following them. Under the branches of the great oak we went, past the pomegranate, oleander, deodar, and redwood trees; beneath the sky in which, now far away, the lights of the passenger plane still winked, along which the beacon sent its constant ray,

under which, along the paved highway, countless hurrying cars sped.

There was the jingle of a halter chain, and a shifting of hooves, as we looked into the little barn where Moby the saddle horse, and Molly the cow, and Honey Bee's pet lamb, lay bedded in deep dry straw. They looked at us expectant-eyed. Honey Bee wanted to stay, to hear them talk. 'They'd not talk with people about,' I assured her. We looked in at my wife's turkeys, geese, chickens, ducks, and pigeons. There was a rustle of feathers, and a low cooing from the gloom. When we went back to the porch Dumpling suggested that, since the night was not cold, we might leave the door open, and so overhear the beasts talking. When I negatived that, she said that she did n't believe animals talked on Christmas Eve, and asked if I had ever heard them.

'If I'd been near enough to overhear, they'd not have talked,' I told her.

When the others went in, she lingered on the porch. I stayed with her. The ridges of the near hills were distinct in the starshine. The canyons were black gashes. In them, when spring came, the buckeye would flower, the madrone, and the wild mountain lilac. On hill and in canyon, in place of the red-berried holly of Bowers lane, were the no less bright red berries of the toyon. To match the memories of my boyhood, there was beauty for beauty. Home was very sweet. And yet upon me there was still that longing.

'Ah, if only the carol singers would come! If I could just hear carol singers again!' thought I, and thought also, 'There was neighborliness in the lanes in the old days.'

Dumpling went in. I followed. We all sat on the step of the sunken fireplace, with the firelight in our faces; behind us the lights of the tree, on each wall wreaths of red-berried toyon and of ever-green, and in the window, burning with a

clear unwavering flame, the big red candle to show the Christ child the way to Oakcroft farm.

We had but sat down when there was a step on our porch. Our little lane is a blind lane. Sometimes someone from the paved highway near by mistakenly takes it and comes to ask directions. This would be someone from the hurrying mob. I rose and opened the door.

'Appee Kreesmas!' cried Tony Giammona. 'Appee Kreesmas!' cried Mrs. Giammona. 'Happy Christmas!' came a chorus from the eight Giammona children.

Tony and his wife are from Sicily; the children were born in America. Mrs. Giammona has done our washing a few times. Dumpling takes it, the eldest Giammona child brings it back. My wife and I had scarce set eyes on Mr. or Mrs. Giammona.

Tony was dressed in his best suit, from a mail-order house. He can't write English, but his eldest girl goes to high school and writes his orders for him. Mrs. Giammona was dressed in an old silk dress worn long ago in Palermo and used on only the most special occasions. The girls were all in brightly colored new silk dresses from the mail-order house. Very lovely they were, with their black shoebutton eyes and olive faces. The boys were in gay green new sweaters, and new trousers.

'Dees not hurt you, my vren! You dreenk whole bottle, eet not hurt you!' cried Tony Giammona, handing me a bottle of his homemade wine. 'I breeng eet you for 'appee Kreesmas!'

'I make two doz' loafs to-day. Dey not last long, I tell you! I vants you try my bread, for 'appee Kreesmas!' cried Mrs. Giammona, handing my wife two big loaves fresh from her oven.

While the little Giammonas laughed and talked with Dumpling and Honey Bee, Tony and his wife sat down and gazed round the big room. 'Dees verra nice 'ome,' said Tony. Mrs. Giammona said, 'You sure got nice 'ome, you folks!'

Their dwelling has some windows missing, and is devoid of carpets; in places wallpaper hangs in shreds. Tony prunes fruit trees for a living, but for a long time has not been well enough to work. Mrs. Giammona takes in washing. They 'make out.'

'We 'ave to go. We got forty peoples come to-morrow,' said Tony presently. He has five brothers, each married and with a family. 'We wants you folks to come. We goin' to dance old countree dances!' he added.

'Sure, we wants you folks to come! We goin' to barbecue a goat. Maybe two, t'ree goats!' cried Mrs. Giammona. We might have been her own kin.

Having allowed Dumpling to accept the invitation, being unable to do so ourselves because of other plans, we promised to come next time the Giammonas had a party. We loaded the children with oranges and candy and saw them away. As they disappeared in the darkness, Tony's voice came back to us. 'Dose ees nice peoples. I 'opes zey 'ave 'appee Kreesmas!'

So here again was beauty for beauty. In place of John Thomas's honest friendship, that of Tony Giammona.

V

'Ah, if only the carol singers would come!' thought I. But that would not be. A memory of the tramp came to me. There was something very pleasant in the memory. The tramp had, in a sort of way, helped to make Christmas. There had been no need for him to go off as he did. He could have stayed the night, and have gone forth in the morning warm and dry. I remembered how the widow had made up for him a big bundle of her dead husband's clothes. But he had gone away out of pride, and an unwillingness to intrude his poverty. I wondered if, perhaps, some poor wanderer would come to our door to-night. But no one would come, of course. No longer were there any tramps. A thing

called 'relief,' coming in many forms and under many subtitles, had destroyed pride and made willing beggars out of people. The tramp had not been a beggar. Had there been work for him, he'd have worked eagerly. To-day no one who can avoid it works; save for such old-world people as the Giammonas, who, despite poverty, manage to 'make out' and would utterly scorn 'relief.'

I sat down on the step of the sunken fireplace, where all the others save Dumpling were seated. Dumpling sat on the couch in the far corner. Close by her burned the big red candle. From above our roof came the noise of another plane. Flying low, it passed with a roar of motors. From the paved highway came the insistent honk of another transcontinental auto stage demanding the right of way.

I glanced toward Dumpling, and I shuddered. A thoroughgoing radio fan, she knows all the programmes, and the special time for each. Her finger was on the button. In a moment she would turn it, and flood the room with something about 'gang busters,' or 'phantom pilots,' or with jazz or buffoonery.

'Dumpling, it's time for bed!' I called.

'Let me stay a little while. There's something I like coming on,' pleaded Dumpling. And what could I say? Could a man with gray hair have his child think him an old crab, upon Christmas Eve? What could my child know or understand of the longing that was in me? If all was changed since I was a child, that was none of her doing.

There was silence now, no sound from sky or highway. In silence I sat thinking, waiting with dread the noise that Dumpling all too soon would turn loose.

'The lights of a plane, seen amongst stars, are beautiful,' I thought. And I thought too, 'So is a plane beautiful when the sun shines on it.' And the beacon on the hill, its constant ray was beautiful, I admitted. Even the modern carrier's cart, speeding along concrete roads and honking for the right of way,

had its own peculiar beauty. I was willing to admit all that. It was admitted not without some effort, true; and not without a distinct feeling of magnanimity. And besides, one could always forget these things by going into one's house. In one's home, in the sanctity of one's rooftree, one could shut modernity away and be at rest. But as for this thing upon which Dumpling had her finger, this thing I loathed. There was no escape from it. It was the very essence of all that was banal in modernity. And now, beneath the roof of home, on Christmas Eve, with my heart hungry for rest and for beauty, I must submit to its blatant banality.

I bowed my head. With my eyes on those same feet on which, so long ago, I walked down Bowers lane, I thought of Bowers farm. I said to myself, 'I'll just keep thinking of when I was a child at Bowers, and of the carol singers. If I just keep thinking, it will drown out the horror of modernity.'

There was a faint click as Dumpling turned the button.

And then, in a moment, my wife and our grown son and his wife, and our two

small daughters, were singing, their voices joining with the air-borne chorus of many singers singing far away — singing, all of them, as though for the joy and the delight of it.

'O come, all ye faithful,' they sang, and 'Hark! the herald angels,' and of peace on earth. And last they sang, —

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay . . .
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour,
Was born on Christmas Day!'

While they were singing that last carol there came again from above our rooftree the drone of a plane, and a transcontinental auto stage upon the paved highway honked for the right of way. With my eyes uplifted, I saw the beacon's ray across the sky. Upon our window sill the big red candle burned, with faithful flame unwavering. And of a sudden it was as though nothing were changed — as though all were as it had been so long ago at Bowers farm. Bowers farm and Oakcroft were become one. And I said to myself, 'Things do not change unless you let them change — not the things that count, the lovely things.'

RAILROADS UNDER PRESSURE

BY LESLIE CRAVEN

THE railroad industry is now passing through the most difficult time in its history, and the breakdown of the system of private ownership and operation is threatened. This crisis has a significance broader than first appears. At no time in our history have there been greater scrutiny and criticism of the way in which the country carries on its business and industry. Where shall the great enterprises be poised between moderately regulated private ownership and management, and the point where an increasing public participation culminates in the totality of government ownership and operation? Are we really capable of the successful conduct of these great concerns by public management, whether it be in the form of government operation or of intensive governmental regulation of private operation? If there is to be greater public participation in the conduct of these businesses, is success actually attainable without fundamental changes in our traditions and attitudes?

Readers will generally believe, I suppose, that the railroads can present no problem so tangled that intelligence cannot solve it. A high intelligence can certainly work out the efficient conduct of such a business in a way fair to everybody concerned. But objective thinking, which rises above self or selves, is essential to the play of free intelligence. It is fundamental to the governmental administration of justice in the courts, and equally fundamental where the government acts either as a regulator of

the railroads under private ownership and operation, or as their owner and operator. The right administration of such a business under either system must secure a fair apportionment of the benefits and burdens of the industry to capital, labor, management, and those who receive its service. This requires an administrative authority even-handed in its dispositions. Equality before the law must be the supreme desideratum. The problem is to prevent the obstruction of objective thinking by pressure groups dominated by definite and selfish motives. Can this be done in our democracy? Our experience in the administration of the railroad industry furnishes alarming evidence.

I

To sketch the unfoldment of the railroad problem with a broad brush: The railroads have been brought to the present crisis largely because of unintelligent policies with reference to competition. Almost no other business requires such great capital expenditures. They result in high capital costs, which are dangerous because they cannot be cut when traffic is reduced by the entrance of a competitor into the field. The investment is irrevocably committed to the venture; for a railroad, unlike a shoe factory, must continue to operate when times are bad and cannot be withdrawn from service and put to some other use in a way to save any substantial part of the investment. Consequently the building

of a competing railroad line or concrete highway, like an intelligently directed cyclone, destroys a substantial part and sometimes all of a railroad's property.

The public has been inclined to believe that the railroads could fairly be made to contend with heavy competition because they were rich, and has thought them rich because of the size of their investments. There is no animal so vulnerable and helpless as a whale in shallow water. It is income, not investment, that makes for wealth. Because railroad capital costs are so high, the public can be more economically served by a few systems handling intensive traffic (with resultant lower capital costs) than by many competitive lines unable to use their facilities to capacity. Since competition between railroads is unnatural and economically dangerous, no country in the world excepting Canada and the United States encourages and maintains competitive systems.

In our country the railroads, a generation ago, instinctively struggled to get free from competition. But when they tried to minimize destructive rate cutting by making agreements among themselves to maintain reasonable rates, the action was held illegal under the Sherman Antitrust Act, although admittedly the agreements resulted in no unreasonable restraint of trade. When they attempted to pool their traffic, in order to abolish wasteful operation due to the unnecessary building of competitive lines, their action was forbidden by the Act to Regulate Commerce. When they then turned to consolidations, they were stopped by the Supreme Court in the Northern Securities and other cases.

The purpose of the rigorous enforcement of these antitrust laws was to compel competition among businesses regarded as naturally competitive, as a means to provide fair prices by ensuring the free play of the forces of supply and demand, and to prohibit the impairment of that free play by the creation of monopolies or by lesser measures of restraint.

On the other hand, the government has regulated railroad rates as though the railroads were naturally a monopoly. The fundamental justification for the regulation of railroad or other public-utility rates is that, owing to the monopolistic character of the enterprise, governmental control is necessary because the forces of supply and demand do not operate to fix the price of the product as they do for competitive enterprises.

The antitrust regulation and the rate regulation thus proceeded from contradictory hypotheses. They were both rigorously pressed, and an overregulation resulted. This was entirely natural; it had its genesis in the group antagonisms expressed in the Granger movement, and reflected the influence upon governmental policy of the opposition of the politically powerful agricultural and shipping classes to the absentee and politically ineffective owners of the railroads, which had been built primarily with money secured or controlled in the East, and which were directed by interests regarded as alien to the agricultural communities. Railroad regulation has had, consequently, what is largely an emotional, rather than an economic, background. Had the population been entirely homogeneous and the railroads been built with the money of those who were most influential in their regulation, the governmental policy would not have reflected the antagonisms which proceeded from disunity, and pressure-group action would have been less effective.

The dangers of this overregulation began to be recognized by the experts as early as 1910. The industry had reached the all-time peak of its prosperity in the first decade of the century and was too vigorous for some years to show any marked effects of the maladministration. The sturdy farm lad could stand the country doctor's kitchen-table operations. It was not until after the war that the country began to awaken to the situation. The government had operated the

railroads during the war and returned them to their owners in such a weakened condition and with such increased operating expenses, due in part to wage increases, that it was obvious that government ownership could be averted only by the passage of legislation that would correct fundamental evils in the conduct of the railroads. Evidence of the possibilities of greater economy and efficiency through eliminating competition had been afforded by the consolidated operations under federal control during the war. The difficulty of the governmental operation of such a great enterprise, through the inclination of the politicians to operate the property to secure political effects, had been made apparent. The fear of a serious breakdown united almost all groups to support a comprehensive programme of constructive legislation, designed to stabilize private ownership—a programme written into the Transportation Act of 1920.

This act went far to reverse the national policy as to competition. With the purpose of unifying the railroads into a few strong systems, it authorized consolidations. Conventional thinking still prevented the full expression of a new attitude toward competition in this act. Consolidations were authorized, but were hamstrung by the provision that competition, even under effective commission regulation, was to be fully preserved; and consolidations were permissible only in accordance with a plan which the Interstate Commerce Commission was authorized to prescribe.

This provision was as impracticable as a eugenics scheme under which all mating must be done under a doctor's orders. About such selections the young people still hold ideas of their own. Because the legislation was unskillful, few consolidations resulted; although the Commission, under this act, did approve three unifications forbidden in the 'trust-busting' days by the Supreme Court—in cases involving the merger of the Hill lines

which had been dissolved in the Northern Securities case, the control of the Central Pacific by the Southern Pacific, and the control of the Delaware, Susquehanna & Schuylkill by the Lehigh Valley.

Although this legislation was a partial recognition of the need of abandoning the Congressional policy as to competition, the unwillingness to adopt a new policy fully and the consequent inaptitude of the legislation frustrated the intended improvement. Throughout this period the government had in every possible way stimulated the competition of non-railroad carriers. The declared purpose of Congress was to maintain unrestrained competition by the water carriers, both on intercoastal and inland water routes, and such carriers were subject to no regulation excepting as to the joint rates made with the railroads. Great sums were invested in the Panama Canal and in improving the canals and riverways, and the government subsidized the barge lines and itself operated them in competition with the railroads.

The railroads were now confronted with a new danger in the remarkable development of the sharply effective competition of the motor carriers and pipe lines. The increase in investment in all transportation facilities between 1920 and 1932 represented a capital outlay of substantially twenty-five billion dollars. The part of this additional outlay which was invested in non-railroad facilities was about equal to the recorded investment in railroad property in 1920. This great increase in the transportation plant came without any corresponding increase in business, and meant therefore a destruction of railroad investment values. There were, rather, decreases in the railroad business. The coal traffic of the railroads has been greatly curtailed by the incursions of fuel oil, natural gas, and the transmission of electric power; and the decentralization of the manufacturing business has reduced rail shipping. For large plants, formerly

located in large centres of population and transporting their products to distant markets by long rail hauls, scattered small plants, whose products move shorter distances, largely by truck, have been substituted.

The development of this competition between the railroads and the other means of transportation removed the last vestige of any claim that it was necessary to continue the enforced competition among railroads. This new increase in transportation facilities requires a national policy fully recognizing that *such competition is not required for the public good*, and that the evils of a system of noncompetitive railroads can be effectively curbed through regulation and the competition of non-railroad carriers. A readaptation of railroad facilities was called for when the country's transportation needs were revolutionized by the tremendous development of automotive transportation. Railroad systems, developed a generation ago in a competitive pattern which has remained substantially unchanged, require reorganization if they are to secure the economy and efficiency without which they cannot survive the new competition. In the transportation world, as elsewhere, the only permanence lies in change, and the static does not endure.

II

Disinterested observers generally sustain the conclusion of the Interstate Commerce Commission, voiced in a recent report to the President, that salvation for the railroads does not lie in the reduction of fixed charges. While some roads have excessive capital structures, the capitalization of the railroads generally, judged by investment, is relatively low. This was conclusively demonstrated by the valuations made by the Commission at an expense of \$185,000,000 under the Valuation Act of 1913. It is true that about nine tenths of the railroads are now unable to earn the

fixed charges on their funded debt, but this does not indicate that the debt load is generally excessive or that a programme of debt reduction will solve the problem. About half of the railroads, including some of the finest properties in the country, are not even earning their operating expenses, much less fixed charges. Reducing their capitalization may benefit them, but will never stabilize them. When the ship is high and dry on the sands, you cannot float it by reducing its draft.

There is no remedy but to increase the net income. To do so, expenses have got to be cut. During these years of starvation, the railroads have cut operating expenses to the bone. But the competitive action is continued, and even intensified by the hard times. It has been proved beyond question that the competitive practices have led to great waste. The railroads were built, and are operated, as individual systems for the primary purpose of securing the greatest individual competitive advantage, regardless of any consequent duplication of facilities and service. And this excess of service and facilities has now been increased by the new facilities added by the non-railroad competitors. The railroads are operated by men for whom competition is the law of life, who give no quarter, and who are trained in the competitive practices which the law has either required or not forbidden. It is only by the elimination of the competitive excesses that the industry can be stabilized and government ownership or subsidization prevented.

With full recognition of these elements of the problem, Congress passed the Emergency Railway Transportation Act of 1933, in a carefully developed attempt to stabilize the industry through the elimination of uneconomic competitive action. The act created the office of the Federal Coördinator of Transportation and gave the incumbent the task of working out the purposes of the statute. Joseph B. Eastman, a man of liberal

tendencies and one of the best men in public life, was chosen to administer the act. It gave the Coördinator authority to compel coördinative action by the railroads where necessary, and granted relief from the burden of the antitrust laws in any action taken in compliance with this law. The act also required the Coördinator to make the investigations basic to any further legislation that might be needed for the concrete realization of the purposes of the act. Congress recognized that in dealing with these technical subjects it must write objective-minded legislation instead of hurriedly prepared statutes representing pressure-group action.

Competent and intensive research conducted by the staff of the Coördinator covered the entire range of possible coördinative action and the resultant economies — beginning with the joint use of passenger stations, or other simple facilities, and ending with coördination in the *n*th degree, which is consolidation into a single great system. Short of this extreme, there are various intermediates involving partial unifications — namely, the unification of the entire freight and passenger terminals of competing lines in the larger towns and cities; the pooling of less-than-carload freight operations of all carriers by means of national systems similar to the express companies; the pooling of all freight of all lines either on a regional or on a national basis; and the pooling of the cars of all lines in a manner similar to the Pullman Company unification of sleeping-car service.

Such coördinations would leave the present operating companies intact. But if any great number of such coördinations were put through, the result would be a highly cumbersome and complicated administrative organization. The great group of corporations now in the field would continue to exist. Each would separately carry on the uncoördinated part of its carrier activity, but a large part of its operations would be conducted by a number of joint agen-

cies operating the coördinated facilities or services. The creature would continue to live, but with only partial control of its hands and feet. Consequently the weight of opinion among railroad men is against any effort to attain unifications by coördination. The way seems to lie through consolidations.

III

Consolidations were the means used to avoid government ownership of the British railroads and are now being seriously considered in Canada. The British statute which ordered the unifications required that the 120 railroads be consolidated into four regional noncompetitive systems, and that the securities of the constituent roads be traded for the securities of the consolidated systems on a prescribed valuation basis, derived from the earning capacity of a year of good earnings immediately prior to the war. Within a year and a half the stipulated consolidations were accomplished and the securities were exchanged without litigation or even substantial dispute. It is generally agreed, moreover, that the exchange was abundantly fair. After the consolidations had been put into effect, the competitive traffic between the four systems was pooled, thus eliminating competition completely. Although the full economies resulting from the consolidations were slowly attained because of provisions that prevented the brunt of the elimination of surplus labor from falling upon the men, the systems are now operated with far greater economy than ever before, their solvency has been established, and government ownership averted.

This was one of the most brilliant exhibitions of administrative intelligence of which there is record. There is no evidence that the efficiency of the British action was due to the fact that the government's power is less subject to constitutional limitations there than here. The adjustment of the securities was made on

a fair basis which satisfied the security holders and the public, and the acceptance of the awards was due rather to the fairness of the administrative action than to any lack of constitutional protection against unfairness. High achievement in working out these difficult adjustments of human relationships by an administrative agency is attained, apparently, rather through the power which arises from good administrative intelligence than through any 'right' to act arbitrarily derived from a freedom from constitutional inhibitions, for magnanimity can lead to heights to which force cannot drive. In this distinction probably lies the obvious superiority of British administrative processes over ours. A people's freedom and harmony lie in their magnanimity, not in their constitutional forms.

Yet consolidations had to be compulsory in England and would have to be here. Certainly Congress, acting well within constitutional boundaries, has full power to act effectively in setting up a compulsory consolidation programme. Experience under the Transportation Act of 1920 has demonstrated that if there are to be consolidations they must be compulsory, because the great individuality of the separate managements, controlled by men little inclined to forgo their personal positions, and who are loyal to their particular railroads above all else, is such that, in the present crisis, voluntary consolidations would lead to too great a delay. Furthermore, under any noncompulsory programme, it is certain that uneconomic and inefficient groupings would be formed — because of the inevitable inclination of the individual roads, if they control the pattern of the consolidations, to grab favorable lines in an effort to build up their own power. This would, of course, leave the map strewn with scattered fragments of undesirable property. The general pattern must be prescribed by Congress, but as far as possible the working out of the details should be left to the initiative and

enterprise of the managements. For the government to lead and to secure, with as little compulsion as possible, a result for the good of the public, without injury to the rights of the individual carrier, is a task sufficient to challenge the highest administrative capacities. But the English did it.

Consolidations should not be regarded as the sole means of straightening out the railroads, but as an important measure adopted, among others, in a general programme inaugurated by the government and designed to meet a complex problem which has other difficult aspects. It is very difficult to estimate what savings could be accomplished by consolidations, since the amount saved will depend upon the nature and conditions of the plan and the circumstances under which it is inaugurated. The savings from a seven-system plan (without consideration of the temporary expense due to the protection of labor, hereafter discussed) have been estimated by those favoring such a plan at as high a figure as \$743,000,000 a year. Officials of the railroads, who probably were ultraconservative because of their antagonism to such a programme, studied the estimate and reduced the figure by two thirds. But the savings attainable are unquestionably great and probably approach a figure as high as \$500,000,000; although, for the reasons indicated, accurate estimation is extremely difficult.

What solution of this problem can be reached depends upon none of these considerations of administrative or managerial technique. Nor does it depend upon what, among the various alternatives, is best for the welfare of the country. It depends upon what happens in the field of practical politics, and, as Lloyd George has aptly observed, 'politics doth not proceed by prayer alone.' Because of the pressure upon Congress of railroad labor, the Emergency Transportation Act was dropped in the summer of 1936, on the eve of a national election when the Washington air was

surcharged with politics. This abandonment of an aggressive and intelligent effort by the government to work out a solution of the railroad problem was aided and welcomed by the railroad managements. This was in the summer of 1936, when no recession was anticipated, and when they believed that returning good times would remove the crisis. But, speaking more fundamentally, the managements very naturally fear the hazards of any thorough reorganization of the railroad business through compulsion by the government and they are inclined to believe that what may be right by voluntary action becomes wrong when compelled.

Since the lapse of this legislation, Congress has made no effort to declare a national railroad policy. In the meantime, because the government has shown no intention of stabilizing the situation, the railroads have drifted and sunk deeper into insolvency. In the summer of 1938, Congress, under the pressure of labor and on the eve of elections, declined to pass an act authorizing a liberalization of the terms under which loans can be made to the railroads by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation — and declined because the railroads would not consent to a provision stipulating that the recipients of loans would not reduce wages. Strangely enough, the creditor refused to lend if the debtors insisted upon following a course which would help to keep them solvent. Meanwhile the plight of the railroads (which are faced with rising costs and with the continuous further development of automotive competition) has become increasingly worse. The house already divided against itself has been brought to further desolation by a continuance of competitive excesses. Nearly one third of the railroad mileage of the country is now in the hands of the courts, bankrupt and paying no interest. About one half of the mileage has not earned enough this year to meet even its operating expenses and taxes. Nearly nine tenths of

the mileage has not earned enough to meet operating expenses, taxes, and fixed charges. Only about one tenth of the mileage has earned anything for reserves, improvements, or dividends. Because there is no constructive national policy, the industry is thoroughly demoralized. When the government's participation reaches a point where the government controls the essential pattern of the enterprise and that participation is either unenlightened or blocked, as the result of pressure-group action, the economic substance of the property is soon dissipated. When governmental action is at the centre of an industry, the prosperity of that industry depends correspondingly upon the action taken by the government.

IV

Labor's objection to coördinations and consolidations is natural enough; for, if the railroads can accomplish them, they will be able to dispense with a large amount of unnecessary labor. To illustrate: were the freight facilities in Chicago consolidated, 10,000 men could be released from work; in Kansas City, 1600; in cities like Portland, Oregon, about 250. There are now about 915,000 railroad employees. No exact figures are available, but large-scale consolidations, according to the best authority, would probably result in eliminating about 75,000 men.

No one thinks that these men should be turned out on the streets. Human thought frequently develops with no consistency. Were Congress to pass a law to-morrow forbidding bankrupt farmers to discharge their hired men, and requiring all bankrupt manufacturers, on consolidating their factories, not to discharge any employees, the reaction against such legislation would shake the country. Yet the Emergency Transportation Act of 1933 forbade the carriers, when they coördinated or consolidated their facilities or operations, to discharge any employees on the payrolls

in 1933, and the country has hardly heard of it. Similar protection was given railroad employees by the British consolidation act. In the summer of 1936 the railroad unions and the managements in this country signed a contract, agreeable to both, under which very substantial protection—in the form of 'dismissal compensation'—was provided for railroad labor in any future coördinations or consolidations. Such action expresses more than the great political power of organized labor. It indicates a social consciousness awakened to the necessity of protecting employees, in some reasonable measure, against the loss of employment that accompanies improvements in the method of conducting the business. When an obsolete machine is junked, its trained operator is not to be junked along with it.

In all discussion of railroad unifications the need of a fair measure of such protection is generally taken for granted. But, as a result of the uneconomic operations maintained in order to prevent these men from going on relief (a burden which the investors in other industries were not forced to bear), those who have held the stocks and bonds of the railroads have had to make great sacrifices of their investments. It is clear that the employees should be protected, but it is not clear that these investors, instead of society as a whole, should bear the cost. So to require was clearly class legislation. If the industry is to bear the cost, the government should first provide by suitable regulation such earnings that the industry can bear the cost out of income, instead of by a sacrifice of capital.

While it is apparent that intelligent statesmanship could readily devise a means for the fair and adequate protection of labor, what that protection shall be is not now the issue at all. Railroad labor, in the fullness of its power, has decided to prevent all consolidations and coördinations, regardless of the issue. Thus, the unions secured the termination

of the Emergency Transportation Act, even though the men employed as of the year 1933 were protected by its terms and although that protection was supplemented by the contract between the labor unions and the railway managements to which the unions had agreed.

It is important to observe the relative size of the groups of people that are involved. If the railroads were consolidated into seven or eight major systems, it is probable that about 75,000 men would lose their jobs. Even if no dismissal compensation were provided (as would not be the fact) such a loss of employment is not great compared with that caused by the depression and disorganization of the railroad business, as is shown by the fact that, owing in part to the recent recession of business and in part to a wage increase, the railway employment from July 1937 to June 1938 decreased from 1,174,000 to 914,000, or by 260,000 men. On the other hand, the stabilization of a great industry indirectly involves millions of our people. Forty per cent of our railroad bonds are in default. Over half of them are owned by insurance companies, savings banks, large and small town commercial banks, and educational institutions. There are 60,000,000 holders of insurance policies, and 15 per cent of the assets of the insurance companies are in railway bonds. There are millions of railroad stock and bond holders. Furthermore, the depression of the railroads has a profound effect upon the so-called heavy industries. Whereas, ordinarily, the railroads are great purchasers of such things as lumber, coal, and steel, their purchases now are scant.

It is evident how small is the group of employees whose interest, as the result of pressure-group action, is made paramount over the interests of far greater groups of our people. The increased purchasing power of the country due to the continued employment of this small group seems to be entirely outweighed by the adverse consequences of the con-

tinued demoralization and disorganization of the railroad industry. The recovery of the whole nation is retarded.

In the last analysis the only assurance of the right conduct of the nation's railroads, whether in private or public operation, lies in an enlightened and enforced public opinion. There are certain groups that are interested in the statesmanlike management of the railroad enterprise: the insurance companies, savings banks, and other such institutions, and their beneficiaries; the other investors and the shipping public. The ascendancy of organized labor in Congress is due to the inaction of such groups. They far exceed in number the labor or railroad management groups, but are either inarticulate or incapable of effective action. However it may have been a generation ago, in these days the legislator listens with little interest to a side as unpopular as that of the railroad corporations. The stock of a typical great railroad company is owned by thousands of holders, none holding more than 2 or 3 per cent of the total stock, most of whom are women, and who are disorganized, probably incapable of effective organization, and politically entirely ineffective. The legislators know it is only theoretically that the railroad executives represent these stockholders; that the mechanism of control of these great corporations is such that the stockholders ordinarily do not actually participate in the company's affairs, and that the management is not actually selected by them. The insurance companies, savings banks, and educational institutions which own the majority of the railroad bonds are conservative institutions unaccustomed to political action.

Labor has had to fight, and is accustomed to fight for everything it gets. The railway unions are highly organized and extend throughout every part of the country. Their political strength depends upon their organization, not upon their numbers. The national leaders of these unions are intelligent and aggres-

sive men. They drive with a hard hand. These officers are ordinarily more demanding and uncompromising than the men themselves; for in order to maintain their positions of leadership, which are elective, they must continually overplay their parts. Under such circumstances Congress, like a ball on a level floor, moves under the heaviest pressure applied, even when it comes from a minority, and congressional inaction on a technical problem involving class antagonisms can be readily secured by a minority group.

V

Certain things are clear. Fundamental to the sound public regulation of such a business is a just apportionment of the benefits and burdens of the conduct of the industry among capital, labor, management, and those who receive its service. Congressional determination of a question such as the extent to which the railroads shall be consolidated goes to the very root of the business and fixes its pattern. Such a determination makes or destroys the value of the property, and affects the jobs of the employees as well. No court ever decided a case involving sums of greater magnitude. When the government thus acts in a legislative capacity it is important that it proceed, if justice is to be done, with the same full recognition of the principle of equality before the law as when it acts judicially. The recognition of that equality is a fundamental principle of our democratic government.

Aside from any standpoint of ideals — that is, from a purely practical standpoint — the achievement of such equality before the law seems to be essential to the successful operation of the capitalistic system, or of any system short of that of a totalitarian government committed to overriding the minority interests. The capitalistic system cannot function successfully unless capital is given that protection which is its just due. What are called the 'property

rights' of capital are actually human rights. The large ownership of railroad securities by fiduciary institutions and small investors cannot be disregarded on the mistaken assumption that 'Wall Street owns the railroads.' Similarly, labor must be rightly treated because its wages determine the extent to which men in its ranks can lead the abundant life. Elements of the highest human value are therefore involved. Both capital and labor must proceed under the full protection of the law administered in even-handed justice. These enterprises cannot be run primarily for the benefit of either capital or labor. Furthermore, the scientific management of such highly technical businesses requires, as we have said, the attitude which reflects that free intelligence attainable only by the objective-mindedness which is above domination by self or selfish groups.

Our government has now entered upon a new era; it has definitely undertaken what is a participation in business and, in some instances, the sole conduct of great social enterprises. It is now in the very centre, and not on the mere periphery, of their being. Forms of economy are proposed which involve, in a large measure, a socialization of business. If these socialized endeavors are to be established, it should be upon a basis that takes full cognizance of the social obligations which are involved, and there must be an even-handed administration of justice for all groups. Unless an attitude of objective-mindedness can be made to prevail, the country must face conflict and disorder in its conduct of these enterprises; and whether the people own them in the form of private or of government ownership will make no real difference. So far as our railroads are concerned, able and disinterested intelligence, if unobstructed, will make either form succeed; for achievement depends upon intelligence and not upon such

forms. But a pressure-group domination of the present private ownership and operation, which has required uneconomic operation for the benefit of those groups, is very likely to be succeeded by a similar pressure-group domination of government ownership and operation; for the same groups will be benefited by operations conducted uneconomically under national operation.

Were there government ownership, great economies would be secured through consolidation, and steps to effect it would come first in any governmental programme. But under government operation the preservation of unnecessary jobs would be even more persuasively urged upon Congress than now. If there were government ownership it is not difficult to foresee the great political stress which would be used to secure preferred rates for certain states or regions, the construction of new lines and other facilities, and the continued operation of uneconomic property — all for the benefit of organized minority interests. Congress has always shown less power of resistance against pressure groups seeking advantage at the expense of the treasury than at the expense of private capital; and our people are now becoming accustomed to take government generosity toward such groups for granted.

Our democracy cannot live if it cannot work out the nation's problems. How far it will solve its problems will depend upon how far its action can be objective-minded and in accordance with principle. Deference to pressure groups means compromise, and compromise means departure from principle. The cure for the problems of democracy is not more democracy, as President Roosevelt has said, but more intelligence. Measure the intelligence demonstrated by a democracy and you will know how far that democracy can make its people free.

ON THE JEWISH EXILE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

AY, send them out, the dark ones, into the desert,
If there is desert enough in all the world
To hold these lonely few, these trembling goats
Who take for burden all the sins of the flesh
Into the wilderness.

Blow bugles, Pomp.
Build armies, march with beautiful banners flying,
Young men and old with shouts and hands flung upwards,
Under the birds of death.

Make a place for graves:
A field for bones, a meadow for all the people.
No need of flowers or grass or marble tombs;
For all will die, under the falling fire.
Who lives by the sword shall perish too by the sword.
Alas for Rome.

The days of her life are numbered.
Only the goats in the wilderness will survive this
Burning of cities, this war, this crying of children.
Only the kids in the desert will see the morning,
And slowly making their way back over the mountains
Feed again in peace in the shattered cities,
Browse again in the weeds of the ruined gardens.

AS WE WERE

BY AGNES REPPLIER

I. BEFORE THE FILMS

MOVING pictures have taken possession of the cities, and have revolutionized small towns and villages. People who never expected to be entertained, and who got along very well without entertainment, now demand it as a condition of life. People who once aspired to entertain one another have retired from that laborious and unprofitable competition. Lively communities which mustered sufficient talent to exact attention have now been forgiven and forgotten. Their concerts, their tableaux, their wonderful rendition of *She Stoops to Conquer*, that most exacting of plays, have been relegated to the Limbo of things that should never have been. In their place the townspeople have halls, unventilated for the most part, and films of astonishing goodness and badness. These films are cheap, they conscientiously fill two hours, and the audiences which crowd to see them would do without food or drink rather than forgo what has passed from a habit to a necessity.

I know what happened in small Southern communities before the coming of films. If they sought entertainment, they had to provide it fresh and faltering from untuned pianos, untrained fingers, and unmodulated voices. There was no help from outside; no canned music; no one-night shows from straggling companies. *Uncle Tom's Cabin* might have come their way; but unfortunately that facile caricature was anathema to the South, which lost a good deal by refusing

to countenance it. I should have liked to see the Canadian company with the youthful Leacock playing the second chunk of ice on which Eliza crossed the river.

Elocution assumed a formidable rôle in pre-film entertainments, and elocution is an art of indescribable maladjustments. It never struck fire with 'The King of Denmark's Ride,' which might have jostled clods into something resembling emotion. It clung dismally to 'Barbara Frietchie,' and 'Curfew Must Not Ring To-night.' Dickens knew all about recitations. He knew all about most things, and he seldom told us a word too much. We are aware that Miss Petowker recited 'The Blood-Drinker's Burial' with such emphasis that the little Kenwigses were frightened into fits; and that Mrs. Crummles, the great original Blood-Drinker, had been obliged to give it up because it unnerved her audiences. 'Too tremendous for them,' observed Mr. Crummles sadly.

I have wondered more than once if Dickens had in his mind 'Monk' Lewis's 'Maniac,' first and more aptly called 'The Captive,' which had been withdrawn from the boards because too many women had hysterics when Mrs. Litchfield recited it, and too many husbands protested. It is hard for us now to credit this amazing statement; but our own century has not been without similar experiences. 'The Blood-Drinker's Burial' is such a masterly title, conveying so much horror with so little reason, that

we cannot quarrel with it; but Dickens, who was not wont to miss his opportunities, had in all likelihood heard 'The Captive,' and made use of it after his fashion.

I, too, have heard it, and have been as frightened as any little Kenwigs of my tender years. It happened in one of the smallest of Southern towns, and was, I think, part of a school entertainment. Schools *were* schools in those days. The stage was darkened, the unfortunate lady, clad in white and manacled, knelt on the straw which was the only approach to furnishing in her cell. The jailer with a lantern stood by her side. He did not 'smile in scorn and turn the key' because his lantern was needed. He listened stoically until his prisoner cried:—

'I will be free. Unbar the door!'

Then he left, and the last terrifying verses were shrieked into the darkness, while the chains clanked dismally. And I was eight.

I did not have hysterics because I did not know how. I sat frozen with fear—fear and horror combined. The horror was for the 'Captive,' the fear was for myself. If it was so easy to call people maniacs and get them shut up in prison, what assurance of safety had I?

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell.

At least I would refrain from marrying, and thereby reduce the danger. My father would not have subjected a caterpillar to annoyance. I had nothing to fear from him. But the future stretched before me that night dark with danger. Cruelty, which I was beginning to understand, took on form and substance.

'The child looks frightened,' said a friend (a man, of course) to my cousin, as we came out of the hall.

'Frightened?' echoed my cousin incredulously. 'What was there to be frightened about? But she is always like

that. If there was anything real, she would not mind. I saw her the other day watching a mouse, a live mouse, running across the floor, and she actually seemed to like it.'

Recitations have had their value in a world capable of being swept by emotions—witness the two hundred and fifty thousand pounds with which England responded to 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.' It was an appeal too simple and direct to miss its mark, and it must be said of Mrs. Langtry that she spoke as one who cared. No one can reap the harvest of tears or golden sovereigns unless he cares.

II. THE WORLD WAS NOT ON THE MOVE

Yet men did travel, and they knew what it meant. They no more expected to be comfortable than did Lord Byron, who said plainly and positively that folk who go a-pleasuring had no business with comfort. My father did not go a-pleasuring. He went occasionally on business for the support of his family. He knew he would not be comfortable. He carried a heavy traveling shawl, to save himself from perishing, and when I saw him depart I envied him passionately. He would sit up all night wrapped in that shawl instead of going to bed. How fortunate—how supremely and undeservedly fortunate—grown-up people were!

Children are not only impervious to discomfort—they like it, as imparting a picnic flavor to life. An aversion to picnics (like that growing distaste for asparagus of which Lamb warns us plainly) means the surrender of youth. When I was a very little girl I was happy enough to be taken by my mother on a journey which involved a night train. Sleeping cars there were none, so that indignity was spared me. I sat by my mother's side, cold, tired, miserable, and exultant. I saw the coming of dawn for the first time in my life. A little girl (the

pampered child of much solicitude) confessed at school that she had never seen a star. Her well-regulated hours had denied her that privilege, and she seemed in no wise aware of her loss.

It is strange to look back upon a time when people did not spend their lives evading the seasons. They took them in their stride. They expected to be hot in summer and cold in winter, that being the manifest design of Providence. Wealthy Philadelphians went to their country homes and sweltered. They returned to town in November, and spent five months struggling with an anthracite furnace in the cellar. If they were ill, their doctors gave them medicine and put them to bed. The happy thought of sending them to be ill elsewhere had not then dawned on the profession.

Yet there were places to which they might have gone. The German physician who suggested Peru to a New York patient had imagination; but the Mediterranean was not unknown. People in novels went to its shores, and people in Philadelphia read about them. They themselves waited until summer, and then went to Cape May, which was considered to be riotously gay, or to Atlantic City—a small demure settlement, much affected by the kind of Quakers who did not like things to happen. Bar Harbor was the refuge of schoolteachers who reveled in its beauty, and ate peanuts for dessert in the cheap, badly run hotels. It is a bit tragic to reflect upon the speed with which humble nature-lovers have been ousted from the places they discovered and enjoyed. The rich never discover any place. They wait until a bit of coast or a spur of mountain has been acclaimed as exceptionally lovely. Then they take possession, and the plain people to whom it has grown dear are driven out by the high cost of living. A taste for nature is a fatal extravagance. It requires effort and an income. The town gives you of its best for nothing. It is open-handed, and has

been condemned for its hardness. It is the friend of the poor, and has been cursed for its pride.

The business of entertaining summer boarders was once simple and cheap. Out of doors there was always croquet. Anybody could afford croquet, and anybody could play it. A bit of ill-kept ground, a few wire hoops, and someone to drive away the children. I was a child myself, a marauder, and relegated to the ranks of the unwanted. Yet there was a bald simplicity about croquet which fitted it to my physical and mental immaturity. It was made for a ten-year-old, and I, being ten, was debarred from my rightful inheritance.

For long I have sympathized with adults who find children 'in the way.' But I can also remember a time when I was 'in the way' myself. My mother was once asked in my hearing why she liked the quiet country hotel to which we went every summer. She explained that she did not like it at all; but that, as enjoyment was out of the question when she took her young children away, it was better to choose a place where the air was good and they might play in safety. A great many years have gone by since my truth-telling parent made this simple statement; but I am glad to report the accuracy of vision which enabled her to perceive that her infant family was no exception to a general rule.

With the advent of lawn tennis and the lavish opulence of golf, summer resorts shook off simplicity, and unfortunate nature-lovers (whom nothing can cure of illusions) wandered farther afield in their search for the inexpensive and uncomfortable. They came home lean and hungry, bitten by fleas, and black flies, and mosquitoes; but eloquent over some lovely spot where life was 'primitive'—a word of many meanings. These comfort-scorning adventurers were always women. There must be plenty of men nature-lovers. I have met them from time to time, and have semi-occasionally read their books. But the

friends who say to me, 'How can you bear to look at bricks and mortar all your life?' are invariably women. It is useless to point out to them the comeliness and convenience of bricks and mortar. They are thinking of woods and waters which tell a different tale.

III. THE ERA OF BROWNING SOCIETIES

It is a perfectly well remembered period, and it lasted for over twenty years. It originated no doubt in a simple and praiseworthy desire on the part of simple and praiseworthy people to understand Browning more intelligently and to love him better. The Philadelphia Browning Society had its counterpart in every city of the Union, and in a great many cities of England. In December 1897, Augustine Birrell read a paper before the Browning Hall Settlement, at Walworth. It is uncommonly like the papers we have heard from less famous people in less august surroundings. Fifteen years earlier its author had published in his first *Obiter Dicta* a supremely competent article on 'The Alleged Obscurity of Mr. Browning's Poetry'; but that was a challenge to the reading world. Nothing resembling it has ever perplexed an anxious audience, wondering if it heard aright.

Our Philadelphia Browning Society was small and poor and high-minded. The dues were very low because we did not think it right to deny its privileges to townspeople who could not—or who would not—give more. Therefore we had no money to pay speakers. We could not even afford a coveted young Bostonian who earned a precarious livelihood by reading Browning's poems to less impecunious communities. We read them to one another (uphill work it was!), and we read papers of our own composition to one another, and we encouraged one another in mediocrity, being less impatient than Charles Lamb, and dimly aware that there are worse

things than mediocrity in the world, and that some of us had climbed a bit to reach that despised estate.

Above all, be it remembered to our credit, we never tried to be funny at Browning's expense. That stupendous insolence was foreign to our mental make-up. If a joke was ever heard, it came from the audience, and was an impromptu joke, not a carefully prepared attempt at the wit which Heaven had thought fit to deny us. When Dr. Talcott Williams arose and in a larmoyant voice, heavy with unshed tears, announced, 'I will now read you a few lines, not from Browning's pen, but from the pen of her whom he loved so many long and faithful years,' Mr. Harrison Morris, who sat in the front row, said clearly and distinctly, 'Mrs. Bloomfield Moore,' whereupon the house laughed delightedly. It had earned this much relaxation, and the sudden projection of light-minded gossip into the solemn sentimentalities that oppressed us was like opening a window, or stepping out of doors.

The Contemporary Club of Philadelphia (which is still a deeply respected organization) was bigger, richer, and more socially prominent than the Browning Society. It had higher dues, paid its speakers, and occasionally enjoyed an evening of lively and intelligent debate. The experience of years taught it one truth—that American speakers, whether dull or vivacious, invariably gave the best that was in them; and that English speakers thought that anything would do. It did not do very well. No Barmecide feast satisfies the robust appetites of men, and the Contemporary Club had many male members. They had a way of standing near the doors, and vanishing one by one into the hospitable hotel corridors, while the women, politely escorted to front rows, sat in serried ranks, unable to extricate themselves, or to escape from the speaker's searching eye.

We had notable evenings, of course:

when Miss Amy Lowell aroused a storm of indignation by indicating that Walt Whitman's successors had surpassed him in his own field — a doubtful thing to say anywhere, but a veritable heresy in Philadelphia, which naturally cherished the fame of its celebrity; when Walt himself came to us, looking like a cross between a cowboy and Little Lord Fauntleroy, and with natural, lovable egotism accepted us all as friends and followers; when a local politician assured us that city and state were being wisely administered by incorruptible officials, and we, thinking he was satiric, insulted him with laughter; when Mr. Henry James broke the silence of a lifetime, and made his first address before our envied society.

That was an occasion! As the president of the Contemporary Club, I felt its full importance. It was necessary to spend more than we could afford, and it was necessary to be the first in the field. We accomplished these two feats, and fortune favored us. Mr. James spoke on Balzac. He might, had he so chosen, have spoken on Beelzebub. What the club wanted — what all Philadelphia wanted, as I discovered later — was to see and hear the great novelist. They did hear as well as see him. His voice, clear and distinct, was audible in every corner of the room. His nervous fright wore off after the first few minutes. It was plain that, while his audience thought little about Balzac and a great deal about Henry James, Mr. James thought little about his audience and a great deal about Balzac — a happy adjustment of interests.

One incident lingers in my memory. On the day before the memorable event I had a visit from a very eager stranger, a Jew, who wanted beyond measure to hear Mr. James because (which was a most unusual reason) he had been a reader of the distinguished and difficult novels all his life. I explained to him that every seat and every inch of standing room had long before been assigned.

He persisted, humbly but with iron determination, in his plea. I then said, 'Well, there will be no room for you or for anybody else, so one more won't count. I'll write a line on my visiting card. If you can fight your way in with it, well and good, and if I am on hand I will help you.'

He did fight his way in (I might have been sure of it), and late in the evening I saw him in earnest conversation with Mr. James, who looked more interested and animated than usual. Then I forgot all about him until months later when he came out of Dr. Weir Mitchell's office as I was entering. 'What,' I said to Dr. Mitchell, 'are you doing with my little Jew?'

'He is not your little Jew,' retorted Dr. Mitchell. 'He is my little Jew.'

'Oh, well,' I admitted, 'I lay no claim to him. I chanced to do him a trifling favor, and I was amazed to see him here.'

'I will tell you why he is here,' said Dr. Mitchell. 'For one thing, he is possibly the first Arabic scholar in the city. He came to me six years ago, a broken man. Sheer overwork. Nothing else the matter with him. Happily, I was able to give him what he needed. I sent him into the country for six months — six months of rest and unconcern about the future. He returned, sound and well, and he has never needed help from anybody since. But he comes to see me now and then for friendship's sake.'

Think of it! To know what was wanted. To be able to give what was wanted. To be ready to give what was wanted. It is not the best, but it is assuredly not the worst of all possible worlds when it has sons worthy of their inheritance.

IV. FIGHTING FOR THE FRANCHISE

Not that I fought, for Heaven knows I did not; but there were times when Elizabeth Robins Pennell — that calm, contemplative woman — and I seemed the only noncombatants in the field.

Nine out of every ten women whom I knew believed sincerely that the world would be a better place when they were able to vote. The tenth woman believed sincerely that the world would be a far worse place when debased by feminine incompetence. That it would go on being the same old world we had always known was an idea which never occurred to any of us. What would become of enthusiasms and antagonisms if it were given to us to look into the future? I can recall the promises made by ardent reformers that the polling booths under the new dispensation would be pleasant, 'home-like' rooms, decorated with flowers, and emblematic of the nation's refined and lofty purposes. I wish these prophets could see the hovel in which I cast my vote, and in which I am the only representative of my race, tolerated by the good-tempered Negroes as a harmless and pleasant-spoken eccentricity.

I wish also that I could have known the fine old war horse, Susan B. Anthony. She was a pioneer, which is a glorious but uncomfortable thing to be. She did the many hard things and the occasional foolish things that fall to the lot of pioneers. She hewed wood and drew water that her successors might have an easy time of it. A comparison between her life and the life of Dr. Anna Shaw illustrates to perfection the desirability of being a little late in the field.

Dr. Shaw was never called on to wear obnoxious clothing or to face obnoxious crowds. She was the friend of college presidents and of women of fashion. She was made welcome and entertained wherever she went. She was listened to with attention and respect. Her sarcasm was an affront to human taste and to human intelligence; but when she spoke soberly and sincerely her words carried conviction to many, and a plain sensible meaning to all. She was able — by the grace of God — to believe in what she preached. She was quite sure that women were endowed with an organization 'morally equivalent and ethically

identical' with that of men, which is perhaps true. She refused very sensibly to be affected by the escapades of the British militants who were having the time of their lives, but whose sprightly antics were disturbing to citizens with a logical turn of mind.

I can still see the stupefied expression with which Mr. Henry James appealed to my sense of equity. He had expressed supreme satisfaction in Mr. Sargent's portrait of himself. He had stood before it for a half hour at a time, fitting every line into his retentive visual memory, and making up his mind anew that it was a great painting. When the militants slashed it, as an unanswerable argument for their political rights, he was terribly distressed, and I was distressed for him, knowing how few and far between were his mundane pleasures. 'I never opposed their franchise,' he said defensively. 'Before this I never thought much about it; and Sargent said he didn't care a tinker's damn whether they got it or not. By the way, what is a tinker's damn?'

I turned him from this aside (asides were his perdition) into the main current of argument, which was a gloomy road, but a straight one, and easily trodden. Was it really less than twenty-six years ago that this casual conversation was held? Things had then that strange aspect of immutability which they are apt to assume before a radical change. The wounded portrait was mended so skillfully that none now know how cruelly it has been hurt. The war blew like a blast through the world, and the first thing to shrivel and die was the moth, militancy. What remained was femininity, indestructible and long-suffering. It helped to save civilization; and as a reward for its services Britain and the United States gave it the coveted franchise — a boon nobly bestowed and received with grateful ardor. Therefore I go to my undecorated polling booth, and wonder a little what happens to my vote. It reminds me of a school prize

which was, in my day at least, a reward of merit—a book, beautifully bound, grandly given, and gratefully received, but unreadable.

Parades were more popular before the World War than they are now. As arguments they are feeble, but as an expression of political views they are without a flaw. The Irish Catholic parade on Saint Patrick's day, the Orangemen's parade on July 12 (commemorative of the Battle of the Boyne), have carried opportunities to many contentious hearts. Philadelphians cannot forget that less than a hundred years ago the 'Native American riots,' which cost the town some scores of burned churches, schools, and homes, were provoked by the arrogance of parades.

Happily the arguments so popular in 1844 were obsolete when the suffragists first paraded in New York to prove their numerical strength. There were certainly plenty of them. They went on and on and on until I could think of nothing but the army worms which I once saw moving with leisurely precision along the South Coast of Massachusetts. The army worms were not marching, they were merely moving on, and they took two days to do it. The suffragists were not marching. They did not know how

to march. The easy stride which the street boy of thirteen acquires to perfection was beyond their power. Many of them looked supremely self-conscious, some of them looked desperately tired; but in one and all there was the same driving force, a profound and touching belief in the reform they advocated. They would have gone to the block for their principles. Some of them do actually go to the polls to-day.

The bitter cry of frustrated humanity lies compressed in Swinburne's lines:—

In God's name, then, what plague befell us
To fight for such a thing?

And the answer is plain to read: 'You had the fight. You had the burning days when values were counted by the cost.' How eminently desirable was the golden fleece when the heroes of the world fought for it! How unrecorded its subsequent history! How imperatively beautiful was Helen when she brought to Ilium 'destruction as a dower'! In what ignoble peace Menelaos, subsequently, possessed her! The franchise has always been esteemed a thing worth fighting for. It has never been esteemed a thing worth noble handling. 'Thy service is in the work only; but in the fruits thereof never.'

FATHER'S ROBES OF IMMORTALITY

BY PARDEE LOWE

I

EARLY in February, soon after the Chinese New Year, Stepmother came to me visibly agitated.

'*Je meh yeh ah?* (What's the matter?)' I cried.

Stepmother burst into tears.

'I have just returned from the Shrine of Kuan Yin, where I cast your Father's horoscope. It is very, very clouded. The Will of Heaven cannot be discerned. When I beseech the gods to reveal the future, they remain noncommittal. I fear these ominous signs. It is time,' and her voice broke, 'for you and your brothers, as dutiful sons, to provide him with robes of longevity.'

Startled by the suddenness of Stepmother's unusual request and her tears, I could only stammer, '*Deem ghy ah? Deem ghy ah?* (Why? Why?)'

In China always, and in San Francisco's Chinatown less often, longevity robes are considered indispensable ceremonial garments for burying the aged. But Father, longevity robes, and death were incompatible phenomena. I considered Father still very much alive, even though his state of health had perceptibly declined.

My apparent aversion to the idea nettled Stepmother. Her sadness gave way to bewilderment, then exasperation. 'Why,' she demanded belligerently, 'are you so ignorant of Chinese ways?'

Stepmother's attitude concerning Father's longevity robes and Great Birthday varied not one jot from her general pattern of reasoning. For any of the fam-

ily to question tradition was like sully the Image of Perfection. Realizing the hopelessness of opposing her wishes on such grounds, I shifted the discussion to a more realistic basis.

'Do you realize,' I cautioned her, 'that Father's Great Birthday may plunge the family into debt? Why, think of the ceremonies we have observed recently!'

I enumerated the list: American Christmas and New Year's; Chinese Passage of Winter; the ten days of Chinese New Year's celebration culminating in the Day of Man. In less than two solar months, I reminded her, we had celebrated no less than seven major holidays, counting Washington's and Lincoln's birthday, and several minor family birthdays. On each occasion the entire family had gathered for a huge banquet, exchanged presents or money gifts, visited the family tombs, and worshiped the ancestors. The burden of servicing this ever-expanding Chinese-American standard of living, I contended, was proving ruinous.

A snort of disapproval was Stepmother's only answer.

That a crisis had arisen was indubitable. But it concerned Stepmother and Father, and not us. She could bend us to her will, but Father was different. His unorthodoxy had long been a sore point with Stepmother. At a tender age he had left his mother in a poverty-stricken Kwangtung village near Macao to follow in the footsteps of his father, adventur-

ing in the Land of the Golden Mountains — California. At twenty, when Chinatown was young and queues indispensable, he had shorn his pigtail, earning for himself the sobriquet of 'The Little Foreign Devil.' At thirty-four, he began to blaze a pathway for Americanism in the Chinese Community which did not run its course until he had named five of his six children after the daughters of two Republican chief executives, a governor of California, and the war-time Democratic president and vice president of the United States. At forty, when most parents still clung tenaciously to the dubious social advantages of a Chinatown existence, he was crusading for American homes in American neighborhoods for Chinese families. At sixty-one, by virtue of my marriage in Vienna, he culminated his modernity in the acquisition of an American daughter-in-law. Father was enthusiastically American.

II

The very moment that Stepmother set forth to bless the household with prosperity, fecundity, and contentment, she deprived it of family peace. Father stubbornly refused to coöperate.

For three months she waged furious guerrilla warfare against him. Hardly a day passed that she did not try to cajole, browbeat, or trick him into admitting that a Great Birthday was a worthy event. At every opportunity she challenged him with quotations from the ancient sayings.

'No! No monkeyshines for me!' he said flatly.

By nature unblasphemous, Father seldom indulged in cursing. His most powerful oath consisted of an innocuous parochial expression, '*Jahm tow!* (May you be decapitated!') However, when Stepmother proved to be a daily thorn in his side, it was more than even his spirit could withstand. Hurling 'decapitations' right and left, he would bolt from the room and retire to his bedchamber.

But it was hopeless to outargue Stepmother on matters pertaining to filial piety. Undeterred by Father's baleful glance, she went purposefully about her plans.

First she summoned the maternal relatives and paternal kinsfolk from near and far to make an immediate appearance. On those who were laggardly she showered a fusillade of imperious telegrams: 'Come at once! Filial piety must be preserved!' They came.

This display of clan solidarity amazed me. Upon inquiring of a kinsman who had just arrived by airplane as to the reasons, I was told: 'In American slang, your Father is the "Big Shot" of the Greater-Family. None of us in America is closer in direct line of descent to the original ancestor who founded the Han Dynasty. According to Chinese genealogy, he is the Senior Elder Uncle. It would be an everlasting disgrace if, when the Community honors him, we were not here to share in the joys and labors. To be correct, although we are older in age we should address you, your brothers, and your infant son as "Elder Uncles," for you belong to a "higher generation."'

The thought of my baby boy receiving the kowtows of men with hoary beards and possibly grandchildren tickled my sense of humor, but we knew such a prospect would never develop, for in actuality these honorifics were ignored. Older cousins were familiarly addressed as 'Elder Brother.'

Our little home in Chinatown was packed with kinsfolk long before the appointed day. Their presence was balm to Stepmother's spirit. When they pitched in to work, she heaved a sigh of relief. The Greater-Family was carrying on.

Its members composed the reception committee on duty day and night — welcoming visitors or gift-bearing messengers, uttering ceremonial words of appreciation, distributing 'thank-you ceremonial money' for each gift received; recording each donor's name, his greeting card, and a description of the gift in an

extraordinary catalogue kept for the festive occasion; displaying each gift in the American living room (which overnight had been transformed into a combination Chinese ancestral, guest, and great hall) to its best advantage.

Still others brushed the names of each donor in heavy black strokes on red and gold banquet invitations. Officially acknowledging the receipt of the gifts, these were worded as follows: —

The-Severe-One-of-the-Household having attained his Sixtieth and Sixth Birthday exactly on the 29th day of the Third Moon, there has been reverently prepared in his honor a Banquet of the Peaches (a Longevity Feast) at the Restaurant of the Blossoming Almond. Awaiting with expectancy the arrival of Your-Illustrious-Presence, we, The-Sons-who-have-been-graciously-blessed-by-Good-Fortune — The Senior Son, Glorious-Descendant; The Middle Son, Creative-Descendant; The Youngest Son, Equally-Creative-Descendant; and including The Grandson, Harmonious-Gift-of-the-Ancestors — bend low our bodies in humble respect.

Chinese etiquette prescribes that verbal invitations must always supplement printed ones. For this difficult task Stepmother appointed 'Elder Brother' Wellington and his mother. Their visit to the elders of three hundred and fifty households was a masterpiece of artful courtesy. Our family was poverty-stricken, they roundly asserted, while that of the hosts was abounding in fertility, physical and financial. Our family was unworthy of such munificent largesses. The lexicon of gratitude was barren of words to express the family's heartfelt appreciation. But would the hosts condescend to set foot in the Blossoming Almond? Their presence would illuminate with grandeur a shabby occasion.

As a consequence of these calls and the information that the sons of Source-of-Prosperity (Father's Chinese name taken at the time he married Mother) intended to honor their father's Great Birthday, gifts from relatives, friends, business as-

sociates, and Chinatown's communal organizations poured into our home: —

Seafoods of every description, dried and preserved, including shark fins and White Flower Glue, a gelatinous fishy substance used for preparing broth; oysters, large and small, and 'Ethiop's Hair,' a black, kinky seaweed which made a delicately flavored soup; rare delicacies, such as bird's-nest soup, winter mushrooms, and other choice edible fungi, preserved duck giblets, and liquors of every vintage and nationality; a capacious mahogany swivel chair to match Father's desk; a modernistic study lamp for reading Chinese newspapers; two giant loving cups tied with flaming red bows and engraved with appropriate longevity sentiments, one from Father's consolidated clan organization, 'The Four Brothers,' and the other from his business partners; a giant French mirror engraved with golden Chinese characters; table linen, candies, Italian and Chinese pastries, and a large birthday cake with sixty-six candles; scores of Chinese scrolls rampant with mythological creatures or overflowing with Chinese calligraphy; countless pieces of Chinese jewelry, usually small peaches carved in solid gold, symbolizing that Father was 'The Venerable One' who had found the Peaches of Longevity that grew in the Kun Lun Mountains; boxes of noodles and vermicelli, the ambrosial food for those who desire endless life; cigars, cigarettes, and innumerable red packages of gift money; floral bouquets, baskets, and potted plants; and last but not least, a large indigo-blue Buddha, his stomach stretched like a kettledrum with laughter — these were the gifts showered upon Father.

Stepmother, bursting with pride, examined the flaming red card accompanying each gift and chortled at its inscription: 'Hail, the Longevity Elder: May your happiness in the Southern Mountains [where Chinese mythology has placed the abode of the immortals] be eternal!'

Nevertheless, up to the very last moment, Father's perversity had us worried. We were afraid that he intended to withhold his approval of the celebration. We were mistaken; for when the automobile loads of presents arrived, and the longevity feast was on the tip of everyone's tongue, Father was overwhelmed. He capitulated without a murmur.

When his smiling countenance showed his acknowledgment of defeat, he became as putty in Stepmother's fingers. With an air of mystery, she dispatched Younger Brother to the tailor's to fetch Father's longevity garment. Stepmother had made a concession. Like a good sport, she too had compromised — but with the West.

The moment Father opened the box, he shouted gleefully, '*Jahm tow!*' Before him was spread an elegant Occidental full-dress suit, lustrous black, and with all the time-honored accessories, from top hat to patent-leather pumps. The sight of his grinning face had a peculiar effect upon Stepmother. The contrast between endless days of fighting and this conclusive victory was more than she could bear. She broke down and sobbed; nor did she lift her tear-stained, smiling face again until she heard a mighty roar of approval.

'*Jun ho ah! Jun ho ah!* (Excellent! Excellent!)

III

The eve of Father's sixty-sixth birthday was at hand. As we gathered our respective families under the paternal roof, the Gregorian solar year and the fact that on the morrow Americans the nation over would celebrate Mother's Day possessed no significance. As filial descendants of a father about to celebrate his Great Birthday we were living in *Ting Chow*, the 14th year of the 77th Cycle.

Sleep, except for the two baby grandchildren, was out of the question. Descendants did not sleep on such a glorious occasion. Moreover, there were not

enough beds to go round. While Father, utterly exhausted from the extensive preparations, retired to his bedroom, the household waxed merry. As befitting the joyous character of the occasion, Stepmother started games to make the watch through the night pass quickly. The young and old women played 'Swallows,' the young men stud poker; and the old men gathered in the Great Hall and reminisced with pleasant sighs of the days when they were young and Chinatown un-Americanized.

But when the clock struck three, the family put aside its games and prepared to felicitate Father according to immemorial Chinese custom.

Stepmother, dressed in her formal robes, prepared an informal altar on the floor of the roof. Only I, as the eldest son, accompanied her. Pushing aside the roof door, I beheld the setting she had selected for her outdoor ritual. Its grandeur was breath-taking. The stars were flickering and wavering before the onrushing dawn. The Nob Hill skyscraper apartment hotels moulded themselves into a natural amphitheatre of worship beyond whose eastern rim lay the Coast Range Mountains and the waters of the Bay, where the suspension cables of the world's longest bridge, like the quiescent strings of an orchestra of giant harps, awaited, so it seemed, only Stepmother's command before breaking forth into pæans of joy.

Totally oblivious of these external glories, Stepmother was preoccupied with the rites of worship. The altar finally arranged to her satisfaction, she bowed humbly before it. Methodically she lit the bank of red altar candles and its flanking incense sticks, which gave off a fragrant but choking fog of smoke; set fire to the tall stack of variegated spirit money on the floor; raised aloft the bowl of boiled rice, the ceremonial chopsticks, and the dishes of chicken, duck, pork, and snow-white sweetened biscuits, and gravely proffered them to an imaginary person. She concluded by pouring a

small tumbler of rice whiskey as a libation on the ground. During all these movements she mumbled her simple, informal prayers. I stood at one side, not actually participating, and yet worshipping with her in spirit.

When I was young I remember that Stepmother's worship stirred me to indignation. A 'Christian' in the accepted sense of the term then, I was aggressively intolerant of her strange religious ways. My scoffing ceased, however, when an iconoclastic American college education deprived me of the 'rock-bound faith' of the Puritan Fathers, and experience with comparative religions opened my eyes to the humility and sincerity underlying Stepmother's worship. Barbaric it might have appeared in form and detail to alien eyes, but not to mine that morning. Stepmother, her hands upraised to the emerald blue of the morning skies, clasping a sheaf of fragrant incense, will forever symbolize for me the deeply religious heart whose prayers are grounded in universal humanity.

Meanwhile the other prime mover of Father's Great Birthday, Maternal Aunt, had transformed our mundane living room into a ceremonial hall by banking the four walls with giant roses, azaleas, gladioli, and potted ferns. In the centre she placed a large table with a red silk cover scintillating with glass beads. This was the family altar.

If we children had been raised in China, we should have known instinctively how to act in a given ceremonial situation. Unfortunately, circumstances made us psychologically Americans. Pair by pair, Maternal Aunt summoned us into the Great Ceremonial Hall. 'Don't forget,' she admonished; 'cast down your eyes and clasp your hands to suggest extreme humility.'

'The filial Elder Son! The dutiful Senior Daughter-in-Law!' announced Maternal Aunt in Chinese.

My wife and I moved slowly into the Great Hall. The three chairs at the right of the family altar were now within

touching distance. In the chief seat of honor sat Father, resplendent in his dress suit. At his right sat Stepmother, becomingly gowned in a modern Chinese robe of lavender brocade. The chair on the left was conspicuously empty. I turned quickly to Maternal Aunt.

'Reserved for Mother's spirit,' she whispered *sotto voce*. 'She too comes to receive the kowtows of felicitation.'

Maternal Aunt resumed the stern rôle of the mistress of ceremonies.

'In honor of the Exalted Living Parents,' she commanded, 'kneel!'

We prepared to kneel. Maternal Aunt intoned the traditional salutations connected with 'worshipping the Birthday':

*'Nien, nien, yow kum yut;
Sur, sur, yow kum chiu. . .'*

Our hearts echoed the phrases as we knelt. 'May every year see such a glorious day! May every spring witness such a happy morning!'

'Three kowtows of respect for your August Parents!'

We knelt. Our foreheads bumped three times on the carpeted floor, slowly, self-consciously.

'Arise! Serve your Elders tea and sweetmeats!'

Concluding our obeisances, we rose and turned to the sideboard, where we picked up two cups of tea, already prepared. I presented my cup to Father in ceremonial fashion, both hands clasped around the tiny body of the cup. My wife presented a similar cup to Stepmother. In the same ritualistic manner we served them Chinese confections.

Father and Stepmother beamed with satisfaction. Our conduct was exceedingly 'righteous' in their eyes. They signified their pleasure. Two large red envelopes, each filled with sixty-six pieces of silver, corresponding to the years of Father's life, were pressed into our palms.

Maternal Aunt, following the rules of precedence, summoned my younger twin brothers. It was their turn to symbolize ritualistically their filial devotion.

They entered awkwardly, nervous with suppressed excitement. Again the kowtows were repeated.

'Good gracious,' I wondered, 'were we as befuddled as that?'

A violent tug at my arm aroused me from my musing. It was Maternal Aunt. Her tones were peremptory.

'Elder Son, fetch the grandson, Tsu-I!'

I dashed for the nursery and returned. With Junior in my arms, my wife and I again prepared to kowtow. Junior, however, was utterly unimpressed with the solemnity of the occasion; seeing his grandparents, he shrieked for joy. The spell woven out of the past was shattered. Father leaped from the seat of honor and clasped his grandson, and the felicitation ceremonies were abruptly concluded on a totally unexpected note of joy.

As the breakfast dishes were being put away, the stairs resounded with the tramping footsteps of delivery men carrying heavily loaded wooden trays on their heads. 'The "Tea Ceremonial Gifts"!' shouted Stepmother excitedly. She rushed to the door to supervise their unloading.

'Tea Ceremonial Gifts' are presented by the immediate members of the family to a parent on his Great Birthday. None are excused except the sons who must bear the costs of the longevity feast and the robes of immortality. The gifts consist of huge lacquer-red or yellow octagonal boxes filled with dumplings and pastry, peanuts and dried Dragon-Eye nuts, and Chinese doughnuts flecked with sesame seeds and stuffed with black sweetened soy-bean centres. The contribution of the eldest married daughter, the most important of all, takes the form of a large barbecued pig, regally mounted on a wooden platter, its crackly red skin elaborately festooned with scarlet letters of longevity.

Stepmother assembled the Greater-Family.

'Listen carefully,' she said. 'The Chinese Code of Etiquette stresses the dic-

tum, "As you receive, so shall you give." These delicacies are not for us. They must be apportioned equally to all "outsiders" who have graciously proffered gifts. These are "The-Acknowledgment-of-All-Donors'-Gifts.'"

Taking a bag, she filled it with sweetmeats, pastry, a slab of barbecued pork, a red package of gift money, a pair of red chopsticks, and an apple-green rice bowl.

'Do as I do,' she commanded.

By noon Stepmother, stern taskmistress that she was, was gratified with the progress made. The dining room was piled to the ceiling with gift packages ready for personal delivery. She took a puff of her silver water pipe, stuffed with ripe tobacco and rose leaves. Just one phrase of approbation passed her lips.

'*Jun ho ah!*'

Stepmother's 'heart was contented.'

IV

When the Zodiac pointed to Capricornus, it was the Period of the Cock. The Greater-Family bustled about the main banquet hall of the Blossoming Almond. Stepmother interrupted her last-minute preparations to review my duties as Chief Host.

'In thirty years,' she began, 'since you were a baby, the fundamentals of formal banqueting have changed but little. As the eldest son you must serve as chief proxy for your parents. Greet each guest outside the main door with a profound bow. Remonstrate energetically with them for spending so much money for gifts. Express heartfelt appreciation for their presence. And remember, pass them on to solicitous assistants who are eager to help you.'

It was not until the Period of the Dog, when Aquarius was in the ascendancy, that Stepmother gave the belated signal for the feast to begin. Three hours had elapsed since the arrival of the first guest and the hour designated on the invitation. Stepmother was conforming strictly to Chinese custom. She nudged

Father into action. He raised aloft his goblet. Three hundred and fifty goblets followed in tinkling crescendo. The banquet was on.

As each course was served, it revealed that Stepmother had surpassed herself as a connoisseur of Cantonese dietary. There was bird's-nest soup; shredded shark fins with diced ham; turtles cooked with sweet and spicy herbs; broiled squabs; braised prawns floating in a miniature swamp of Holland peas and tomato-curry sauce; stewed eels with celery cubes and thin medallions of water chestnuts; boiled capons crammed with a stuffing of lotus seeds and bird's-nest; steamed duck smothered under a bower of parsley; diced chicken with bamboo shoots and roasted walnuts.

Dish followed dish in seemingly endless procession. The guests signified their repletion by laying down their chopsticks. '*Mm soen! Mm soen!* (Incredible! Incredible!)' retorted the kinsfolk serving as hosts at each table. They plied the guests with tidbits, refusing to be convinced. Stepmother signaled the waiters to serve that crowning achievement of Chinese epicureanism, known in the Northern Capital as 'Peiping duck' but in Chinatown as 'duck-hung-in-the-oven.' It came drawn and quartered, boneless, barbecued to the color of lacquer, and the crispness of parchment. It was served with 'thousand-layer-biscuits,' soft as down, and a seasoning with a heavenly taste and an equally charming euphuistic sound, 'the sauce of the fairies of the sea.'

'*Jun ho ah! Jun ho ah!*' murmured the guests, eyes gleaming with pleasure.

With the serving of the last course, the ceremony of pledging the guests began. Grasping a goblet of Chinese brandy (aptly entitled 'The-Skin-Increases-Five-Times') in our hands, Father, my two brothers, and I approached each table. As the Chief Host, I bowed, thanked the guests for coming, and urged them to enjoy themselves. We sipped twice from our goblets.

The guests responded with vibrant shouts, eloquent of adoration and respect.

'Hail the Longevity Elder! *Kawn puil! Kawn puil!* (Dry cup! Dry cup!)'

Father, reminding us of the Laughing Blue Buddha, bubbled with deep, appreciative laughter. Although the doctors had forbidden him to drink, he simulated draining the goblet with gusto.

Upon our return, Stepmother and my wife began to pledge the guests. Stepmother was in fine fettle. She had come a long way from that tearful morning when first she broached the subject of Father's longevity robes. As she made the rounds, she had a smile for everybody and a quip for every humorous situation. She was in her element and realized it.

In most societies, eulogies are customarily reserved for the dead. This is not true of the Chinese. Longevity elders upon their Great Birthdays are always honored with panegyrics. The Chairman of the Masculine Concord Consolidated Districts Benevolent Association praised Father for his lifelong service to his native district. The Chief Elder of 'The Four Brothers' hailed Father as one of the cornerstones of the organization. The official representative of the Chinese-American Society drew especial attention to Father's Americanism, his progressive outlook on life. A gray-haired minister of the gospel expatiated upon Father's philanthropic efforts on behalf of Chinatown's youth. And the president of the Chinese Chamber of Commerce extolled Father's Nestorian service to the Community.

This barrage of laudatory praise (the tracing of the good points of Father and his family backward and forward even unto the third and fourth generation) proved extremely embarrassing to his children. Father, on the other hand, seemed cool, imperturbable. His eyes were rigidly shut. Stepmother's enjoyment of the speeches was checked by Father's immovable silence. His closed eyes frightened her. To make sure that

nothing was wrong, she pinched him. Father opened his eyes wide and smiled. 'What's the matter?' he seemed to say. Then, noting Stepmother's worried expression, he added jocularly, 'Nothing's wrong, is there?'

But Stepmother and the family never knew whether he closed his eyes out of modesty or in order to avail himself of a pleasant nap.

The master of ceremonies turned to me. It was now the Period of the Boar, sacred to the zodiacal sign of Pisces.

'The Eldest Son will deliver the "Appreciative Reply to the Assembled Honored Guests."'

At home though I was before American audiences, the thought of addressing my own people in classical Chinese, with stereotyped euphuistic phrases, an entirely strange medium for me, struck me with horror. The aplomb laboriously acquired by years of debates and addresses in English forsook me. The Chinese speech which I committed to memory left me. Rising with a heavy effort, it was another person, certainly not my usual self, that I saw reflected in the giant mirror hanging at the opposite end of the banquet hall. Instead of a flourishing delivery, this strangely familiar figure read haltingly the valedictory.

'Highly respected relatives and friends. This evening you, as honored guests, have by gathering in this hall shed brilliancy upon this occasion. Our family is indeed highly sensible of the unusual honor you have conferred upon us. We deeply appreciate your illustrious presences here. Your bounteous gifts have overwhelmed us. Your illimitably rich expressions of felicitations move us to humble transports of gratitude. Even though to-night's repast is of an excessively shabby quality and we dare not designate it as a banquet, we nevertheless hope that each of you will share with us many, many cups of brandy. Furthermore, we pray that you drink many more before your departure. At this moment, on behalf of our family, I pledge

each of you. I thank you again for your magnificently generous favors. I felicitate you from the depths of my soul. I respectfully salute you. My prayer is that your future shall be as your heart desires — pleasant, prosperous, and unending!'

There was a lull; then a thunderclap of applause. The valedictory speech and the banquet were over.

I lifted my eyes and looked about me. The banquet hall was wreathed in clouds of cigar and cigarette smoke. Countless mothers were bundling their sleepy children in overcoats for the homeward journey. My kinsfolk, like a military guard of honor, had formed into two ranks at the main door. They were speeding each guest passing between the lines with ceremonious bows and hand-clasps. Tradition insisted that the eldest son should utter the last words of profuse appreciation. I hurried to my post.

Soon the rush of departing guests slackened. Looking back through the carved gilt doorway, I saw a crowd of friends surrounding Father and Stepmother.

'Hail the Longevity Elder! Hail the Longevity Elder's Wife!'

There stood Father, erect and smiling in his splendid suit of Piccadilly cut, looking younger every second. Beside him, a worthy consort, was Stepmother, like the slender stalk of the iris, aflame with the lavender fire of gayety.

I wanted to fix forever in my memory that lively scene of color and noise, Father's Longevity Feast. Some day when Tsu-I grew to manhood I would explain to him why Grandfather's Great Birthday was such a success, and why even in the western world, even in Chinatown, the old traditions prevailed. He would hear how Stepmother had seen her duty and performed it, in order to make it possible for Father, when the time came, to wander happily in the World Beyond flawlessly clad in his western robes of immortality.

SNOBBERY ON THE LEFT

BY DIXON WECTER

I

SNOBBERY is well defined by Thackeray as the attitude of one who licks the boots of those above him and kicks the faces of those below. It arises from ambition tinged by insecurity, as its evolution from *snob*, 'a cobbler's apprentice, a person of vulgar manners,' reveals. Although marks of the arrogance of caste, along with social climbing, may be found even among the Greeks and Romans, the rise of snobbery as a word and as the practice of a numerous social group is curiously modern. *The Book of Snobs*, the novels of Meredith, the plays of Oscar Wilde, the operas of Gilbert and Sullivan, the saga of Marcel Proust, and in America the sketches of N. P. Willis and much of Henry James and Edith Wharton, contain a brand of comedy which would have been almost meaningless, for example, to a gentleman of the Renaissance — even though his was the age of magnificent upstarts like the Fuggers, the Medicis, Jacques Cœur, and the Cecils. How then shall one explain the birth of modern snobbery?

So long as the western world was ruled by the aristocrat, especially the gentleman of many broad acres, the widespread economic and social aspiration of a class beneath him was rarely manifest. A man generally kept to the station of his birth and often took pride in being a good butcher, tinker, or baker. Certain individuals, of course, mounted to higher rank — in the Middle Ages by the ladder of the Church, which was itself a deterrent to worldly pride and carried

besides no hereditary place, and in the Renaissance by new wealth, shrewdness, learning, or other careers open to personal talent. And at all times war and conquest meant the reshuffling of power and the prestige which stemmed from it. Proving valuable to a king or nation, men of baser birth rose to the surface one by one; but the general barriers of caste were unbroken.

The invasion of a great restless class advancing inch by inch, from which modern snobbery was bred, began in Western Europe and America with the rising bourgeoisie and the Industrial Revolution, which made trade respectable. Heralded by the fresh political power of Puritans, mercantile Whigs, shopkeeping patriots, and citizens with umbrellas instead of swords, the march toward democracy was often led in its more audacious decisions by a handful of radical aristocrats like Hampden, Jefferson, and Mirabeau, whom their peers branded as renegades, but who were faithful in their fashion to the mores of a gentleman as disinterested public servant. But, among the people led, economic and political gains awoke social ambition, while the spirit of equalitarianism quickly ran into new moulds of class consciousness, which in turn hardened into snobbery.

Meanwhile the virtues, real or supposed, of the old noblesse, — generosity, charm, loyalty, bravery, — which had once been the stuff of art and idealism, were changed insensibly into thrift,

prudence, self-reliance, enterprise, and stability. In the mirror of knighthood the industrious apprentice now saw his own sober face. To glorify the rising middle class came the inspirational poem, the success novel, the materialistic sermon, and perhaps even the brownstone age of architecture and the Royal Academy portrait of the merchant prince. But, ironically, during every age of social change, while artist and philosopher are busy justifying the new ideal, *arrivistes* of this class hanker for the dash and splendor of their now-discredited betters. Sometimes they reach the misty mid-region called by newspapers and etiquette books 'Society.'

Also, paradoxically, modern snobbery has grown side by side with humanitarianism. The same age which discovered the brotherhood of man developed a nervous awareness of caste unknown to earlier days when stratification was never challenged. Those prosperous middle-class Victorians who worked for the abolition of slavery, and such relief of poverty as could be made within the compass of *laissez faire*, drew finer social lines to compensate for the broad traditional ones they helped erase. Chimney sweeps and mill hands, Negroes, debtors in prison, and criminals of the more personable sort — people with whom one could never be confused — struck the chord of human brotherhood more resoundingly than country cousins with bad manners, grocers' wives who offered to shake hands, or dentists with whom one might be seated at large mixed parties.

Anthony Trollope's mother, inspired to visit us by the glowing liberalism of Frances Wright, was horrified at being introduced to a milliner on her first day in America, and counted among the rigors of steamboat travel the necessity which forced her to dine at the same table with her servant. Charles Dickens, whose chief impression of his first American visit was the thousands of 'bores' he met, reported that an impertinent little

boy on a stagecoach near Harrisburg dared accost him, 'Well, now, stranger, I guess you find this a'most like an English a'ternoon — hey?' 'It is unnecessary to add,' wrote the irritable creator of *Little Nell* and *Oliver Twist*, 'that I thirsted for his blood.'

Nor was this state of mind peculiar to British middle-class visitors who came to America burning with humanitarian fire and went home to write books about the vulgarity of our manners. At home one thinks of the Boston tradition, with its piquant blend of fraternal idealism, missionary zeal, and tight social smugness. In fact, snobbery may be regarded as a form of self-protection against the social consequences of democracy. In countries where the democratic idea has never struck deep root, as in Central and Southern Europe and the Orient, snobism has never become the subject of comment and satire which it has long been in England, America, and France.

II

To-day the world drift toward socialism, third and ultimate phase of this cycle, is bringing forth the cult of the common man. Agriculture once made the landed gentleman the pattern of prestige, and then the single artisan at the machine endowed the middle-class industrialist with wealth and influence; now the great factory, with its ramifications of skill, has converted the labor politician and organizer into a new hero of power, although for purposes of idealism it is the workingman himself who is put forward as the true creator of civilization's goods and benefits. Hence a curious new snobbery is even now arising. That there is no group of traditionally lower economic status, manners, or education upon which to look down does not rob this attitude of its ingredient of scorn. From the hands of shrewd myth-makers it has already borrowed feelings of superiority about classes or races — such as 'proletarian' or 'Aryan' —

which, like all snobberies, judge individuals not upon personal merit but upon membership in a group whose earmarks are dim and often imaginary.

The ministry of art and idealism is already busy creating a fresh romantic interest in the worker — with his brawny strength, his virile common sense, and his supposed passion for social justice and the liberation of the underdog throughout the world. Novels, plays, poems, sermons, and mural paintings show him clear-eyed and broad-thinking, marching confidently out of the old fogs of capitalism into the dawn. As these lines are written I find on my desk a manifesto from some forty of my colleagues in the state university where I teach who have just formed a labor union in hopes of ultimate affiliation with the CIO. They 'are aware that no part of the community is more deeply convinced of the necessity for preserving liberty of thought and utterance than the labor group, with skies as dark as they now are,' and that 'the courage engendered by the support of Labor makes of the teacher a self-respecting American citizen' — while President Jerome Davis of the American Federation of Teachers gravely reminds his fellow unionists that 'teachers stand in danger of considering themselves as just a little bit better than the rank and file of workers.'

Although to everyone save the Union Square orator the labels 'proletarian' and 'bourgeois' still seem alien and bookish in their American context, yet even in this country a point of view is being created which Bertrand Russell has ironically called 'the superior virtue of the oppressed.' The oppression, however, is conceived to be near an end; and whether we listen to the familiar call from Moscow for a world dictatorship of the masses, or its echo in New York's latest Marxist revue that 'We've got the power — and we mean to use it!' it is clear that those who regard themselves as the new masters of the world have

learned nothing from the old annals of group selfishness. While a growing number of individuals from the upper and middle strata have been trying for several generations with belated and perhaps enforced earnestness to learn how the other half lives, the proletarian radical makes no effort to understand the problems outside his class or the rounded claims of social justice. In view of the real exploitation of the past, one cannot blame him too harshly; but among his intellectual apologists, who can see the wider horizon and the consequences of hate, fomenting the class bitterness is less easily forgiven.

He is taught that contempt, as fierce as it is unquestioning, must be visited upon those outside the pale. While the workers and unemployed are an anointed people soon to inherit the earth, — a legend for whose sake all the racial fantasies of a Chosen People have been melted down, — all others belong to 'the old parasitic classes,' 'bourgeois barbarians,' or 'plutocrat vultures with their infected golden beaks,' or else are assailed with phrases snatched from the ether like 'economic royalists,' 'diehard Tories,' 'greedy Bourbons,' and 'princes of privilege.' A late novel by Elmer Rice gives us, we are told by a reviewer in the *New Masses*, 'the portrait of a modern plutocrat: powerful, childish, crass, gross, oleaginous, and treacherous — and absolutely disgusting in his ideas and personality,' while an obituary of George Horace Lorimer concludes with the remark that the success of the most popular American weekly is 'based on an undistinguished, cheap, mass-production product designed to match the lowest common denominator of taste and pocketbook.'

One is a little shocked to find Marxists sneering at the lowest common denominator of pocketbook, even as one is surprised, incidentally, in the same issue to come upon the advertisement of a vacation camp called 'Hotel Royale' which promises 'proletarian camara-

derie.' More expected is a cartoon of the rich as fat hens, pouter pigeons, macaws, and parrots in a box at the Metropolitan, entitled 'Unnatural History: the Roost at the Opera.' Newspapers ranging from the New York *Daily Worker* to the San Francisco *People's World* ring daily changes upon the same theme, and often with remarkable ingenuity: a reporter on the former journal lately told me of a news story about the collision of a Packard with a Ford which the editor sent back with the order to 'class-angle it.'

As always, disparagement of the old order goes hand in hand with personal envy and, wherever possible, a fair sumptuary imitation. 'Socialism in America might in rather short order provide every family with the equivalent of a \$25,000 annual income,' write Corliss and Margaret Lamont in *Russia Day by Day*, showing us that since the modest times of two chickens in every pot the ante of felicity has been raised remarkably. Whenever some realization of these ambitions comes to the dominant few, we see our self-made labor leaders ordering their lives with chauffeurs and butlers and collections of antique furniture, while they post by plane or Pullman drawing-room on missions of social justice.

Doubtless some apology can be made for this pomp, though the impartial observer may find it puzzling that the dignity of Labor should be commensurate with the number of cylinders, namely sixteen, in Mr. John L. Lewis's limousine. In Mexico City, Diego Rivera attends Communist rallies dressed in khaki shirt and greasy corduroys after parking his new automobile and chauffeur around the corner. The present writer, who speaks of this detail from experience, also recalls entering the shop of an earnest and humble bookseller up from the East Side, a Marxist, early one morning to discover him having his shoes shined by a small ragged boot-black, while he leaned back expansively and lit a cigar; sighting an unexpected

customer, he reddened and looked as if he had been caught in a slightly shady transaction.

III

Among various political régimes now in power one finds ardent praise of the common man's wisdom joined to a rank cynicism in practice — in respect to dictatorship and propaganda, courtship by impossible promises, theatrical distractions from any vital issue, and manipulations of the ballot to secure landslide majorities — which old-line liberals like Tom Paine and Condorcet would have called dishonest.

The most obvious case is that of Soviet Russia, whose fetish is red-blooded proletarian origin. As an extreme instance of this cult, the Soviet Government withdrew its invitation to the International Genetics Congress to meet in Moscow in 1937, after deciding that the drift of modern genetic research — with its study of hereditary differences between men — was anti-democratic. Yet, by a perverse but all too human alchemy, professed love for one class is readily converted into hatred of all others. Children of Tsarist clerks or prosperous farmers often pretend to be sprung from manual laborers, or else may find themselves barred from education or fired from jobs on the score of 'social origins.' Such snobbery, like that of Aryan status in Germany, is of course the fulcrum for countless individual acts of spite and cruelty. On the other hand, sons and daughters of commissars and the new bureaucracy are regarded with awe by their schoolfellows — whenever their parents choose to expose them to democratic institutions rather than to tutors and 'little schools' which are available to them in the larger cities.

It is well known that the perquisites of Soviet officialdom range from upholstery in railway carriages to the possession of summer villas, and that under the dubious financial system of Russia social and political prestige have

long been the equivalent of money in obtaining the luxuries of life. Revival within the past five years of hand-kissing, military saluting, fashion shows, horse races, dinner coats, and even white tie and tails at official parties on the anniversary of the Revolution, are symbolic of the new class respectability and pomp. An artless snobbery of taste — nourished perhaps by the materialism of Marxist economy — flourishes among the Soviets. An American mining engineer and his wife, just back from seven years in the USSR, report that upon going unheralded to small towns and arriving in a travel-stained state, often with a useful teakettle tied to their sled, they were invariably snubbed by the local bigwig with whom the engineer had to do business — but when they appeared in sport or dinner clothes, or unpacked their best china and silver for a party, the atmosphere warmed immediately.

Visitors to Moscow able to understand Russian have witnessed what is elsewhere known as 'the bum's rush' given by a headwaiter to provincial Stakhanovists on holiday — the heroes of Soviet industry, and well able to pay the bill — who yearned to eat just one meal in a luxury hotel. And although Soviet opera house and theatre have no diamond horseshoe, there is the institution known as 'the closed night,' when the canaille are shut out and officials of the *Politburo* and their bejeweled wives arrive in limousines.

Nor is the breach between theory and practice confined to the Marxists. Although our liberals, in repeating endlessly John Strachey's phrase, 'Fascism is the last stand of capitalism,' have led us to believe that it is the creation of frantic industrialists, and that if we fail to keep an eye upon Mr. Ford and the Du Ponts we shall wake some morning with the fetters of Fascism about our own necks, there is only a minor aspect of the corporative State which supports this analysis. That capitalists in Italy

and Germany have fallen sooner or later into step with state syndicalism — with its heavy taxes, compulsory employment, and government determination of quotas, prices, and wages — is explained largely by their appreciation that half a loaf is better than no bread. On the contrary, Fascism would be impotent were it not a mob movement, a national or racial hysteria, which plays into the hands of a leader from the common people and transforms him from demagogue into demigod.

Another phase of Ortega y Gasset's 'revolt of the masses,' Fascism has won its way by enlisting the little man, like the small shopkeeper, clerk, waiter, and farmer, with a somewhat thriftier stake in society than the grandchildren of serfs who make up the Soviet proletariat — but whose smouldering distrust of plutocrats, moneylenders, and alien nations is a field just as fertile for propaganda. An ingrained sense of folk suspicion and insecurity has been adroitly put to use by all the dictators of Europe, so that fear is the essence of much anti-Communism which calls itself Fascism, just as anti-Fascism is to-day the rallying point of Communism. Both systems also tempt the man in the street with bread and circuses: with jobs and public works, the panoply of purges and parades, and the promise of Utopia to come where every man — being a noble Roman, a pure-blooded Nordic, or a true proletarian — will be king.

To be sure, there are obvious differences between Italian and German Fascism in method and oratory — perhaps best explained by likening the Latin temper to a peach, with an outward luxuriance and warmth but a hard core of realism, and the Teuton to a melon, with a deceptively tough rind and an interior lushness of sentiment. Yet the appeal to the common people of both régimes is remarkably alike. These dictators represent, not the divinity that doth hedge a king, but the Divine Average. Throughout Italy and the

Reich one meets their photographs, newspaper interviews, and biographies with a tiresome stress upon the homely domestic detail — an evident departure from the Cæsars, Napoleons, and Romanovs of the past. Mussolini, son of a blacksmith and editor of *Il Popolo d'Italia*, strips to the waist in harvest time and glorifies the peasant of the Campagna as the true Italy, sturdy and wise; while he scolds a variety of vices ranging from cosmetics to contraception which are supposed to be favored by the upper-class decadent. In a speech from the Capitol on March 23, 1936, he promised the representatives of Labor and Production: 'That higher Social Justice which has been from immemorial times the aspiration of the multitudes in their bitter daily struggle with the most elementary necessities of life shall be attained within the Fascist Economic System.'

Hitler, who lived two years with fellow derelicts in a charity hostel, turns away from the blandishments of Hohenzollerns and *Junkers* to court the German lower middle class and manual workers, with rich intuition of their prejudices, fears, hopes, and emotional moodiness. And he has devised the *Arbeitsdienst* in order, he declares, that every German, 'whether he be rich and of high estate, or poor, whether the son of a professor or of a factory worker, shall once in his life do manual labor.' Folk jealousy of economic privilege is thus fostered, along with hostile suspicion of all mental superiorities which are not slavishly dedicated to the Party: Goebbels and Kaganovich never tire of contrasting the contemptible grumbling intellectual or artist with the splendidly regimented worker, peasant, or soldier.

IV

Throughout the modern world the plain man — if he can read or buy a radio — will receive almost daily homage to his wisdom, heroism, and im-

portance. To set the wise and honest poor against the vulgar predatory rich has become the fashion of our times. Once a casual piece of flattery upon the politician's tongue, it has now become an article of faith to which all progressives, liberals, and friends of the Administration are bound to subscribe. 'The poorest are no longer necessarily the most ignorant part of society,' declares President Roosevelt in terms which are readily turned into the vulgate as 'the poorest are the wisest.' We infer that the stupidity of industrialists and the greed of America's Sixty Families would have driven us upon the rocks long ago had it not been for tolerant wisdom from the White House and the long-suffering of the forgotten man. In the philosophy of the New Deal reformers — the 'tenderer than thou' school, as Robert Frost has called them — it is apparent that wealth necessarily stultifies and brutalizes its owner, while the little man or the unemployed has come to resemble the 'reasonable man' of legal theory, who can do no wrong because he is common sense and fairness incarnate.

Although nobody doubts that brains and a noble passion for humanity may appear in men sprung from low economic levels, and though few will deny that monopoly of opportunity must be discouraged from age to age by fair and temperate means, yet to insist upon the Messianic character of the common man *qua* common man, or the infallibility of the discontented, is to build a snobbery which is even more mischievous than the contumely of a Hamilton or Jay. Invidious class systems can be based upon labor-union membership or upon the 'have-not' principle just as surely as upon wealth or social prestige.

Yet the result of this appeal is currently successful in regard to votes, enthusiasm, and popular faith. Among many humble testimonials here in the West, for example, on boxcars in the freight yards one sees scrawled in chalk

'Roosevelt is my Friend.' It is a final fillip of irony that, while Mr. Roosevelt avows his faith in the humble man's innate wisdom and calls boldly for the expression of his collective will, the President is thrusting the government into waters of managed economy so deep that vital issues now call for expert rather than popular decision.

One is tempted, then, to doubt that the court now paid everywhere to the common man, as potential voter and soldier, is deeply sincere. To put more and more power into the hands of a hero or superman, whose cult has fed upon the decay of democratic self-sufficiency, is the practice of his suitors. Beneath their oratory one senses a real distrust of the average man's ability to think rationally. They have actually lost faith in the perfectibility of Demos through education which was the sheet anchor of elder liberals like Jefferson, Helvetius, and James Mill, and cynically would replace education by propaganda. One of the latest favorites of the New Deal, Assistant Attorney General Arnold, has written a widely read book to explain how 'from a humanitarian point of view

the best government is that of an insane asylum . . . whose aim is to make the inmates as comfortable as possible,' and to show how the modern State cannot survive unless it forges a mythology to its purpose. To the thoughtful man, such aspects of statesmanship in the year 1938 as the dramatizing of complex economic problems into a simple and exciting class war, and the notion that sufficient unto the day is the strategy thereof, are of graver concern than a mere passing phase of national extravagance in spending.

During the present election year one hears in every state the provincial parodies and echoes, as it were, of the now classic promises to the forgotten man. That social justice is the brightest star in the skies of human idealism few will deny — but when the great bandwagon is hitched to it we may be forgiven our longing for some less reckless conveyance.

The snobbery of a higher for a lower class is no pretty thing, for its essence is contempt; that of a lower for a higher class is dangerous, since it is readily convertible into hatred.

UNDER THIRTY

[What are the aims, the experiences, and the perplexities of the Post-War Generation? The ATLANTIC intends to find out. Space has been reserved for the best letters written by men and women under thirty. The letters should, if possible, be compassed within 650 words, and those published will be paid for. Under special circumstances, anonymity will be preserved. — THE EDITORS]

ENGLAND ON THE VERGE

Warrington, England
September 29, 1938

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

What the month has been and continues to be, you can imagine. It has lent a good deal of extra urging to get these poems good while I can. The atmosphere crystallized to-night. Mabel and I were in the garden on this sunny evening getting it nice for our American party, and in came our wealthy and rather pleasant retired neighbor with a pleasant policeman to try our sizes for gas masks, which they duly fitted on. It is all rather comic and unreal.

About the poems: *please* don't let them return to England. It might be difficult here to keep anything safe. It is possible that, like anybody else, I shall not survive; in that case, it makes a lot of difference to me now to feel that you have my poems and will do any literary execution required. We also think it would be better if you would keep any possible checks at present.

The mail is overdue. If we live, more than ever I think America is the place. You don't know how much it meant knowing your country. I don't exaggerate America, but poems can grow there.

Being here, though, and considering everything, it seems to me I shall, if I can, choose the Navy if the worst comes. . . .

800

October 3. — You will be getting, somewhere about to-morrow, another parcel from me. When I sent it off I felt it was escaping, a small part of myself, over a frontier, while the rest of us waited behind.

Mabel and I had more or less written ourselves off. Successive darknesses dropped on us; they really did. Considering the appalling tension, a touch of hysteria was to be expected over the week-end. But most people feel what my boss said to-day. 'Many people will live who would not have lived otherwise, and there is a price to be paid, as usual.'

Our own feeling is much as Virginia Woolf puts it in *The Waves*; 'It is, however, true that I cannot deny a sense that life for me is now mysteriously prolonged.'

It is when you feel the sands running out that you see Heaven in each grain of them — that international affairs, including ourselves, Czechoslovakia, Hitlerian honor, and everything else, appear ridiculously small. Leaves, our dahlias and sweet peas, every hair of Mabel's head, our breakfasts together, letters from America, the curtains and cream walls, little dirty country schools and children playing — I can see the utter beauty and everlastingness and importance of all of these.

How good America seems, too, from here. You do not go to sleep there dreaming of locks and houses and canal

banks and factories all being so much jelly for aeroplanes.

I'm the eternal civilian. There is war with honor and war with dishonor. It is civilians who pay for everything and disappear, civilians who know that, whoever begins a war, it is not the idealists who end it. I am Rabelais and Archilochus and Aristophanes. I might be brave by accident, but I'll never possess bravery — it is n't worth possessing.

And ultimately this I did realize last week: war is n't unspeakably horrible and wicked so much as absurd, ridiculous, and out of place.

I don't think I ever before saw the natural world quite so lovely and living and full of poetry. You know I'm only just coming into my powers, and what I've written so far does n't come to much compared with what could be and is inside! Everything seems full of voices, living green sap and color, and we are back to look at it and be with it and of it. And that we'll only touch a minute part does n't really matter. That was the mistake Lazarus made in the Bible when he was resurrected and, according to the legend, never smiled again. It's just when you do see the absolute eternity of what dying is that you perceive the magnificent irrelevance, gayety, and grace of the living thing which you touch for two moments or three moments and that's that.

I wanted to write so much . . . but I can't. It's a dishonorable world. We are alive and I feel a bit like crying; as a matter of fact, I'm listening to Mozart and the carpet is real and I can actually think of to-morrow and the day after and perhaps the day after that. . . . There is a terrific gale going through the trees to-night. God knows how long there'll be to write poems in; we'd better get going.

G. A.

[G. A. is an English poet, aged twenty-nine, who spent happy years of study in the United States. Mabel is his wife.]

WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST

Harrow, England
Sunday, October 3, 1938

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*: —

Now that I am free for a few hours I have n't the heart to write about anything except our almost-war.

I think it all began to come home to me with full force when I went back to school on Thursday, September 22, as many of the children had failed to return. Their parents wrote that this was not because they had left the school but because of the uncertainty of the situation.

Events piled up and up, and on Monday we had two staff meetings at school to discuss various methods of dealing with the problem from the school's point of view. There were two schemes: (1) since most of the parents are rather rich, to allow those who wished to do so to take the children and be responsible for them; (2) to take as many children as possible on the London County Council evacuation scheme.

The latter was the method which most of us favored as being safest and best for the children. We knew, however, that not all of our parents would see it from our point of view, because it would mean that they would be separated from their children and would have no opportunity of hearing of their whereabouts for some days. Also, our children would be mixed with children from probably some of the slummiest parts of London.

I think I must explain this L.C.C. scheme to you a bit more fully. As soon as a state of emergency was declared all the children in London were to report at once at their schools, taking with them only hand luggage and wearing their warmest clothes. If possible, they were to bring a blanket or rug, and each child was expected to have enough food to last twenty-four hours. They were to be labeled with the number of the school and taken by their teachers to the nearest station — not more than one

adult being allowed to every ten children. There they were to be put on a train and taken out about fifty or sixty miles from London. No long journeys were to be undertaken, so parents could be assured that their children would not be immured in the wilds of Devon, Cornwall, Wales, or Scotland. When they reached their destination they were to be billeted on the inhabitants, who were to be paid 10/6 per child per week. It was emphasized that this scheme was purely temporary, as it was realized that if a war happened the first few weeks would be the worst from an aerial bombardment point of view. As far as possible the teachers would continue to teach the children and help to keep them as normal as possible.

That was Monday, and I arrived home from school frightfully late and very depressed. The depression was n't helped by the fact that several of the boys we know had been called up to man anti-aircraft guns and my father was standing by for recall to the Navy.

Tuesday was another hellish day and brought another big worry. This was the inevitable money problem. As soon as the schools closed in a state of emergency, all the schoolteachers would have to regard themselves as out of work. It was emphasized in the L.C.C. scheme that 'for the present all work undertaken with the children must be regarded as voluntary.' Until my young sister finishes college, we depend very much on the money that I earn. My father's pension is very small, and I had dreadful visions of trying to support Mother and Anne on a nonexistent salary.

Wednesday evening the parents' meeting was held. My heart was torn for some of these people. Many of them had just enough money to send their children to an expensive public school like ours, but they could neither afford to send them to board at another school nor afford to take them down to the country. I suppose it was fairly easy for us to say, 'Oh, send your child on the L.C.C.

scheme — it's much the safest and will be best for the child in the long run'; but then we could n't feel like the parents themselves. Anyway, it was a most harrowing meeting. The Head was admirable — I've never seen a woman handle a crisis better, and she dealt with the parents so magnificently that we finally collected the names of fifty-four children who were to go.

Ever since this plan had been broached I knew that the time would come when there would be some wonderful fights in the staff room. Only three of us quite honestly did n't want to go with the children — one because she was just married a fortnight ago and wanted to do nursing with her doctor-husband, another because she wanted to go to a nice safe place in the country with her sister, and a third who could see no point in going down to the country and being safe with the children when she knew that there were at least seventeen other women clamoring to do that same job and she had another job to look after in London. That last was I — my other job being Mother and Anne. But that was n't my only reason for not wanting to go to the country with the children. I knew that only a few of the small children would be going, and with the ration of one adult to ten children I could n't hope that there would be enough small ones for me to look after (let it be known, to my shame, that I am completely incapable of dealing with adolescents).

After the parents' meeting the staff sat down with the Head. First she told us the good news that the Girls' Public Day School Trust had agreed to guarantee our salaries for this term as long as we continued in the teaching profession or did some other work of national importance approved by the Head. After this term they could guarantee nothing, as naturally the school might cease to exist. Then came the business of choosing those who were to go with the children. Our Department came first. One

did n't want to go, one said firmly that she very much wanted to go, and I said I wanted to go only if there were enough little children. There was a frightful, strained atmosphere whilst the Head was choosing, and one of the staff had to retire, she was so disappointed at not being chosen. I can sympathize with these women of about fifty, because they would not have much chance of getting another job and they would be deprived of their pensions to boot.

After the choosing, there were fifteen of us out of work if war was declared, but the Head had a list of jobs for which she wanted us to volunteer. The first was an appeal from the headmaster of a Hurlingham State Elementary School. Many of his masters had been called up, and he was left with ninety infants under seven and not enough staff to help to evacuate them. I applied for that. The others were portioned off to other public schools in the country districts where they needed extra staff because of the influx of children from the large towns.

Thursday morning passed for me in a sort of awestruck coma. I could n't believe that it would happen, and yet it seemed inevitable. I seemed to be teaching the five or six children left to me in a purely mechanical fashion. Occasionally I'd emerge from my coma and think, 'Good heavens, that's my voice speaking to the children — what on earth have I been saying?' And yet they did n't seem to find me any different. How I blessed my job — what I'd have done without it to occupy my mind I can't imagine.

You see, war is much more real to me than to most of the women of my generation who have lived all their lives in England. I can remember so vividly, despite my then tender age, seeing men killed in the Sinn Fein risings of '21 in Ireland, and I can remember how I used to lie in my bed in absolute terror, unable even to call to my mother, listening to the rebels in the high woods behind our house firing across it to the barracks on

the other side of the village. I can never hear slates rattling on a roof even now without thinking of the way our chimney pots used to crack and rattle as they were shot off the roof.

Then came Thursday afternoon and the hope of peace, and things began gradually to brighten; but it was n't until last evening, when I went to a very funny film, that I was able to begin to feel a return to normal life again.

We were going to have an intensive first-aid course at school this week-end, 13½ hours, but that has been postponed. It's a frightful pity, because we were all keyed up and ready to sacrifice all those hours in such a good cause. People are so inclined to forget the saying, 'In time of peace prepare for war.' I've been brought up on it, so I'm not ready to relax yet, and I wish we could have the training now.

You know, I can't help feeling that we are not out of the woods yet. I know I'm being pessimistic and perhaps foolish, but such a terrific upheaval can't end as easily as this. Why, in Hitler's speech alone, he gave a lead as to where we may expect him to break out again. He said that this was the last territorial demand he would make *in Europe*. Now Dickie, who lives in Tanganyika, which as you know used to belong to Germany, says that the Germans there are all ready and have been causing a lot of trouble lately. They far outnumber all the other Europeans in the territory. Obviously Germany must have colonies, so equally obviously Hitler will be trying for them next. Tanganyika would be as good a place as any to begin. He already has German citizens there, living in a country they themselves have developed, with one of the best-planned towns in the whole of Africa — Dar-es-salaam — ready as a centre.

Would it surprise you if I said that this making a hero out of that old man, Neville Chamberlain, infuriates me? Believe me, it's a feeling held already by many people in England, and by the

time this letter reaches you I hope that many more will feel the same.

E. R.

[*E. R., in her middle twenties, is a teacher in what we should call a private school.*]

THE PRICE OF VINDICTIVENESS

*San Francisco, California
September 26, 1938*

To the Editor of the *Atlantic*:—

I shudder to think about what the people on the other side of the Atlantic have to look forward to to-night. As a crowning irony to several hours of listening to damnation of the Peace Treaty of 1918, I noticed a picture of Woodrow Wilson on a seventeen-cent stamp. I wonder if that 'man betrayed' is gaining his reward in Heaven for a vision more powerful than he knew himself. The Tiger of France and Baldwin and the Tsar of Russia must at last be prepared to admit they were terribly, humanly wrong. I think we have, on a cataclysmic scale, a demonstration of the futility of vindictiveness in life, whether individuals or nations are involved.

Another thing I've been thinking about to-night is whether, as everyone says now, people were as sure in 1914 that we over here could stay aloof without being hurt. They say we have everything—money, resources, isolation; and the memory of a great mistake last time. We won't be hurt much, if at all. I wonder, what of Japan, with a free hand in China and the Western Pacific? Suppose we do stay out and push trade in the vacated markets of the world, stealing millions in the lifeblood of England's trade? Suppose we let the great European countries bankrupt themselves fighting for an idea, wrong or right, which can ruin democracy everywhere but here? Can a nation, any more than an individual, live unto itself, where every country is a natural enemy? Suppose we could control nine tenths of the world's wealth in another two or

three or four or five years; no one can trade with us; everyone hates us because we are rich; and everyone tries to tear us down. Can we stay out if the Allies lose and sink some of our ships under a 'German' flag in order to rouse us again on their side? If it turns out to be a life-and-death struggle to the last, even without winning in the true sense of the word, can we afford to let Britain and France go under? I wonder!

There are still four brief days left to tie the hangman's knot or for somebody to back down. And everyone oils his gun, kisses his family good-bye, and stands by in as hopeless a situation as any operative composer ever imagined. We think Hitler is dead wrong, that he won't listen to reason, that he is a fanatical bigot with an insane people at his back. And yet we 'took Panama,' which is bigger than the Sudeten Area by a long shot, and we did n't even choke when we took the Philippines. Is anyone's back yard clean enough so that he can afford to spend time cleaning up someone else's? If you're strong enough to be right, I guess it does n't matter much about the principle of the thing. And if war does come I should be thought a frightful Nazi for having ideas like this. I have n't heard one word, not one, in favor of a people that is taking the final step to shake off shackles placed on it by lack of vision. What's wrong, anyway, that ten million people rise up in hysterical rage at a thing which they have been saying for a decade is inevitable?

If *Der Tag* comes and action starts, many of us will have to raise our sights and change the direction of our ambitions. That's how war affects me to start with, and there are a couple of billion others in the world who have hopes and dreams and loves.

ROBERT C. HALLETT

[*In his twenty-fifth year, Robert C. Hallett is a Princeton graduate now working hard to make the world a better place for his small daughter to live in.*]

DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA

BY E. F. BENSON

[IN the three preceding installments of his history of the most famous English family of the nineteenth century, Mr. Benson has related the upbringing of Queen Victoria's nine children, their marriages, and the international difficulties that kept them and Europe in turmoil. With this issue he concludes the tragic story of Crown Princess Frederick and her disappointed hopes for a liberal Germany, and extends his history of the family to the third and fourth generations. — THE EDITORS]

I

WHEN, in 1878, Lord Beaconsfield consulted Queen Victoria about appointing Lord Lorne Governor General of Canada, she sanctioned the offer being made. Possibly Princess Louise would not like to be away from England for five years, and that was a long parting for the Queen as well, but it would be a great distinction for the Marquis and a 'fine independent position' for Louise.

As the years went on, the Queen's relations with her daughters continued to expand to their growing families. For the German Crown Princess's eldest son, Prince William, his grandmother had always had a special tenderness, and William's character would certainly become of greater moment to Europe in the future than his mother's political excursions were now.

The most poignant memories of William's childhood were the triumphant reëntury into Berlin of German armies

after three swiftly successful wars, and his grandfather's influence encouraged him to conclude that the attainment of military glory was the noblest of human ambitions. To counteract this the Crown Princess hatched a scheme with the boy's tutor that, after his confirmation at the age of fifteen, he and his brother Henry should spend three years at the grammar school at Cassel, where they would steep themselves in culture and scholarship. It was a most unusual course of education for Princes of the House of Hohenzollern, and there was much opposition in the family; William himself greatly disliked the idea of having to compete with other boys on equal terms and perhaps 'come out lower on the list.' But his mother got her way, and for three years, till William came officially of age, he was a schoolboy. Then his military education began, and for two years he was with his regiment.

Prince William's return from his military training marked the end of his loving, happy relations with his father and mother, and for her it was the opening of the domestic tragedy that ended only with her death. He came back soaked through and through with militarism and highly contemptuous of his parents' liberal principles. Intellectually he resembled his mother in many points, but they were instinctively disposed to differ and both were disputatious. Nothing was more foreign to her than the arrogance and conceit which were among his chief moral characteristics, and which provoked from her sharp rebukes.

His father distrusted him as profoundly as he trusted his wife, and the domestic circle was an arena of incessant wrangles. Then, without consulting either his parents or his grandparents, Prince William engaged himself in 1880 to Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Augustenburg, daughter of Duke Frederick and granddaughter of the Queen's half sister Theodore. The Queen, since this came within the jurisdiction of her matriarchate, at once invited the prospective bride to Windsor to be inspected. Fortunately the Queen approved of her — found her 'gentle and amiable and sweet.' Such qualities were more likely to be of value to her than mental brilliance, which 'Dona' decidedly lacked.

The Crown Princess also liked her; as for William, she was sorry that he had not seen more of the world before he settled down, but he had no taste for traveling and never looked at a guide-book or appreciated the beauties of Art and Nature, so where was the use? That was a very incorrect criticism of one who was presently to be known as the *Reise-Kaiser*, and who composed music and painted (or at least designed) large allegorical cartoons and excavated Greek antiquities. The night before his wedding she mourned over the thought that he would never sleep under his parents' roof again, but her regrets were more for the vanished love and confidence which had once existed between him and herself, and for the years in which bitter seed had been sown, than for the fact that her eldest son had an establishment of his own.

Bismarck made much of William and influenced the Emperor, now growing very old, to employ him on missions which would properly have fallen to the Crown Prince. His mother was horrified at the thought of the mischief he might make. She wrote to the Queen: 'William is as blind and green, wrong-headed and violent in politics as can be.' Finally Bismarck asked the Emperor to let Wil-

liam work under him in the Foreign Office. The Emperor, with a gibe at the Crown Prince and his wife, at once consented, in order that William's 'young soul may be guarded against errors' — such errors, of course, being the liberal heresies of his father and mother.

Bismarck gave notice of this intention to the Crown Prince, who formally protested in terms practically identical with his wife's criticisms of William to the Queen. Bismarck replied that such was the Emperor's pleasure, and showed William what his father had written about him.

II

John Brown died at Windsor in the spring of 1883. The Queen's grief for his loss was profound, and it can only add to our respect and sympathy for her that she expressed it with the simplicity and sincerity that were so characteristic of her. Not since the Prince Consort's death had she suffered a bereavement which affected her daily life so intimately. She had a devoted family, but none of them ministered to her comfort and sense of security as Brown had done. Lord Beaconsfield had died two years before, and her youngest son, the Duke of Albany, had married and no longer lived with her. Like every other normal woman, she missed the daily companionship of a man whom she trusted and relied upon. Once more she bethought herself of the happy arrangement of having with her a permanently resident son-in-law.

She had long taken a great interest in the family of Battenberg, the handsome and charming sons of Prince Alexander of Hesse. The eldest, Prince Louis, had entered the British navy as a midshipman in 1868, and, as a naturalized Englishman, had married Princess Victoria of Hesse, the eldest daughter of Princess Alice. The third son, Prince Henry, was as yet unmarried, and the year after John Brown's death he met Princess Beatrice at Darmstadt. When

he came to stay with his brother Louis in England for Christmas, he asked the Queen's permission, confident of obtaining it, to propose marriage. That was exactly what she had hoped; he was a charming young man, and he fulfilled all the required conditions. Prince Henry had no duties to perform in any foreign principality; he was content to make his permanent and only home with her, and the post of resident son-in-law would at last be perfectly filled.

III

The German Emperor was in his ninetyeth year; his son was in the middle fifties. It looked as if his succession could not be far off, and he might reasonably expect a reign of fifteen or twenty years, during which Germany would be freed from the oppression of Bismarck and led into the Promised Land by the Crown Prince. Before William succeeded, it might be hoped that he would learn discretion and wisdom. At present, in imperial affairs, it was as if William, bitterly opposed to his parents, and backed up by Bismarck and his grandfather, stood next the throne.

In the winter of 1886-1887 the Crown Prince suffered from very obstinate sore throats and loss of voice. Various remedies were tried without success, and there appeared on one of his vocal cords a growth which the German doctors feared was malignant. They advised an operation for its removal, but asked that a foreign specialist should first be consulted and unanimously decided on Dr. Morell Mackenzie, who at once went out from London to Berlin. He insisted on a pathological examination of fragments of the growth, and, on the report of the most eminent pathologist in Europe that they showed no signs of cancerous structure, it was decided that Mackenzie should treat the Prince at his clinic in England.

The Crown Prince attended the Queen's Jubilee, riding in the procession

of Princes to the Abbey, and afterwards stayed in England till early in September, for the treatment recommended by Mackenzie. Though the trouble in his throat was not cured, it was no worse, and it was felt in Berlin that he ought to return there. But the Crown Princess believed that it would be madness to retard his progress by the exertions and fatigues and the use of his voice which his duties at home would entail. On the advice of Mackenzie, she took him to spend the early autumn in the pine woods of Toblach. From there they went to Venice and to the mild warmth of the Italian lakes.

But she was most anxious to make William leave Berlin too, and this was not so reasonable; for, since the Crown Prince was abroad, it was only right that his eldest son should be there. The Crown Princess thought it was bad for William to be always with the Bismarcks and the Emperor, who spoiled and flattered him, and she was jealous for her husband's sake that William was already taking his place.

Throughout September and October the Crown Prince held his own. They moved from the Italian lakes to San Remo, and at once a new growth appeared in the Crown Prince's throat. Mackenzie was sent for and said that it looked malignant. The news was telegraphed to Berlin, and the Emperor sent Prince William with two German doctors to San Remo to consult with the doctors there and send him their joint report. A dreadful scene took place at the meeting of mother and son. They wrangled about which of them should send this report to the Emperor.

William presided at the conference of doctors, and, as ordered by his grandfather, sent their findings to Berlin. Mackenzie concurred with the others in their verdict that the Crown Prince was suffering from cancer. When that was known, the full tempest of abuse from the German press and from the multitude of the enemies she had made

descended on the Crown Princess, and for the devoted wife they had no word of sympathy. Surrounded by quarreling doctors, outraged by the fantastic reports published daily in the German press, gallantly suppressing the secret despair that gnawed at her heart, she found her only refuge in her husband's reliance on her and in his unshaken devotion.

The Emperor William died on March 9, 1888, and the Emperor Frederick III at once returned to Berlin. Now the day had come for which, for the thirty years of their marriage, the Crown Princess and her husband had prepared themselves, when their liberal policies would be realized and the power of Bismarck shattered. But they both knew that it was too late. The aspirations once green and vigorous in their remote springtime lay withered round them, smitten by the incurable frost, and the Emperor confirmed Bismarck in his Chancellorship, since his dismissal could only uselessly dislocate the Imperial Government and suspend for a month or two the administration which would so soon be restored.

When the Queen proposed to visit Berlin, Bismarck was alarmed, and so was Lord Salisbury. But just as the anti-monarchical agitation in England died completely down when in 1871 the Prince of Wales lay desperately ill of typhoid fever, so now Berlin gave a welcome of warm sympathy to the old lady who had come to say farewell to her beloved son-in-law, and to give comfort and support to her daughter. She willingly gave Bismarck the interview he asked for. They agreed that William was most ignorant of foreign affairs, and Bismarck assured her that he should never be Regent while his father lived, and that he would stand by the Empress in the days that were coming.

The Queen had a grandmotherly talk with William; he promised that he would behave better to his mother. But, with her departure to England, all the wretched wrangles broke out more violently than ever. William behaved as if he had come

to the throne in direct succession to his grandfather, and his arrogance exasperated his mother beyond endurance. She realized now that the end was very near, and all she could do for her husband was to keep him shielded, as free as possible from worries; but she was surrounded by hostile eyes and scandalous tongues, which twisted into fresh malevolence towards her every incident of those despairing days. The Emperor was moved by water to the New Palace at Berlin and died there on June 15, 1888, within a year of the day of the Queen's Jubilee when he had been the most gallant figure in the escort of Princes who rode to the Abbey.

IV

The chief cause of the Empress Frederick's wretchedness, apart from her overwhelming sorrow at her husband's death, and of her resentment, was her inability to accept the change in position for which her widowhood was alone responsible. True, there were three unmarried daughters who must be brought up under her care in Germany, and it was naturally an immediate concern to know what home of her own William would offer her. The Prince of Wales had told the Queen that William was proposing to give her the Villa Liegnitz, and this gave Victoria a good opportunity to write William a letter of grandmotherly counsel on this and other matters.

This letter did not have the authoritative effect the Queen intended. William, in his reply, first set her right about the question of a home for his mother. Uncle Bertie was misinformed. William was doing everything to meet his mother's wishes. He had already asked her to stay on at Friedrichskron for a year; and as for the Villa Liegnitz, which the Queen thought not up to her daughter's imperial dignity, the Empress herself had told the Emperor Frederick that she only wanted a *pied-à-terre* in Berlin, and specifically asked him to leave her the

Villa, which he had done. Moreover, when she told William that she would like a house on the Rhine, he had offered to supply the capital. As to his visiting other sovereigns, he intended to meet the Tsar in the Baltic in a few weeks. He and Bismarck were agreed that national interests demanded it. 'We Emperors,' he said, giving out his key ringingly, as on a tuning fork, 'must keep firm together, and be on their [*sic*] guard against republican agitators who threaten the monarchical principle.'

William had got into his grandmother's black books for other family reasons. The Prince of Wales, when attending the Emperor Frederick's funeral, had tactlessly asked Count Herbert Bismarck whether, had the Emperor lived, he would have wished to give back to France part, at any rate, of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine; since the peace of Versailles the Prince had believed that it was his intention to do so. Various similar indiscretions as to the return of North Schleswig to Denmark and the restoration of the ex-King of Hanover had been tacked on to the story by the time it reached Emperor William's ears. His annoyance was perfectly natural, and he pounced on several incidents as a pretext for strafing his uncle. The two were shortly going to Vienna as guests of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and when the Prince of Wales wrote to his nephew that he hoped their visits would coincide William did not answer the letter, but signified to their host that he wished no other royal personages to be entertained when he was there.

Finally Bismarck joined in and started an Anglophobe campaign in his press against English interferences in internal German affairs. He suggested that it was the Empress Frederick who had prompted her brother to make those tactless inquiries which had caused all the mischief, and by an ingenious perversion of the facts accused the Prince of deliberate incivility to William in leaving Vienna on the eve of his arrival there.

V

It seems to us now like a page of mediæval history — or, even more, like some preposterous farce — that personal quarrels between irascible members of royal families could endanger international relations. The situation had its comical side. There was the Queen at Balmoral boiling with unsuppressed fury at her grandson's insane and vulgar and scarcely credible pompousness, and writing to her Prime Minister about him in such terms as she had never previously used to a subject about a member of the Family. There was the Prince of Wales, equally angry, cutting short his stay in Vienna and fleeing into Rumania in order not to be on Austrian soil when his nephew arrived. And there was Emperor William, as he unveiled a statue at Frankfurt, accusing his uncle of audaciously slandering his father.

But these royal wranglings had at that time a serious side, and Lord Salisbury, who was not easily alarmed, expressed to the Queen his misgivings that they might lead to perilous consequences. She agreed that if possible such an outcome must be prevented, but feared that 'with such a hot-headed, conceited and wrong-headed young man [William] this might at *any* moment become *impossible*.' But, whatever the consequences might be, she was determined to manage the affairs of her family (Emperors or whatever) exactly as she chose, without advice from anybody, and her way was not to propitiate William, but to put him in his place. He must be at once and unmistakably shown what she thought of his conduct to his unhappy mother and of his rudeness to his uncle, and she asked the Empress and her three unmarried daughters to come and spend three months in England with her.

The Queen sent the Prince of Wales across to Flushing to meet the Empress in the *Victoria and Albert*. The Queen

herself came from Windsor to welcome her daughter on landing at Port Victoria; never before had she gone farther than her own front door to receive any guest. The Family assembled in force for the Empress's forty-eighth birthday two days later, and, as in the years of childhood, her 'present table' was covered with gifts. The entire staff of the German Embassy came down to offer their congratulations.

The Empress's three months' stay in England, with its special honors, had been an adequate object lesson to William as to his grandmother's sympathy with her, and now, in view of the serious ill-feeling between Germany and England, the Queen was persuaded to let him pay her a visit. She invited him for the Cowes week in August, and the family hatchet was effusively buried. She created him Admiral of the British Fleet, and invested his brother Henry with the Garter. In return her gratified grandson appointed her Colonel in Chief of his First Dragoon Guards, and gave Prince George of Wales the Order of the Black Eagle.

Early in January 1890 the Empress Augusta died. The Empress Frederick wrote to her mother in terms empty of all condolence but full of the details of death. The funeral was frightful; no one took any notice of her, and the young Empress's 'grand condescending airs' were most aggravating.

While her husband was still a healthy man with the prospect of a long reign before him, the Empress Frederick would have hailed Bismarck's resignation of the Chancellorship as a cause for national rejoicing, but now when the Emperor forced it on him she sincerely regretted it. William had many explanations, among them the one he told the Tsar — that Bismarck refused to obey his orders, which was near the truth, and was the explanation which the Empress accepted. Bismarck, she wrote to her mother, was remarkably well and vigorous, and William had made him

resign because he himself was a thorough despot, and wanted nobody in his government who would oppose his will. She did not know whether to laugh or cry over William's imperial flamboyance, and that very admission testified to a change in herself.

The fierceness of her resentment against insult and obliteration, against the cruel destiny which had deprived her of her husband and the fulfillment of all her hopes, gradually began to die down. She had built herself a house at Cronberg, where, surrounded by beautiful possessions, pictures and furniture and antiques, she found that *consolation des arts* which can palliate or even heal the hearts of those whom life has deeply wounded. Little gibes at William spurted forth now and again, but these were only the last flicker of the tragic flame that had once enveloped and agonized her; the core of heat was cooling under the ashes. She was aghast sometimes at the imprudence of his swashbuckling speeches, and she still deplored German policy. William's craze for colonies, for instance, was great rubbish; and as for his dream of building up a navy more powerful than England's, that was pure madness, and perhaps in time he would come to understand that.

Then came a marked softening to the violent terms in which she wrote of him; regret took the place of indignation. The anger and bitterness were transmuted into anxiety and pity for the big baby crippled from birth. A certain tenderness, long dormant, returned.

VI

Queen Victoria had passed through her dark hours while still in middle life, and the approach of old age was more like the breaking of dawn than the closing of day, for it came with sun renewed and with serenity. As her shattered nerves recovered, her whole nature became far kindlier, and, above all, her domestic life was happier than it

had been since the death of the Prince Consort. What chiefly contributed to that was the marriage of her youngest daughter, Princess Beatrice, in the year 1885. She and Prince Henry of Battenberg, permanently resident with the Queen, brought gaiety and the power of spontaneous enjoyment back into her life, and the thought of her approaching Jubilee, which not many years ago would have appeared an unspeakable, a paralyzing ordeal, but kindled her vitality. She opened the People's Palace, she visited Buffalo Bill's 'Wild West' ('Most extraordinary!'), she went to a garden party at Hatfield, and held one herself at Buckingham Palace; she received innumerable addresses and deputations, and though a few years ago she had been totally incapable of entertaining any royal guest, save near relations, she now had a houseful of kings and princes as her guests. She took immense pride in the title Lord Beaconsfield had with difficulty procured for her from a very disrespectful Parliament, and as Empress of India she felt she ought to learn Hindustani. Her rejuvenation was amazing: she lived again with zest, instead of dwelling with widowed melancholy on the past; and in the eyes of her subjects age brought apotheosis.

Instead of closing in, the horizons were opening out all round her; and her matriarchal dominion was extending like her Empire. She had great-grandchildren in Germany, and in 1894 an heir of the fourth generation was born to the English throne. She went to Coburg that spring for another marriage between grandchildren: Ernest, the elder son of Princess Louis, was now Grand Duke of Hesse, and he was marrying Princess Victoria of Coburg, daughter of the Queen's sailor son Alfred, Duke of Coburg. A galaxy of princes and princesses awaited her. Among them was the Tsarevitch Nicholas, son of Tsar Alexander III and the Princess of Wales's sister, and Princess Alix, the sister of the bridegroom. Alix was now a

young woman of twenty-two, shy and reserved, but of incomparable beauty. For the last four years Nicholas had been in love with her, but his father had refused his sanction. Now, knowing that he himself had not long to live, the Tsar gave his consent, and Nicholas had come to Coburg with the intention of winning the Princess. At first she was as obdurate as his father had been. She wept; she declared it was impossible, for she was very unwilling to make the necessary change in her religion. The struggle was hard; she was deeply religious and loyal to her own faith, but she yielded.

So the morning after Ernest's wedding the two came hand in hand to the Queen and told her they were engaged to be married. The Queen expressed herself as 'quite thunderstruck.' The thunderbolt gave her great gratification. Now 'sweet gentle Alix,' chosen for the dazzling destiny of being the 'great Empress of all the Russias,' became the object of the Queen's special regard, affection, and even reverence. Both the Queen and her Prime Minister saw in this marriage of her granddaughter to the heir to the throne of Russia a most hopeful prospect of restoring friendship between the countries.

Before the winter, Tsar Alexander III died, and Nicholas was Tsar of all the Russias. Princess Alix was received at once into the Russian Church, and it was arranged that as soon as the prodigious funeral ceremonies were over the marriage should take place, for otherwise it must be postponed for months, since, according to the traditions of the Russian Church, it could not be performed between Christmas and Easter. The Prince and Princess of Wales had already gone to Russia, and accompanied the funeral train from the Crimea to St. Petersburg. The Duke of York joined his father there, and the Queen made the new Tsar Colonel in Chief of the Scots Guards, the most intimate military honor she could bestow. All

these attentions had their political significance — not for nothing would the Prince of Wales have gone through these appalling obsequies, and now he waited till his niece's wedding had taken place.

Thus this lovely girl, so pious and so brainless, so inherently sad and so obstinate for all her gentleness, became the great Empress, and the last, of all the Russias; and the next time that she and her grandmother met they would curtsy to each other in the correct mode between sovereigns and go to the door side by side, where the Queen would draw back a shade, and let her sister and granddaughter pass out first.

VII

The Emperor William came to Cowes again in 1895. The long and fervent cordialities between his uncle and the Tsar had profoundly displeased him; they contributed to make him, as Pepys would have diagnosed, in 'a mighty chagrin humor,' which vented itself in the most agitating antics. The Queen found him a most fatiguing guest, and it was a great relief when his visit was over.

In the autumn of 1895, the government decided to send out an expedition to Ashanti to stop the raids which King Prempeh, in spite of a warning ultimatum, persisted in making into the Gold Coast, for the purpose of kidnapping its inhabitants and selling them for slaves. Volunteers were asked to join it; the eldest son of Prince Christian in the Rifle Brigade applied, and Prince Henry, to the Queen's astonishment and dismay, asked her leave to volunteer also. The Queen finally yielded, and within a few weeks of Prince Henry's arrival on the Gold Coast he was stricken with the deadly fever of the country. He was invalided home, and died on the voyage.

The Queen felt his death, not only for her daughter's sake but for her own, more acutely and personally than any loss that had befallen her since the Prince Consort's death. She had the

greatest affection for Prince Henry; he had been 'our help, the bright sunshine of our home' — he ought never to have been allowed to go on that expedition.

The Queen had had great hopes of better relations between England and Russia owing to the marriage of her granddaughter with Tsar Nicholas II. They sent her messages of tenderest love on all suitable family occasions, but otherwise the results were disappointing. An anti-English trend in the Russian press was accentuated by the appointment of Prince Lobanov, a rabid Anglophobe, as Foreign Minister. He had a fine opportunity for making trouble, for early in 1896 the British-Egyptian Expedition started up the Nile for the recovery of the Sudan. Prince Lobanov, with the knowledge of the Tsar, was doing all he could to encourage France to make some counter move, for, though nominally England's only object was to reconquer the Sudan in order to restore it to Egypt, its recovery would vastly increase the English sphere of influence.

The Queen considered this situation as coming well within the territory of her enlarged matriarchate: private conversations with her imperial grandchildren ought to bear good fruit. She asked them to stay with her quietly for ten days at Balmoral. The Family was displayed, as her Navy might have been at some review, to personify England.

As the Tsar's letters to his mother show, however, this personification made no impression on him. He did not enjoy himself at all: Uncle Bertie insisted on his going out stalking all day in torrents of rain and gales of wind, and he never got a stag. Surrounded by his wife's aunts and uncles, he hardly saw his beloved Alix at all. It seemed to the Queen 'like a dream to have Nicky and Alicky with her in this informal manner, driving with them and having tea at bothies, but as for the intimate conversations from which she had expected so much, they produced nothing: he made himself a bland and impenetrable mask.'

After ten days he and the Tsarina left for a State visit to Paris, and the Queen, conscious of having accomplished nothing, instantly sent a letter after him asking him to make it clear to the French Government that he disapproved of their hostility to England, especially with regard to Egypt. His answer was as noncommittal as his share in their conversations had been. Though he had told his grandmother, to her high approbation, that he disliked having to visit so dreadfully irreligious a town as Paris, he enjoyed himself there extremely. The bonds of friendship between Russia and France were immensely strengthened, whereas the visit to Balmoral, as regards international rapprochement, was an utter fiasco. Certainly he was devoted to Alicky, but the marriage from which the Queen had anticipated such magnificent results might just as well have ended in a divorce. Never in the years to come did the Tsarina influence him in the ways of wisdom, but rather in those of ruinous folly. She encouraged him to hold fast to the principles of autocracy which eventually wrecked Russia, and to seek in religion the quackeries of magic.

VIII

The Queen's Diamond Jubilee was celebrated in June 1897. A full six months before, the Queen had decreed that no reigning sovereign should be invited. She did not bother about William or any other crowned heads, but she was very anxious about the stability of small houses in poorer quarters on the route of the drive she was to take on Jubilee day.

The German Empress came with three of her daughters. Ten years ago exactly she had attended her mother's first Jubilee, as Crown Princess of Prussia, and her husband and William had been with her. For the Queen these ten years had garnered rich harvests of imperial sovereignty, and had invested her with a

personal apotheosis unparalleled in the annals of monarchy; for her daughter there were only the memories of blanched banners and of dreams long dead. To-day she was the most exalted of that huge assembly of her mother's children and grandchildren and heirs to foreign thrones, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria, the Prince of Naples, and the Prince of Persia, and to all these the future beckoned with promise; for her the future was peopled with the tragic shadows of the past.

For many years the Queen had gone abroad in the spring for a month's holiday, but in 1900 she went to Ireland instead. It was a gallant expedition for an old lady of eighty years, but she wanted to mark her appreciation of the services of the Irish regiments in South Africa; also she had not been to Ireland since she was there forty years ago with the Prince Consort to see the Prince of Wales at the Curragh. But this visit could scarcely be described as a holiday: day after day she inspected convents and churches and schools and troops, she gave dinners at the Viceregal Lodge, and she came back immensely gratified with the enthusiastic loyalty of her people, but tired out.

Anxiety about the war weighed heavily on her, and there were grievous family bereavements to be borne. The only son of Alfred, Duke of Coburg, died, and his death was followed by that of his father. Young Prince Christian, who had gone out in the Ashanti expedition with Prince Henry of Battenberg, succumbed to an attack of typhoid in South Africa. Of her eldest daughter, there was the worst of news: she had been suffering for months from agonizing pain which would not yield to any treatment, and now the German doctors had pronounced the sentence which thirteen years ago they had passed on her husband.

All these were heavy burdens for one over eighty years old, and her physical infirmities increased as her life force ebbed. She grew very blind, and could

barely read the dispatches. Her appetite failed; she had wakeful nights, and when morning came and she wanted to attend to her work she would drop asleep. But still she stuck to her duties, seeing her Ministers, and inspecting troops who had returned from the war. Her Journal, which she had begun at her mother's desire nearly seventy years ago, she dictated to a granddaughter, Princess Helena Victoria, who was now constantly with her. She took daily drives with one daughter or another; she thought that her annual holiday abroad, when spring came, would restore her strength.

The Queen died on January 22, 1901. She had given Princess Henry and Princess Louise houses of their own on the Osborne estate, but she had left that estate and the estate and castle at Balmoral to the new King. Osborne, as a residence, was perfectly useless to him. It was an immense house with large gardens and stables and a park of two thousand acres, and the upkeep was very expensive. He had no intention of ever occupying it, and his son, to whom it would eventually pass, said that under no circumstances would he do so.

Coincidentally there arose two national needs which it might meet. The ancient ship *Britannia*, moored at Dartmouth, had hitherto been a school for naval cadets; both the King's sons and his brother Alfred had been trained there. But the *Britannia* was inconvenient and obsolete, and the Admiralty was looking out for some site on the mainland for this school. It was suggested to the King by Lord Esher that the stables at Osborne, with a substantial slice of land added for playground, might be replaced by school buildings, erected at the Admiralty's expense; the proximity to the sea rendered it an ideal site. The second national need was for a convalescent home for officers invalided from foreign service. No such existed; there were only the naval and military hospitals for hospital cases. The big wing of Osborne House could be easily

converted into such a home. The King approved both these suggestions. As for the pavilion or central portion of the house, he kept the rooms on the first floor, where his father and mother had their private apartments, as a memorial shrine to them. They were left exactly as they had been during the Queen's lifetime, but the State rooms on the ground floor, with the immense Indian or Durbar room, were to be treated like the State rooms at Windsor, and to be open to the public on certain days.

Though these arrangements did not contravene the provisions of the Queen's will, they certainly disregarded her intention, which was that Osborne House should be an appanage of the Crown, to be used as a residence by her eldest son and those who succeeded him, while two of her daughters should live in the houses on the estate which she had given them. The King nevertheless informed his Prime Minister of the magnificent gifts he had made to his people on the day of his coronation.

So concludes the story of sixty years. Since the happy days of childhood there had been for the five daughters dark waters of trouble to be passed through, and bereavements bitter in themselves and in their consequences, but all alike had found in their mother firm and unfailing comfort, and in turn they had rendered her the eager obedience of devotion to one who was not only their loving mother but their Queen. Again and again in the letters of the two elder daughters this double aspect is apparent. They thank her, with recognition of the honor done them, for some deed of kindness to them or theirs, and 'kiss her dear hands.' This was no empty phrase, nor a mere formula to express the dutiful respect with which the daughters of that day were taught to regard their parents. The reverence was real, and, so far from imposing formality on filial affection, it enhanced it. The two emotions were fused together, and the conscious sense of loyalty was one with love.

A HIRED MAN SPEAKS

BY J. ANTON DE HAAS

I

SINCE 1915 I have held appointments as full professor in four American universities and one European university. I am not an executive—not a president, nor a dean, nor even an assistant dean; merely what may be called a hired man.

The first commencement address through which I suffered was a pathetically insistent plea urging the listeners to accept the proposition that America had the most remarkable educational system in the western world. I listened; I was impressed, but not convinced. As a matter of fact, thirty-five years of intimate contact with the system have failed to convince me. I have conscientiously tried to find out what is wrong with the system. These are my observations.

It seems to me that we are suffering from three distinct maladies. Each of them is sufficiently serious to cause pernicious anæmia in any educational system. We lack clearly defined objectives. We sacrifice contents to method. School administration is a poorly co-ordinated mixture of two methods of management, the one admirably adapted to industrial concerns, the other suited to a church dramatic society.

All this may sound flippant, but, believe me, I am serious. More than that, I am worried. On every hand I can see influences at work which promise to make matters much worse before they may become better.

The three diseases are so clearly related and interact upon each other to

such an extent that it is almost impossible to separate them in our discussion. My reactions may be understood more clearly when I explain the aims of the system of which I am the product. In Holland we have, as here, three types of schools—the elementary, the secondary, and the university. Their positions are clearly defined and separated.

The elementary school has as its purpose to give to the pupils a command of the tools with which to acquire knowledge, and a rudimentary acquaintance with the world in which they live.

The secondary schools have the purpose to impart such information as any person needs to possess to be fully aware of the physical, cultural, political, and economic world—in other words, the indispensable minimum of knowledge for a modern intelligent person.

The university, on the other hand, provides for specialized professional training and for research in all fields of knowledge.

The real backbone of the system is the secondary school. Here the pupils learn four modern languages well enough to be able to read, write, and speak them. They study chemistry, physics, mathematics, botany, sociology, economics, civics, astronomy, drawing, geography, and history. Throughout the five years of this school the subjects are co-ordinated with each other. No subject is dropped after having been taken up, and when the five-year course is completed the student passes a searching

examination covering nineteen different subjects. It consists of a two weeks' written test, followed by a two weeks' oral test. The examinations are given by a committee selected by the central office of education from high school and university faculties. Practically all my teachers in the high school held doctor's degrees in the subjects they were teaching, and taught only the subject in which they were trained. And we learned by the only process that has yet shown results: we learned by constant drill and hard work.

Of course, we did not enjoy this rigid discipline. There was mighty little time left for play or for spectacular athletic feats. But we seemed to survive, and I never heard of any student having a nervous breakdown. I believe that life insurance statistics do not show an abnormally high rate of early deaths among the alumni of the system.

When I was working my way through an American university by teaching French and German in a secondary school, the principal came to me one day very much disturbed. The teacher of chemistry had fallen ill and there was no one who could take his place. The honor was therefore conferred upon me. 'Can you do it?' he asked. And I, by that time sufficiently Americanized to know what answer was demanded, responded with sadness in my heart, but with the expected confidence in my tone: 'I can try.' And so I became the expert in chemistry.

The new work thus wished on me was appalling enough, but what made it really difficult was the comforting statement that followed the assignment: 'After all, they are not here to learn chemistry, but to learn the laboratory method!' That was indeed a new slant on my problem. I was greatly puzzled. In my crude innocence I had always believed — in fact, had been encouraged to believe — that one studied a subject in order to acquire accurate knowledge of that particular field. Evidently I had

always been wrong. One studies a subject to learn some kind of method. Now for two years in my high school I had spent four hours a week in a laboratory in a course of elementary qualitative analysis. But I must confess I never knew there was such a thing as a laboratory method which one could acquire by the mysterious process of not learning chemistry.

Being young and anxious to learn, I asked for advice from others. I made a most surprising discovery: every subject was apparently taught for some equally mysterious purpose. One studied mathematics, not to learn to add and subtract, or to solve complicated mathematical problems — heaven forbid! One studied mathematics to discipline the mind.

French was studied, like Latin, not to learn the language in order to enlarge one's cultural horizons — that was an exploded and antiquated notion; foreign languages were studied to enable the students to understand their own language.

How could I undertake to teach chemistry under these circumstances, not having the remotest idea what was to be found at the end of the road along which my poor students and I were to travel? I asked for more advice. I found it in the Department of Education of our university. My visit to one of the leading men in the department gave me much to think about — but clarified nothing.

I was told that although I knew a good deal of chemistry I was totally unfit to tell others of my knowledge, since I did not possess the right method. 'You mean the laboratory method?' I asked hesitatingly, conscious of my inferiority. 'Young man, that is a by-product. What I mean is that with the right method any good teacher can teach almost any subject. Before you undertake to teach chemistry, you need, not more knowledge of chemistry, but knowledge of teaching method.'

After thanking my learned adviser, I returned to the school and taught chemistry. To this day I don't know whether

the students learned the laboratory method, nor whether my method was right or wrong. But this early experience has not been forgotten.

II

Curiously enough, thirty years later I heard it stated that the function of a university professor could be reduced to that of a traffic policeman; given the right kind of book, all he needs to do is to direct the discussion. Again method!

It is an old axiom that the good teacher must so direct the study of his pupils that he may in time become superfluous, but it has taken the American system to discover that a teacher with real knowledge of the subject to be taught can be dispensed with altogether — given the right book and the right method. I have observed this philosophy in operation, and to me it seems to be the expression of a sense of inadequacy and defeat. The pupils do not learn any chemistry. They fail to acquire a knowledge of languages or of history. Is the system a failure? Mercy, no! You expect the wrong thing. You are ignorant of the true purpose behind it all. We do not teach a subject to accomplish such a crude and banal result as the conveying of knowledge of the subject! We have outgrown that notion long ago. We are teaching all these things in order to give something far more valuable, far more intangible — the right attitude of mind, the right method of approach; by means of these acquisitions the whole complicated world of facts will just open up before the students. We give them the keys that will unlock all intellectual mysteries.

I have always been skeptical of all this. I have had a suspicion, which has grown into a conviction, that the setting up of an intangible aim finds its explanation, not in a clearer vision of the purposes of education, but in a desire to set up an aim of values which defy measurement. No one can now be charged with

failure. Who, indeed, can determine whether the student has gained in 'intellectual grasp,' 'social awareness,' and all those other intangibles now regarded as educational aims?

The teachers now teaching in our grammar schools and high schools are inadequately equipped with a knowledge of the subjects they are required to teach. Many of them are called upon to teach subjects with which they have only the most superficial acquaintance. They have spent so much time in departments of 'education,' learning how to teach, that they have been deprived of an opportunity to learn what to teach.

There is no short cut in educational procedure. There is no escaping the fact that acquiring knowledge is a slow, laborious process, and takes drill, hard work, and competent guidance. The overemphasis of method would not be so disastrous if along with it had not come an overemphasis of the wrong method. Our educational system has sold out to the demands of big business. To the business 'executive' the slow process of arriving at sound conclusions by a thorough investigation of all available facts is always annoying. He is a man of action; he demands action, and 'action now.' His success is due largely to this decisiveness. Since in many business situations one guess is as good as another, the ability to find a short cut is at a premium. A rough examination of facts — a decision based on a hunch — is frequently the only method that can be used because there is little time to do the job of deciding more thoroughly. If he guesses right, the executive gains a reputation of deep insight; if he guesses wrong, he can often find an alibi in labor trouble or an unwise policy on the part of the federal administration.

The business man is not hesitant in expressing his contempt for the theorist, for the man who refuses to act until he has exhausted all means of acquiring information upon which to base a decision. What the world needs, so he tells

his fellow members of the Chamber of Commerce, is leadership — men like himself — doers, not thinkers: we need men who abhor hesitation and approach all questions 'realistically,' unhampered by accurate knowledge. In colleges that train youth for the business world it is proper that these principles should be accepted. But when these principles are set up as guides in the teaching of literature, art, and the sciences it is another matter. In cultivating the garden of our mind we are mainly concerned with the beauty of the flowers, not with the marketability of the fruits.

The purse strings are controlled by the 'leaders,' and endowments must of necessity be secured from the same sources. The needs expressed by them become the ends of our educational systems. We are now training for leadership. And the school authorities feel obliged to offer apologies if, in spite of their devoted endeavors, some of the human material emerges, not as doers, but as thinkers.

No longer does the student labor to gain in understanding, to see the world in all its complex interrelationships, to enlarge his horizon, to gain in wisdom. He studies to become an effective doer. Impatient with time-consuming and action-retarding investigation and thought, he is encouraged to seek short cuts, gradually becoming imbued with the principle that it is better to act unwisely than not to act at all.

The modern school no longer believes there is a satisfaction that comes from knowing a thing thoroughly, from the successful accomplishing of a task. We are modern now. No one can be expected to have the slightest interest in anything whose practical use is not immediately clear to him. The student is being trained to act. He is encouraged to ask, 'How does this knowledge contribute to effective action? Of what possible use can it be to me?'

Nowhere else in the world have I ever heard the question asked, 'What is a college education worth?' Our educa-

tional institutions prepare impressive statistics to prove the correlation between a college degree and earning power in such widely separate fields as selling automobiles and preaching the gospel. But what sane person could ever have doubted that a man with more knowledge than the average would be in a position to get ahead a little faster in whatever he undertook? And when we consider that the school system — to some extent, at least — eliminates the worst numskulls, can anyone be surprised to discover that the more intelligent students who get a degree, if only in virtue of academic longevity, will make a somewhat better showing? However, to the business man, with his awe for statistics, such graphs and colored charts are convincing. Now that we have shown our financial backers that the acquisition of knowledge has proved not too great a handicap in the one field in which our real interest is centred — the field of money making — we are ready to proceed.

But notice what standards we have set for ourselves. We have completely capitulated. We are committed to a training for action. We ourselves have set up earning power as the test of educational success. I wonder where Shakespeare would have been classified, or if college statisticians would have conveniently neglected to include Spinoza in their calculations so as not to spoil the convincing character of their success curves.

But our 'educators,' who are ever looking for more intangible objectives, have grasped with avidity this new motto, 'Training for Leadership!' What a blessing from heaven! How can anyone tell whether the product is finished? How does one become a leader? What qualities are demanded besides ruthlessness and lack of consideration for others? Here indeed is a smoke screen behind which failure may be hidden.

Our educational system now has as its motto, 'No one can be expected to learn

unless he sees the value of what he is about to learn.' The next step is: 'We will arouse your interest by showing you how the knowledge may be used.' And the next step becomes inevitably: 'No one can acquire knowledge unless he can do something about it while he is learning.'

So the small child studying Greek history is given a project to carve a Greek temple out of soap, and in the more advanced stages the student is asked to render decisions concerning the conduct of the United States Steel Corporation without his ever having seen a steel plant.

To mature minds such mental exercises are undoubtedly stimulating, and a splendid training for young executives; to the immature the effect is fatal. Like the morons driving high-powered engines of destruction on the public highways, they develop a conquering sense of power without a corresponding sense of their own limitations. The individual is given a deep-rooted confidence in his own judgment. He becomes the judge of values. What he considers worth-while is the criterion. Given the right I.Q., he can't go wrong; or, in the words of the title of Pinero's ultramodern play which reflects so subtly the philosophy of Fascism, 'Right you are if you think you are.'

III

Our theory is complete. Action, knowledge for action, knowledge through action, knowledge is action. And the world is reaping the whirlwind which it has sown.

If there is one thing the world does not need it is more leadership. The battle being waged politically and internationally is essentially one between leaders craving action and those who know too much to act. Nor have we been wholly unaware in this country that something is not quite right. The egocentric mentality of youth, who more than ever before are convinced that this is the day when

'youth will be served' and that the world is largely if not entirely run for their benefit, has led to some protests. But our educators are undaunted. If something is wrong it can easily be corrected. What we now need is more attention to 'character building.' Thank heavens, another intangible.

Now to me all this seems absurd. I am old-fashioned enough to adhere to the old notion that character is, as it were, the subtle essence of a person's inherited characteristics, his environment, and his habit of life. I have always thought that honesty with one's self, intellectual honesty, was the first step on the road to character building, and that a decent regard for others, born of a clear understanding of their problems and desires, though different from our own, was the next step.

But I am wrong again. We are now, so the newspapers inform me, going to give special attention to character building. I can just imagine a teacher saying to a group of undisciplined and spoiled young brats, 'Now, children, we are going to devote the next half hour to character building.'

Have we gone insane? Maybe not quite, but we are certainly on the road. And don't blame the teachers altogether. They are usually quite helpless. Many, if not most of them, are definitely opposed to all this falderol and firmly believe in the old way of acquiring knowledge. They still believe that an individual needs certain fundamental knowledge to fit into society, that this knowledge can be acquired only by hard work, and that the by-product is a character formed by intellectual honesty and disciplined thought and action. But they are helpless. Why?

Enter the executive.

To any visitor from abroad, the most impressive thing in the United States, next to the wonder of sky-reaching and unoccupied steel structures like the Empire State Building, is the group of business executives. Nowhere else, per

worker employed, do we find so many mahogany desks and Oriental carpets devoted to the use of executives as we do in this country. It is indeed fortunate that our industry can afford to bear this burden of administrative overhead, but to the ignorant visitor from abroad it looks like a top-heavy structure. As one visitor said to me, 'You have gone administration mad.'

I do not know anything about these matters, and, not possessing adequate statistical data, am not prepared to render judgment. All I ask is that you look at your local schools some day and compare their administrative burdens with those of, say, twenty years ago. Principals and vice principals, curriculum directors, psychological advisers, stenographers and filing clerks — I shall not undertake to enumerate them. We of the old school wonder why all this is necessary. Why all this elaborate office machinery, why all these files and files of cards and folders, why all this entourage of the executive? Under the system of which I am a product no such executive staff existed, nor does it exist to-day. What do they all do? How do they occupy themselves? There is only one way they can keep busy. They supervise, check, correct, direct, and improve method.

The American system sets up, not the world and its requirements as the standard, but the child. Thus, as the child passes along the assembly line, the progress of the product must be constantly inspected, just as they do it in the Ford plant.

The process starts with the psychological test. The child's I.Q. is registered. And that is only the beginning. From then on, the teacher's time is occupied far more with checks and counterchecks and inspections than with acquiring more knowledge of the subject or with teaching. And my observation is that most of this record compilation is totally useless.

Some years ago our daughter, attend-

ing a public high school, was not receiving very good grades in arithmetic. We went to the school to see if possibly the teachers could suggest some way in which we could assist her to make a better showing. We were ushered into the august presence of the chief executive. A clerk was summoned, and a search was made in the elaborate filing system that lined the walls of an adjoining room. Triumphantly a folder was extracted and placed on the desk. Deep silence and a close examination of the statistical data followed. Then came the pronouncement: 'You have no cause for worry; her I.Q. is all right!' This certainly soothed my ragged nerves; but I had never doubted her I.Q. I did not even know what it was or where she carried it. I wanted to know about her arithmetic. It was explained to me, in that condescending and kindly fashion which the expert so frequently assumes when addressing the rank outsider, that my worry regarding arithmetic was quite irrelevant. Her I.Q. being what it was, the system being what it was, the outcome was assured. The assembly-line technique would not fail her.

We removed our daughter from the assembly line and from the further administrative protection of this perfectly systematized educational factory and sent her to a school where they did not know the difference between an I.Q. and a bullfrog. She is doing excellent work now, unhampered by executive interference and periodic inspection.

To use, if I may, an unacademic expression, 'How do they get that way?'

That is not difficult to answer. Once you make method the centre of your system, the need for constant supervision, checking, and revision of technique becomes easily evident. Teaching now becomes a matter of organization and administrative control and not of knowledge. The professional administrators, through their constant contact with State Boards of Education, state legislators, and town officers, have learned

about all that politicians can teach. They, and the select few among the teachers' colleges, have by now secured a strangle hold on a substantial part of the educational system of the country.

They speak the language of business and of politics. Their importance and indispensability increase with the dimensions of the administrative force. In order to demonstrate that they are wide-awake and 'on the job,' they must constantly place before the controllers of the purse strings a new theory — a new experiment. The business man understands this. He would not offer you a 1936 Ford in 1937. It is not difficult for him to grasp that a school must be similarly 'up to date.' He is baffled by the pseudo-psychological lingo of the expert 'educator,' but it has a strange fascination for him.

Now the poor teachers are caught. They cannot refuse to accept the new ideas. Their advice is usually not asked and certainly not followed. They dare not protest. The 'administrator' has too much knowledge of the methods of business administration. He speaks of 'coöperation' and interprets it, as the business executive, to mean 'I'll tell you what to do — you just do it.' Should the teachers protest, they would soon discover that the school administrator has also learned the good American method of management by 'shake-up.' As one reorganization plan follows closely upon the heels of another, with no one knowing where the lightning will strike next, intelligent opposition is effectively unnerved.

Our universities have, on the whole, been little affected by all this, probably owing to the fact that the administrative direction has not been in the hands of professional administrators, or of those trained in schools of education where method was set up as superior to contents.

Yet it would be incorrect to assume that the universities have escaped entirely. To be sure, the academic inde-

pendence of the university professor has been preserved to a most surprising extent; but subtle influences are at work to undermine it. The largest single danger in our university life comes again from the tendency to copy the pattern of management of big business. In our universities in Holland, all important decisions are made by the faculty or its representative body, the senate; and each professor in turn, in the order of seniority, occupies the post of presiding officer of this body.

When entering upon his activities in an American university the professor discovers that democracy has no place in the educational world. To be sure, faculty meetings are held, but in too many instances they are merely opportunities for the members of the faculty to blow off steam, and are intended only too often merely to give the impression that faculties are being consulted. Decisions are made in many institutions by the superexecutives. That is the way the Standard Oil Company operates, so who can doubt that the same method will also bring the best results in directing the work of a university?

This suppression of the democratic principle is most in evidence in our state institutions, where more or less successful business men are often brought in to direct the affairs of the institution. This is quite logical to the man who worships method. Is not the 'method of management,' like the 'method of teaching,' of universal application?

IV

Is there a remedy? I believe there is. I also believe it will not be applied. The first cure will lie in a clearer and more courageous definition of what we hope to achieve. Since our plan of operation is what it is, we must continue to face the need for elementary courses in our institutions of higher learning. But we should make a sharp division between those courses which are merely supplying

what the students failed to receive in preparatory school and those which are of true university character.

Now there is every reason to encourage as many as are willing to come to expose themselves to the elementary subjects; and two years of college should be enough to satisfy this demand. But the point is that we must stop avoiding the issue. They come to learn. Then let us not find alibis. Let us tell the youngsters, 'We think this is what you need to learn to be an intelligent, modern citizen of the world. Now go to it. We don't care whether it will increase your earning power. In fact, we are mean enough to hope it will not. Neither are we going to tell you that you come to college not to learn but to make "social contacts." This is not a country club.'

If any students are left in the institution after the first two years, we may then decide who is fitted by intellectual capacity, knowledge, and general adaptability to continue and get the benefit of specialized professional training.

As far as the administrative side of the university is concerned, it is not too much to ask that the democratic spirit about which we hear so much in this country be reflected in the one place where it can exist most naturally. If, because of their size, universities in this country need business managers, let us have them, but let us separate as sharply as possible the academic from the administrative functions. The able-bodied, able-minded, and full-grown men who constitute the faculty can safely be granted the democratic right of sharing more fully in directing the policies of the institution than is now generally the case.

But most of our trouble does not lie in the universities, but in the grammar and high schools. There the first step in advance must be found in better pay for the better-trained teachers. Once the quality of the teaching staff has been improved, more democratic control of the schools by the teachers must be introduced. And this implies that the

pernicious interference in school matters by high-strung Parent-Teacher Associations must end. These associations have undoubtedly done some good in isolated instances, but in many cases they have merely added to the dark fears that surround the underpaid teachers. They have only too often opened wide the gates for lay interference with the school system, and have frequently proved the means of shouldering upon the schools the burdens of neglected parental responsibilities. If your teachers know their jobs, if they have been selected because they have had the necessary equipment and experience, why not leave them alone? Would you organize a family doctors' association to supervise the operating-room technique of your physicians?

Once the teachers are free from outside interference and from the fear of arbitrary executive discipline, once they know their subjects thoroughly, I have little fear that they will find it necessary to hide behind method and intangible aims to cover up the lack of results. They themselves will insist that one studies a subject to learn it, and that one learns it because it is better to know the world in all its aspects than to be ignorant. And Johnnie, working late hours to keep up with his lessons, will in time discover that there is a joy in learning things for the sake of learning, that the most effective way of arousing one's interest is to complete successfully a distasteful and difficult task; and his character will develop as the by-product of disciplined living and thinking.

But I have been dreaming of a world that will never be. I am sorry if I have spoken out of turn. We have the greatest school system in the world. A recurring world crisis is upon us, and battleships must be built. We cannot now consider increasing the pay of our teachers; nor is it necessary, for in the immortal words of a legislator of Massachusetts, the cradle of our American culture, 'Teachers is cheap.'

ECCENTRIC BALLET

BY MARYA ZATURENSKA

Soul that moulds the body's grace no more; —
In that wild ballet on the winter stage,
When the pale dancer lying at death's door
Felt the slow hand of doom, and a veiled image
Enter her eyes, her brow.
'Now is your hour, now.'

There in pre-Raphaelite dimness, gray-gold swoon,
Her memoried wraiths appear with loosened hair
And make strange rustlings as of music there,
Though all is silent in her winter room.
Terror of desolation pierced the cold,
And intense longing turned the black to gold.

Although no longer musical and young,
Dissolving, dying, dulled, the senses make
Celestial music on her muted tongue,
Achieving beauty for a longing's sake.
White yachts of heaven float ominously,
And great windows open to the sea.

Gather your inspiration's scattered flowers
Bright on the darkened stage and dance again,
The thwarted sadness of your wasted hours,
The intricate unholiness of pain,
Of unseen silver and of unflashed gold
And of a story greater than you told.

Swing to the dark from still aspiring light
While your loved wraiths strike lute, guitar, tambour,
Singing the misty memory of delight,
Recalling hidden daydreams of the poor,
Departing voice of hope, quick-curtained destiny
Hushes the melody.

Before the curtain falls, sing, dance, and play
While the strong soul supports the failing breath
In that eccentric, last, and wild ballet
Until the angry soul dissolves in death.
Splendor of motion dimming into space
The visionary, soon-forgotten face.

LABRADOR DAYS

BY SIR WILFRED GRENFELL

I

IN Labrador we divide our year into three seasons, winter, spring, and fall. You seldom hear our folk talking of summer. Though it is little enough hot weather we get north of the Straits of Belle Isle, it is ample for our tastes, for a hot day sets all Northerners a-loafing — while the brisk cold of winter stirs the blood, and keeps the laziest laggard on the move. This service, as the old sea dog Whitbourne remarks, is rendered to us in summer by the mosquito, which marks out the loiterer with unfailing vigor.

We should be the slaves of the seasons if we were not the masters of them. During seven months the sea is closed to us, and the land is uninhabitable the other five. We are driven out on to the seaboard for the fishery in spring and we return up the long bays in the fall for the trapping season, to the little house nestling in among the trees. We must reap the harvest of the sea during the 'open water'; and so the barren wave-beaten rocks of the Atlantic coast are flecked with the tiny log tilts which are inhabited until the chilling ocean drives the fish away again.

It is a grand sight in the spring to see the first rush to the shore of the fish called capelin. Those who are accustomed to speak of the economy of Nature would blush to see these fish being destroyed or destroying themselves in thousands on the beach. The waves ripple up black with the seething fish, and soon the sands are ankle-deep in

spawn. Beasts innumerable are preying on them, dogs famished after the winter, foxes now ragged and tawny and useless for fur, bears woken and hungry after their long winter siesta, mink and marten no longer forced to a weary hunt for a mouthful or driven to the mean crime of robbery.

Gulls and petrels and hawks hover overhead, puffins and loons and auks swim both above and below the school of fish, while the oily surface of the very sea is alive with jostling, 'breaching' cod, so that at times we say the sea is 'dry' with fish. Behind the cod come the jumpers and the blowers, ice porpoises and grampuses, sharks and dog-fish. All are celebrating the event of the brief summer by a colossal beanfeast, at which everyone seems to be eating his next-door neighbor. Long before the great holocaust is over, the fisherman comes along and sweeps the participants impartially into his mighty net.

Now it is that the nets, made during the long winter evenings and on the uncivil days, when it is impossible to visit the fur traps because of the blizzard howling outside, bring the reward of industry; and men, women, and children find employment 'making the fish' — that is, cleaning, sorting, and drying the catch for the foreign market. Alas, there are many enemies of the great nets or traps. If the ever-flowing Arctic Current carries one of our countless giant icebergs from the eternal glaciers of the North into the nets as they are moored out from

the rocks, it is a major disaster. When an iceberg is approaching, the part of wisdom is to get out of the way, for to tow perhaps a million tons of ice away from the precious net is not to be thought of. It is always dangerous to be too familiar with an iceberg. Gales of wind, too, will soon rip to ribbons the twine, which it will take half the winter to put right again.

Often enough a large whale, following the fish, will swim straight into a trap net. I recall a whale tangled in a maze of twine, which rushed off with the door of the trap like a modern Samson. Another burst through the wall as if it had been a tissue-paper hoop in a circus. Another, contemptuously rolling about inside the net, as if in an improvised bath, got himself so tightly held down by the big mooring anchors that he was unable to get to the surface in time to breathe, with the result that he had to pay for his frolic with many a 'pound of flesh.'

It is always a jolly crowd that, with a winter's 'diet' secured from the summer's work, prepares, as soon as the first snow falls, 'to go up the bay' for winter quarters. The first flying snow that comes to hide the traces of the summer carnage of fish sounds a glad Angelus to summon these scattered Toilers of the Deep from the boisterous ocean to the peace and security of our old-time winter.

Frozen in — and the great world frozen out. It might seem as though we must greet the last visit of the mail boat, which in summer links us with civilization, with a sinking feeling in our hearts. Some would suppose that the rattle and the crash as she butted her way into the fast-forming harbor ice sounded a death knell to those now to be buried alive in this 'dreary abode of half-starved humanity.' No such thing! There is no happier Christmas crowd than that which gathers on the impromptu wharf of ice for the last call of the steamer. Noisy dog-teams and shouting drivers

are soon alongside, the steel-shod runners of their homemade sleighs or komatiks humming merrily over the crisp snow as they hurtle down on to the level ice from the high land, racing with each other and fearful of being late for the impatient steamer. When at length the last package is delivered, and the loaded komatiks are ready for the shore, and the boat is backing astern, soon to disappear from our horizon, it is a right cheerful note that bids her 'Good-bye.' Now we can settle down to enjoy the pursuits and pleasures of a subarctic winter, free from thaw and slush and damp.

I have come into one of our tiny villages when the snow has already covered the hills, and the ice on the inland lakes already 'bears,' and found a dozen families waiting for the word to start the journey of twenty or thirty miles to the river mouth at the head of the bay, whence some will trek many more miles to their trapping grounds farther in the interior. Such migrations are becoming rarer in these days. The long boats are filled with every conceivable object of household use, and also, it is to be hoped, with a winter's supplies: barrels of flour, kegs of molasses, tubs of butter, chests of tea, casks of pork, bags of hard bread or biscuit, a puncheon of beef, and so forth; all the bedding, stoves, furniture, boxes, guns, nets, traps — and then on top the goats, if any, the team of dogs, and lastly the women and children. No, there is not much room left to row, and if winter comes on very rapidly, and the whole cavalcade has to camp once or twice on the way, the experiences are not all beer and skittles.

II

In what other country in the world is every man his own houseowner, provided with free firewood galore? Nay, all here are also 'carriage folk,' for our dogs cost little, feeding themselves in summer on

the offal of our fish and in winter on old whale meat, cod-liver blubber, seal carcasses, or anything else they happen to find about.

We devote the slack days of the late fall to excursions into the country for caribou, which are conveniently descending to the woodlands from the high hills where they have been feeding to escape from the mosquitoes of summer, and are also wending their way south, as they find it harder to get at the luscious mosses on the now frozen ground. These give us fresh venison to freeze for our meat supply in winter, skins for our sleeping bags, and moccasins to use with snowshoes over the beautifully level and direct winter snow roads. The caribou also afford us the thread and sinew for our skin boots. These must be light and soft to allow the feet to move freely and so keep from freezing, and should also be watertight and snowtight.

The hot sun in spring makes the snow surface wet, and we cannot then use the smoked deerskin boots. The deficiency, however, is generously supplied by the seals, which we catch in nets in early spring and late fall, or shoot in boats between the great ice pans, or, in unsportsmanlike fashion, club on the ice floe at their breeding time in March or April. Unsportsmanlike as is the killing of the seals at such a time, to venture off on the heaving masses of arctic ice that are running along the shore, to start out to hunt seals that have been spied from the headland, to risk getting ashore at some projecting point miles farther along, require far more courage than much so-called sport, and have cost more lives than many a quail or partridge.

The sealskins are invaluable to our local Labrador men. Boots made from them weigh only a pound a pair. They are completely watertight, and, tying below the knee, keep out the snow that otherwise would melt against the warm stocking. Sealskins also give us our gloves, while the Eskimos of the far

North use them to cover their boats and tubiks and themselves. In cold weather, especially in winter, a sealskin *kossak* worn over a good sweater is an almost ideal garment.

As for the meat of the seal, we preserve it in nature's own larder, nailing it up well out of the reach of the dogs, though even that might not be necessary, for I have known a fallen seal flipper to be so hard frozen that it puzzled a dog to make a scratch on it.

Outside, around the cottage walls, are stretched on large frames the skins of the beautiful bay seals. These we allow the frost to bleach before we soften them for wearing, by scraping and breaking the fibres. Only the better-off folk who remain salmon fishing in the bay can keep sheep, and these animals never dare go outside the fold, for our team dogs love sheep all too dearly. The hand loom, still to be seen at work in the houses of those who do their own spinning, carding, and knitting, affords many happy hours to the womenfolk, besides homeliness to the cottage and warm woollens for the men.

A few years ago a large steamer homeward bound was cast on the inhospitable (I ought really to say 'hospitable') rocks of our shore. Jagged rocks, piercing through her bottom, held her in an upright position as if she were still afloat. Before she sank, there was time to salve all the movable cargo, including a quantity of sheep. The wool was eagerly annexed by the settlers; but the mutton was given to the dogs, just as you, no doubt, would treat our *pièce de résistance*, the flipper of the baby seal, as only too patently combining in itself the aromas of the fish and game courses.

We do not breakfast Sunday on baked beans, and our substitute, known as 'brewis,' — made of dried codfish, soaked hardtack, and fat pork, — might appear to you unpalatable. But in a climate like Labrador we have that best of all sauces, hunger.

III

What a great day it is when at last all is snugly 'stowed away,' and, leaving the women to put the last finishing touches inside the winter cottage, with trap and rifle we are ready to start out to reconnoitre the fur path for the first time. How the crink of a lingering flock of geese makes one's blood tingle; what a thrill the fresh track of a land bear sends through one! Here, plainly written on the snow, is the story of a chase by a fierce little marten or sable; there are the long gliding marks of an otter that has come to live in the open headwater of his great pool, where likely enough he has been 'trouting' during all the months that the country has been handed over to the inhabitants of the wild. Here are the slots of a recently passed company of deer, and there are the pad marks of some lonely old wolf, following in the wake of his to-morrow's dinner.

But most important to the trapper is the clean-cut dainty track between those boulders by the landwash marking a fox's highroad to his hunting ground. Who knows if it is a silver-hair or a brown one! It may mean a hundred dollars running about, and the trapper's ingenuity may turn it into cash.

Now for trap No. 1, neatly hidden after being well smoked to remove the nasty smell of white man, and then a dainty piece of fish and perhaps a smear of Florida water and a little assafoetida added. A fox loves these incongruities; a lynx prefers valerian; a marten has a leaning for castoreum and is not averse to aniseed. To bait a beaver trap is easy, for a chunk of birchwood is all he needs, but to set a trap for him under the ice requires no little initiation.

A girl on this coast was given a trap of her own to earn pin money. To her great joy she found a well-frequented fox path, and set her trap accordingly. But every day the fox circled round and round the dainty morsel, and then

departed. Once or twice he sprung the trap and bore off the bait in triumph. He tried it once too often, however, for the girl set the trap unbaited in the little circular track, leaving the bait as before in the centre. The next day she had a noble silver fox.

The most harmful aspect of trapping is its cruelty. A fox may be caught for days in a trap with his legs broken; and many a one, when left long in a trap, has eaten off his own leg above and below where it is caught, and so has escaped on three. Of course, the limb has been frozen first. Mercifully the neck trap, which kills at once, is rapidly coming into use. The native Eskimo trap, of which one often sees specimens as one travels the hills, was made of stones and catches the fox alive and quite painlessly.

To be sure, Reynard himself is a cruel villain, very fond of torturing his own victims before he has finally worried them to death; and almost every animal here can live only by destroying some other creature, including ourselves. It is impossible to be a vegetarian where there are no vegetables. As a matter of fact, in these climes foxes depend chiefly on mice for their living. These mice exist in enormous numbers among the deep layers of stones, covered with mosses and lichens, that everywhere carpet the land. Extreme frosts alternating with occasional thaws in the early spring break up the rocks. If it were not for this the mice would not have safe retreats in summer and countless vaulted passages to travel in during the winter. In fact, they could not exist at all.

In time of plenty, Reynard makes caches of these mice against an evil day. But he is a suspicious scamp, and has been seen as he travels along his path, though already carrying an unneeded mouse in his mouth, every now and again to scent around and dig up some long-defunct victim, just to see how it is getting on.

IV

Life on a coast like this naturally has its superstitions and its tragedies. One of our woodsmen left his home one morning as usual, but at nightfall did not return. The snow was six feet deep everywhere, and he had taken with him neither food nor preparations for camping. Much anxiety was felt, but next morning he returned safe and sound. He firmly believes that the fairies 'lugged him away.' There was no liquor to be had, even had he been addicted to it, and we never had any reason to doubt his sanity. It appears he was returning on his usual path when he heard the fairies calling, and, as they had often called people away, he knew that he had to go. At night he made a hole close to a tree trunk, put a great arctic owl he had shot under his feet and half a dozen willow grouse round his legs, hauled his kossak or hood over his head, and slept 'with ne'er a frost burn — but the blood was some time before it trickled back through my veins.'

The remarkable efficacy of faith is well sustained by the strong reliance our fishermen put in charms. Not only have I lost a patient because he *would* wait for an 'old woman from the Bay' to come and charm him rather than suffer the knife, but another patient so strongly insisted that I must charm his diseased molar rather than use my forceps that I consented in exasperation to go through the motions. Ever since he has stoutly maintained that that tooth, at least, has never troubled him once.

Our tragedies are mainly due to our isolation. A father of one of our fishing families was compelled one midwinter to leave his wife and children and take

to the komatik path to find food. He was away from home far longer than he intended to be, and when at last he returned he found his wife and little lad were missing. The other children told him, 'Mother went out to look for you, as you were so long.' Nothing was seen of the lost ones till months after. A fisherman was in the woods for 'firing' when he thought he saw something like a rag out on a marsh. He went to it only to discover the still-frozen bodies of the mother and her little boy.

In one of our deep inlets known as Byron's Bay dwells a solitary family in the winter. The oldest boy had ventured out on to the young ice after a seal. Suddenly from the shore the father saw him disappear. Unable to swim, the father rushed for his fishing line. Fixing the stout jigger in his belt, he gave the end of the line to his daughter to hold, and hurried out till he reached the hole, where he also fell through. Down he went, with only the frail strength of a single fishing line between himself and a horrible death. He was unfortunately too late to get more than the body of his boy, but, marvelous to relate, with that he escaped alive to the shore.

Our daily bread in Labrador depends largely on our physical accomplishments, our energy, and our courage. We may deal in the insecurities of the hunt, but that is better than the securities of civilization. For there is a marvelous attraction in the freedom of the life. There is the excitement of daily contest, the joy of having overcome some difficulty quite unaided. Our Labrador days confirm the truth of Nietzsche's dictum that 'everything worth while in the world has been accomplished notwithstanding.'

DAISYBELLE

BY JO PAGANO

I

EVERY Saturday night after nine o'clock, after closing time, came the scavengers. In the alley stood the big trucks, waiting to collect the garbage; and for an hour or more, in obedience to the market regulations, the produce merchants had been hauling out their crates and garbage cans. The market being closed Sundays, it happened that very often perfectly good produce found its way into the cans — perfectly good, that is, except that it would not keep until Monday; and it was for this that the army of scavengers searched. Mostly they were old men and women, but of late, since the depression, it was not unusual to see young men and women digging into the crates and cans side by side with the regulars.

The market had long since come to accept their presence as a natural part of the daily routine. Some of the oldest, like 'Miz' Frisby,' it even looked upon with a certain affection. She was a fat, high-hipped, coal-black Negress of indeterminate age. Her real name no one knew: everyone hailed her by the nickname. Concerning Miz' Frisby there is a standing story. It seems that on a certain Saturday night she was moving from garbage can to garbage can, scrutinizing the contents of each religiously, yet taking from each no booty. One of the produce merchants, moved by a sudden impulse of generosity, called to her from his stand.

'Hey there, Miz' Frisby — here's a cabbage,' he cried, holding a big head of

that vegetable aloft and making as though to toss it to her.

She looked at the cabbage and then at him.

'No thanks, honey,' she said, grinning her chuckling grin and shaking her head. 'Ah'm lookin' for some spinach.'

Looking for spinach! Among even these, then, a certain gastronomical preference is apparently observed. Looking for spinach! The employees never quite got over that one.

But let us not devote too much attention to Miz' Frisby. It is not of her we would write, but of another, a little girl no more than twelve or thirteen surely, who for a space of time came regularly every Saturday night with her mother and two small boys, presumably her brothers: an entire family, indeed, that came scurrying into the market a minute or so before the doors closed and rushed down the aisles from can to can. Even the most hardened of the employees looked on them with pity. They were used to the regulars, to the old men and women, the Mexicans, the Negroes; they had even become accustomed to the recent influx of young men and boys; but these, this family of three children and mother, these were something else again. And so it was that occasionally a piece of soup bone or handful of potatoes and onions found their way into the shopping bags the four of them carried, placed there surreptitiously by some employee. The girl always looked at such offerings with unblinking, round blue

eyes — she was fair-skinned, really pretty, with very yellow hair and a sweet, round little face; she would look at the outstretched hand, snatch the offering hurriedly without a word, and as hurriedly move on.

They appeared to be Swiss, or maybe German — no one knew; no one asked. The mother was small and thin, with a narrow, tired face and furtive hands. The boys were stocky and stolid, trailing along after mother and sister with sober, uncurious blue eyes. The mother always led the procession, but the girl appeared to have an equal responsibility. She would stand alongside her mother and dig into a separate can, moving her fingers with extraordinary speed; when her own bag was filled she would commence to stuff the bags which her brothers held patiently. Tomatoes usually formed the bulk of their harvest, for thousands of pounds of these vegetables were handled during the course of a Saturday's business by the produce merchants, so many that a considerable portion of them were rendered unfit for sale. Thus it was that at night the garbage cans were choked with pulpy, juice-dripping tomatoes, mixed with slimy beans and peas, rotting fruit, black-spotted celery, the whole often covered over with wet sawdust which the merchants, after sweeping up the floor, dumped atop the garbage. The girl and her mother displayed extraordinary facility in separating the sawdust from the tomatoes and the tomatoes from the rest of the garbage, their fingers dipping into the cans so swiftly that one could hardly follow them. They had to work fast, for they were not allowed to linger in the market after closing time.

II

It was Sam Amaridian who gave the little girl the name by which, for want of any other name, we shall forever remember her. Sam was an Armenian, and he worked for his father, in his father's fruit

stand, in the basement. He was a short, stocky youth of twenty-three, with a hairy chest and forearms and a sallow, blue-black face. There were two more brothers, — Mike, who was the oldest, and Joe, a pimply-faced youth of eighteen, — and these also worked in the stand, along with the mother and father.

It was on a night before Christmas that Sam first saw the little girl and her family. That year Christmas Eve fell on a Wednesday, but in accordance with the market regulations the market, instead of closing at six o'clock as it normally did on weekdays, stayed open until nine, to gain the full benefit of the rush of Christmas shoppers. 'A helluva Christmas Eve!' muttered the disgruntled employees; 'there oughta be a law.' But there was no law; and work until nine o'clock they did, whatever their private feelings. Christmas, in the market, was one of the two biggest days of the year, the other being Thanksgiving. The stands were festooned with holly wreaths; miniature Christmas trees glistened on various counters, and each of the stands displayed big banners wishing the public 'A Merry Xmas and Happy New Year'; the butcher counters were hung with turkeys, and great heaps of chestnuts and blood-red cranberries stood piled on the produce stands, alongside glowing yellow stalks of celery; at the dried-fruit stands were fancy packs of dates and figs and nuts, and the bakers displayed fruit cakes, black and spiced or else golden-brown, studded with orange peel, citron, and raisins; the market was redolent with the heavy, pungent odors of freshly baked bread, of smoked hams and sausages and roasting coffee; and all day long, up and down the aisles, hour after hour, moved the undiminishing throng of holiday shoppers.

Sam had been up since one o'clock in the morning, trimming celery. When the doors opened, he took his place at the counter and worked straight through until nine that evening, with only a few minutes off for lunch and dinner. His

father had put on two extra men, but even so they could hardly handle the trade. When at last the great bell rang upstairs, signifying that the day was over, Sam pulled a cigarette out of his sweat-stained breast pocket mechanically, lit it, took a puff, and looked with glazed eyes around. His father was opening the register top to see the amount of the day's receipts.

'By God!' ejaculated Mr. Amaridian, his haggard face breaking into a gleeful smile. 'Look at this, will you!'

The members of the family turned their separate heads in one movement.

'How much?'

'Three hundred and forty dollars!'

'No!'

'That's right — look for yourself.'

Their tired faces lit up in contented, victorious smiles.

'Well, can you beat that!'

Sam's eyes, however, had been caught by the sight of the little girl, who with her family had just descended on the garbage cans of the vegetable stand across the aisle. He watched them unemotionally for a moment, and then the girl straightened up and he caught a glimpse of her face. 'Poor kid,' he thought. He stood watching her, puffing his cigarette wearily, resting for a moment before he commenced the after-closing job of clearing off the stand. He had been selling bananas all day, and on the counter in front of him were several fan-shaped clusters of the fruit. 'Hey there, sister!' he called. She did not look around. 'Hey! You!' The girl looked up and stared at him with round, uncurious blue eyes. 'You like bananas?' he asked. 'Here!' He lifted a bunch of bananas and held them toward her. Her mother and the two boys stared at the fruit. 'Come on,' he said. 'Take them, it's all right.' She looked uncertainly at her mother, then without a word came forward. 'That's right,' he said, lifting them down to her. 'But don't eat too many of them or you'll have a tummy-ache. Get me?' She snatched the bana-

nas out of his outstretched hand and ran back to her mother. Sam straightened his aching back and stepped down into the back of the stand.

'What did you do?' asked Mrs. Amaridian angrily. 'Did you give those filthy people the bananas for nothing?'

'Sure,' he said, picking up the broom. 'What of it?'

'What of it!' she repeated. 'What do you think we are — Santy Claus? Let them go buy their bananas.'

'Aw, forget it. The poor people — this is Christmas, Ma.'

'Yah!' she grunted. 'You quit making so big with the fruit. They don't give *you* nothing for nothing. Let them get it off the Japs — that's where they spend their money when they got it. A whole bunch,' she muttered. 'I bet there was five pounds in it.'

'Sure,' he said with heavy sarcasm. 'I bet it cost the old man at least a dime. Nuts!' And, stepping out into the aisle, he began to sweep up the accumulated sawdust vigorously.

This, then, was the first time he saw her, but it was not the last. Every Saturday night thereafter, and sometimes during the middle of the week, she came in at closing time, usually with her mother and brothers, sometimes alone. Sam gave no thought to her from one day to the next; indeed, she never entered his mind except at the moment when she moved suddenly before his eyes. And each time he saw her thin little body with the sweet little face and blue eyes, the ugly cotton stockings and the stained leather shopping bags, he thought, 'There she is again.' He never failed to give her something, in spite of the haggling protests of his mother: a double handful of apples, or some cabbage or lettuce, or perhaps a bunch of carrots. She always took the offerings with a quick snatching movement of her hand, and without a word of thanks would hurry quickly away.

'What's the matter?' he asked one night, hanging on to a bunch of carrots

at which she was tugging. 'What're you afraid of?'

Her eyes widened, and, releasing the carrots suddenly, she started to run.

'Hey!' he yelled. 'What's the matter? Here, take 'em!'

But she did not stop; she turned the corner of the aisle, her head reverting with a quick, sidelong movement that gave him a glimpse of the frightened blue eyes; and then she was gone. For two Saturdays she did not appear near the Amaridian stand, and then, the third week, Sam saw her again. He had forgotten her completely; he had not thought of her again since that night three weeks before; but seeing her again, turning into his aisle with the familiar dirty shopping bags in her hands, he muttered, 'There she is again,' and at once, involuntarily, he smiled.

'There's your girl-friend, Sam,' said his brother Mike.

'Yeah,' said Sam. 'The poor kid.'

He watched her approach the garbage can across the way.

'Hey!' he shouted.

She jerked her head around with frightened eyes.

'You want some apples?'

She shook her head vigorously and made as though to run.

'Hey!' he said. 'Wait a minute — what's the matter with you? I'm not going to hurt you — here!' And he tossed an apple gently in her direction.

Her eyes followed the circle it made in the air, but she made no attempt to catch it; she let it roll on the floor by her feet, still looking at it; then, after a moment, she bent over and picked it up.

'That's a good girl,' he smiled. 'What're you scared of?'

She looked up over her shoulder, and, suddenly smiling, ducked around the corner and out of sight.

Mike broke out laughing.

'Looks like you made a hit there, boy.'

'Yeah,' said Sam, staring in the direction in which she had disappeared. 'The poor kid.'

'Poor kid nothing!' broke in Mrs. Amaridian heatedly. 'You'd better quit making so free with the stuff if you know what's good for you!'

III

It was the following morning at breakfast, in the Amaridian home, that the girl received her name. Sprawled on the front-room davenport, sipping a cup of the poisonous black coffee whose pungently bitter aroma filled the entire house, Sam was reading the Sunday-morning comics. Suddenly he set the cup down on the floor and went into the kitchen, where Mike was still at the table.

'Look,' he said with a grin, holding the paper in front of his brother. 'Who's that?'

Mike knitted his heavy black brows and stared at the comic strip.

'Who's what? What're you talking about?'

'That,' said Sam, pointing a black-nailed forefinger. 'The kid in the funny paper — Daisybelle. Who does it look like?'

Mike stared at the paper for a moment blankly, then suddenly his own heavily lined, blue-jowled face broke into a smile.

'The kid!' he chuckled. 'By God, you're right. Look, Ma.'

He shoved the paper across the table. Mrs. Amaridian stared at it uncomprehendingly.

'What kid?' she asked impatiently. 'What are you talking about?'

'Sam's girl-friend,' Mike chuckled. 'You know, the kid that comes in the market.'

'You mean that filthy girl he gives the stuff to?'

'Yeah, that's right.'

'Ach!' she exploded angrily. 'Is that all you two got to think about?' She grabbed up the paper savagely and threw it at her son. 'Daisybelle, Daisybelle — I'll Daisybelle you the next time she comes around!'

And so it was that every night when the bell rang upstairs during the ensuing week Sam searched the aisles for a glimpse of her. Having given her a name, she had taken on an unexpected identity in his imagination; he even felt a certain proprietary interest in her. She did not appear, however, until the following Saturday; when he saw her he felt at once a peculiar sensation of satisfaction.

She was, as it happened, alone; she came walking hurriedly down the aisle, carrying, as usual, the familiar dirty shopping bags. He saw, as though for the first time, the bags, and immediately his satisfaction at seeing her gave way to a stab of resentful anger. 'The poor kid,' he muttered. 'By God, that's a shame — a dirty rotten shame.'

'There she is,' Mike chuckled.

'Yeah.'

He waited until she was a little closer and then he called to her.

'Hey! You!'

She looked around, but without fear; when she saw him she smiled.

'Want some beans?'

She nodded her head and stopped abreast of the counter.

'Hold the bag open,' he commanded, and when she did so, obediently, he commenced to shovel handfuls of wilting string beans into the open mouth of the bag. 'Where's your mother?' he asked. 'Sick?' She shook her head, but did not answer. He shoveled more beans into the bag. 'What's the matter, can't you talk? Cat got your tongue?' She looked up at him shyly, smiling, and shook her head. He laughed. 'What's your name, anyway?' She did not answer, and he shoveled another handful of beans into the bag.

'Sam!' screamed Mrs. Amaridian. 'What are you doing there?'

The girl jerked her head around in terror; she almost dropped the bag.

'It's all right, Daisybelle,' Sam said gently. 'It's all right. Run along home now, and come back again.'

Several times during the rest of that night, until he went to sleep, he thought of her: it was a helluva life for a kid, digging in garbage cans. He wondered about the family, who they were, if the father was dead — yeah, probably the old man was dead; maybe they were foreigners; maybe that's why she would n't talk — could n't speak English maybe; and what in hell did they do with that slop? Eat it?

IV

The following Wednesday Sam's sister came down from Fresno with her two small children to visit her parents. She had never been inside the market before, and Mrs. Amaridian took her proudly through it.

'But to-day it's nothing,' she told her daughter, whose husband owned a grape vineyard in the northern county. 'Wait until Saturday if you want to see something.'

Sam, during the week, had forgotten all about Daisybelle, but as closing time approached that Saturday night he all at once remembered her. His sister had come down in the afternoon, gone home again, then reappeared around seven-thirty with her little boys, to wait for the closing hour. At the moment she and Mrs. Amaridian were sitting on adjoining stools of the chop-suey counter that stood next to the Amaridian stand; the children were playing in the aisle. Sam was just about to step down off the foot-board when he saw Daisybelle. She was alone again, but this time her eyes, instead of being as usual on the floor, were looking in his direction, as though waiting for him to see her. He smiled at her and she smiled in return.

'Hi, Daisybelle. Want an apple?'

She nodded her head, still smiling shyly, and came up to the counter.

'Cat still got your tongue?' he chuckled, grabbing a handful of apples and extending them to her.

She shook her head, still smiling shyly, and took the apples.

'Don't you ever talk?' he demanded. 'What's your name?'

She shook her head vigorously, still smiling, looking up at him out of her round blue eyes, and made as though to turn away.

'Here, wait a minute,' he said. 'Here's some spuds. You like spuds?'

And before she could answer he picked up some potatoes and dumped them into her bag.

At that moment one of his sister's little boys came running around the corner of the stand. He slipped on a piece of refuse and sprawled headlong at Daisybelle's feet.

'Oh!' she cried.

The child was screaming at the top of his voice; she dropped her shopping bags and bent above him. '*Liebchen*,' she murmured, lifting him up. 'Don't cry, don't cry.' She straightened his collar and ran the back of her hand over his eyes.

Mrs. Amaridian and her daughter had jumped up off their stools at the

sound of the child's screams and rushed frantically around the corner of the stand. Mrs. Amaridian stared at the girl, bent above the child; she ran forward and grabbed her by the scruff of the neck and jerked her to one side.

'Garbage-eater!' she screamed into the girl's terror-stricken face. 'What are you doing?' And bringing her hand down in a wide, circular sweep, she slapped the girl across the mouth.

The girl stumbled, half fell, then was suddenly running, her head turned backward in terror. At the corner of the aisle she stopped. She had left her shopping bags behind. She looked at them, lying in the sawdust in front of the Amaridian stand, then her eyes lifted to Sam's.

'Daisybelle!' he shouted. 'It's all right! Come back!'

She stood looking at him, then again at the shopping bags. Suddenly tears flooded her eyes, and she was gone — gone forever, for he never saw her again.

HOUSING—A NATIONAL DISGRACE

BY CHARLES STEVENSON

I

'THE rentals which we have set, I am proud to say, are the lowest ever established for low-rent public housing in the United States.'¹

The speaker is Administrator Nathan Straus, referring to rentals fixed for \$130,000,000 PWA construction taken over by his United States Housing Authority. But he fails to explain that these are possible only because the government, without informing the public, is quietly writing off much of the buildings' production cost which taxpayers once were assured by law would be recaptured, in part at least, through self-liquidating rentals.²

The USHA also is spending \$800,000,000 for additional housing of its own, and officially predicts this will go for still cheaper rents. But neither Mr. Straus nor any other official has ever announced the fact that the prediction is based on contracts that may compel taxpayers to contribute more than \$2500 in rental subsidies for every \$1000 worth of buildings.³

¹ Transcript of speech before the Architectural League, New York, February 3, 1938, USHA press release HA-29.

² In reply to direct question concerning extent of write-offs, Tyrrell Krum, special assistant to USHA administrator in charge of press relations, told me that under Sec. 12(d) of USHA Act, which authorizes leases for sums 'consistent with maintaining the low-cost character of such project,' these write-offs have been made in the interest of lower rentals at all projects not tenanted by PWA prior to transfer.

³ Sixty-year maximum application of subsidy formula outlined on pp. 3-4 of USHA release 11085 H entitled 'Analysis of the United States Housing Act of 1937.'

Mr. Straus insists that 'construction cost' of these buildings, as covered by the first \$258,270,349 worth of contracts, will be but \$2200 to \$4626⁴ per family unit, and he boasts that 'these figures represent the result of constant and painstaking effort by USHA' in the interest of economy.⁵ But nowhere in any government statement do you find an official estimate of the *total* cost of any unit. If you did, you would find the average is about \$5555.87 apiece.⁶

As a wage earner who has paid \$80 a month for a remodeled Negro shack, I invite interest in my own housing problem; and as a reporter who has seen large families sweltering in an oven of a room thrice removed from a window, I favor federal aid for slum dwellers. But also it has been my duty as a Washington newspaper man to follow closely the Administration's so-called low-cost housing efforts since their inception five years ago, and to discover to my disappointment that the instances of evasion noted here are typical.

Indeed, if you look behind the propaganda barrage laid down to batter the public into believing that the programmes are heaven-sent, you find they are founded on a policy of evasion, of

⁴ USHA press releases 18748H, 18654H, 73, 98, 117, 142, 178.

⁵ USHA press release 98.

⁶ Figure obtained by dividing total costs listed in releases under annotation No. 2 by number of projects: i.e., \$258,270,349 (total cost through Oct. 21) divided by 46,486 (number of dwelling units listed as covered by total cost).

concealment, of deliberately misleading the people concerning expenditure of their funds. The reason is that these many years the government has been bowing before pressure and rackets which have so inflated costs that any sincere attempt at low-cost housing is a myth. Officials admit this privately. Yet, because organized labor is involved, the officials not only must publicly ignore such abuses, but must actually countenance them. The government has considered it politically wiser to fool the public by concealing facts about a programme which evidence shows contains elements of national bankruptcy than to fool with union labor. A chronological history is sufficient to prove these points.

II

Case histories recently unfolded by disgruntled union members to Safety Director Eliot Ness of Cleveland stress that racketeers still achieve control of unions by having gorillas at elections to guarantee that the brothers vote for the right candidate. Thereafter, with strikes, terrorism, and building codes assisting them in promoting a labor monopoly, they muscle in on the big money.

With a structure half completed a strike is called, ostensibly because two of nineteen unions cannot agree which should have the exclusive right, say, to screw radiator shields to the walls. Other unions walk out 'in sympathy,' and the dispute which ties up millions in investments cannot be settled until the contractor pays off.¹ Robert P. Brindell collected \$1,000,000 in two years as a strike settler. Skinny Madden demanded \$1000 a floor to permit construction of Chicago's twenty-story Insurance Exchange, then halted work at the tenth because he had received only half his

fee.² These men are part of building-trades history, but while the Labor Department last year was recording 552,741 man-days of labor lost through jurisdictional or sympathy strikes, Cleveland was admitting that dozens of its business men had been all but ruined and that it was virtually impossible for contractors to conduct profitable operations there because of the necessity of paying tribute to modern Maddens and Brindells.³

Interesting variations have been disclosed to the jury which convicted Donald A. Campbell, president of the painters' and business agent of the glaziers' union, and John McGee, head of the laborers, and on March 8 heard them sentenced to from one to five years in the Ohio penitentiary. The Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co., for instance, was compelled to keep a blacklist of orders it could not fill because Campbell had not approved them. When Andrew T. Christansen, a contractor, wanted glass in a building, a window-cleaning contract first had to be given to another union in which Campbell was interested. Then \$50 had to be given because Campbell insisted that 'if you want to get that glass in you've got to pay up.' But to get workmen to the scene necessitated \$50 more and \$300 overtime, and with the glass finally installed Campbell demanded \$200 extra or the work done over because he 'did n't like it' that the moulding had been put up by ironworkers instead of glaziers. The jury decided that President Vernon Stouffer of the Stouffer Restaurant Company had been blackmailed for more than a thousand dollars, the racket in this instance taking the form of a threatened walkout leaving a building windowless on the eve of a scheduled opening. Bror Anderson said he had to kick in \$150 because he wanted mirrors installed which Campbell had blacklisted as having been silvered by non-union labor.

¹ Interview with Ness, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Nov. 17, 1937. Similar interviews in *Cleveland Press*, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and *New York Times*. Also day-to-day news stories concerning Cleveland situation in *Plain Dealer* and *Press* through March 9, 1938.

² *Housing America*, by the editors of *Fortune*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., 1932.

³ *Cleveland Plain Dealer* interview with Ness, Nov. 17, 1937.

Another man received complaints because a member of his family instead of a union painter was doing his painting. A few days later his windows were smashed and could not be replaced till he paid \$35.¹ These are a few of Cleveland's samples.

In Kansas City we find the editor of the *Journal-Post* being awarded a national journalism prize this year for his exposé of local union racketeering. New York employers have reason to remember Jake (the Bum) Wellner, Michael Belsky, Joseph Rivolin, Charles Stolof, and Isadore Goodman, union officials sentenced to the penitentiary for extortion. The idea was that for a payment they would permit a contract to be completed without interference from a painters' union.²

All of this, however, pales beside exclusive agreements under which union men refuse to work with any materials except those supplied by chosen manufacturers and dealers who 'play ball,' or will consent to be hired only by a ring of favored contractors.

Conditions of this sort became so bad two years ago in New York that the Associated Builders of Kings County threatened to suspend \$20,000,000 worth of projects and throw 15,000 out of work. They charged it was impossible to go on because subcontractors and unions covering forty-two trades had entered into compacts to compel them to accept rigged bids, and to institute a campaign of strikes against builders who balked. In no other way could they account for sudden 20 to 50 per cent increases in their costs.³

The most recent example, though, is the evidence of ring activity produced at the trial brought by the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association in an effort to break a boycott of its members'

products by Local No. 3 of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. After a year of investigation for Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey, his assistant, Thurston Greene, declared New York electrical ring activity responsible for at least one murder, for violence that has driven many persons out of the contracting business, and for a 20 per cent or \$10,000,000 annual toll on contracts.⁴ Harry Snyder, an ex-member, testifies as to details. Union officials, he swears, told him he would have to join the Brooklyn Electrical Contractors' Association if he wanted to be a contractor, transferred themselves to jobs as association managers, oversaw distribution of contracts at rigged prices, dictated the division of contractors' profits, ordered them to buy their supplies from specified concerns, and then, when he stalled on a profit split, called him before a union committee and told him he was 'through as a union electrical contractor.' He since has been reduced to '\$5 and \$10 jobs' on which he does the work himself.⁵

Isaac Penner testifies that, when he finally revolted at dishonest bids, his union employees so soldiered that his labor costs soared 50 per cent; he lost thousands of dollars through sabotage; he had to meet demands for free beer, liquor, and even raincoats, to stave off walkouts; and when he actually caught his foreman stealing, the union 'induced' him to forget it.⁶ The office of Prosecutor Thomas E. Dewey describes as 'symptomatic of others' Penner's complaint that it is impossible to stay in business under the union's terms, and describes finding numerous \$30,000 items

⁴ Interview with Greene, *New York Times*, Jan. 14, 1937.

⁵ Snyder's testimony in trial of suit as reported by *New York Times*, May 20, 1938.

⁶ Penner's testimony in trial of suit as reported by *New York Times*, March 26, 30, 1938, and *New York Herald Tribune*, March 26, 1938. Related testimony and incidents concerning Penner, *New York Times*, March 12, 16, April 7, May 11, 18, 1938.

¹ Account of trial, *Cleveland Plain Dealer* and *Cleveland Press*, daily from Feb. 14, 1938, through March 9, 1938; *New York Times*, March 9, 1938.

² *New York Times*, Jan. 7, 1936, news account.

³ *New York Times* news accounts, Dec. 3-4, 1936.

misabeled for 'work' in the books of firms doing business with it.¹

Terrorism helps keep the workers in line, as is indicated by Cleveland's Safety Director Ness, who says that persons he approached for information about union racketeering were 'fearful of personal or business reprisals' and that 'one union member told us that at least three fourths of his local would, if the members were not afraid, march down in a body to my office to tell about the conditions.'² But even more binding is the power of the dollar — as, for instance, the rejection of a non-union \$1,350,000 bid for a New York sewage disposal plant and the award of the job to a union contractor for \$310,000 more, although engineers called the first price fair for any type of labor.³ Again, high initiation fees, such as \$500 for plumbers' apprentices in some areas during the boom and the \$2000 fees which Umbrella Mike Boyle collected for temporary electricians' cards in Chicago,⁴ may be extortionate, but by curtailing the labor supply they benefit men already enrolled. WPA reports disclose that there have been competent craftsmen unable to break away from relief because of inability to pay back union dues.⁵

The record carries its own proof. In New York 5000 \$1.70-an-hour electricians and other unionists in a mass meeting of January 1937 cheered the denunciation of Prosecutor Dewey. His investigation was condemned as being destructive of the union. Supported by Louis Weinstock, secretary-treasurer of District Council No. 9 of the Painters, Decorators and Paperhangers (who said his 16,000 men were 'behind your organ-

ization'), John Drennan, secretary-treasurer of the Building Trades and Construction Council, and Moe Rosen, chairman of the Council of Sheet Metal Workers, they protested to Governor Lehman against him.⁶ When the carpenters' bail-jumping Harry Barrington was returned to Cleveland to plead guilty to extortion and to go to the penitentiary, the Federation of Labor adopted resolutions assailing his accusers. When Donald A. Campbell, John McGee, ex-convict Carl Nadalny (assistant business agent of the painters' union), and James C. McDonnell (assistant business agent of the glaziers) were indicted for blackmail in the glazier-painter rackets, the unions voted \$30,000 from their treasuries for cash bonds, though surety companies refused to take the risk on them because of Campbell's and Nadalny's collective record of arrests for pocket picking, robbery, intent to kill, and carrying of concealed weapons.⁷

Not for a minute do I blame labor for all the abuses in this field. Rackets have so permeated the supply businesses that the Federal Trade Commission finally has been impelled to act against the National Federation of Builders' Supply Associations on the ground that it high-pressured manufacturers into refusing to sell direct to large consumers or to trade with other dealers who would not uphold monopolistic resale prices.⁸ In their turn, politicians help by deliberately concocting building codes so restrictive that a contractor may not be able to put up a house unless he violates them — and pays heavily for the privilege. There is too much evidence of unscrupulous price fixing by cement manufacturers even to require a statement of proof.

But labor also has allied with the politicians, with the result that D. Knicker-

¹ *New York Times* interview with Penner and unidentified spokesmen for Dewey, March 12, 1938; *New York Times* news account, March 17, 1938.

² *Cleveland Plain Dealer* interview, Nov. 17, 1937.

³ Interview with Greene, *New York Times*, Jan. 14, 1937. Reference is to Ward's Island plant.

⁴ *Housing America*.

⁵ Exhibit F, 'Labor Shortages and Refusals,' inserted by WPA Administrator in hearings before House Appropriations Subcommittee on First Deficiency Appropriation Bill for 1937, Jan. 13, 1937, p. 80 of printed transcript.

⁶ *New York Times* news account, Jan. 30, 1937.

⁷ *Cleveland Plain Dealer* editorial, Nov. 19, 1937, and news accounts, Dec. 21, 1937; *Cleveland Press* news accounts, Dec. 20 and 21, 1937.

⁸ Federal Trade Commission releases, Jan. 1, 1938; FTC docket 2191.

backer Boyd of the American Institute of Architects characterizes codes as vehicles for 'loading' and 'misguided desires.' In one town the brick walls of a small house alone cost \$350 more than they do ten miles away owing to stipulations requiring more materials and more work for masons.¹ In Chicago the bricklayers' union and brick interests for years had sufficient political power over code revisions to prohibit the general use of tile in residence construction, though architects and engineers favored it.² In New York it has been charged that a model building code gathered dust for four years, the aldermen refusing to act on it because 'this or that individual' was not permitted to write certain parts.³

In Minnesota cities a state law prohibits the homeowner from hiring anyone less than a 'registered' journeyman to paint his house.⁴ Union plumbers not only have established similar monopolies under the codes in other cities, but use them to corner merchandising as well. In some instances the homeowner who buys a cheap mail-order bathtub is not allowed to install it himself, even if he knows how, and the union plumber may refuse to do it for him; he must purchase another tub through the plumber and seldom knows its cost, since the price he pays usually covers installation. The plumbers' union in New York, for example, has a regulation by which its members will refuse to install or connect twenty-five different types of plumbing equipment, embracing almost everything in the plumbing field, unless purchased from the master plumber. Some unions

prohibit their employer from working on the job. Steamfitters object to having pipe below a certain size cut by machinery.⁵

III

Do the non-labor oppressions inflate housing costs more than those of labor? This may be said, that the former may be concocted by business men who make the most of the industrial pattern in which they find themselves, whereas labor struggles to prevent any alteration of the pattern.

There is reason for this. Industry in general has tended to seek its profits in mechanization, mass production, and consequent cheaper prices, which in turn create more consumption, more production, more jobs, and more revenues which employees may share when they become strongly enough organized. The building trades, however, were organized in advance of mechanization. Because their only possible source of wealth was the individual construction project, they applied pressure to make it yield more money and jobs. Their policy has been to extend control in order to secure their position and to resist any modernization, reform, or economy which might affect the incomes of hand workers who for years have performed the same tasks in the same manner.⁶

Thus, Chicagoans have been limited to installing thirty bundles of lathing a day, New Yorkers sixteen. Union rules have outlawed brushes which dip up a large amount of paint. Some locals have refused to allow masons to lay bricks faster than the pace set by their less

¹ Report issued by Committee on Public Information, American Institute of Architects.

² *Industrial Relations in the Building Industry*, by William Haber, Ph.D., Asst. Prof. Michigan State College, Harvard University Press, Cambridge, pp. 82-85.

³ Interview with John Lowry, vice president of the Merchants Association of New York, *New York Times*, Jan. 12, 1937.

⁴ 'Minnesota Law Relating to Registration of Painters,' Division of Painting Standards, Department of Labor and Industry, St. Paul.

⁵ *Handbook of the Building Trades Employers' Association of the City of New York, 1933*, statement of union regulations, p. 104.

⁶ *Industrial Relations in the Building Industry*; also *Industrial Relations in the Chicago Building Trades*, by Royal E. Montgomery, instructor in industrial relations, University of Chicago, University of Chicago Press, Chicago; hearings and report of the Illinois (Dailey) Building Investigation of the state legislature, 1921—all used as general corroborative references.

efficient colleagues.¹ In Cleveland it was testified that labor leaders sent 'punks' to jobs and threatened to pull off all craftsmen should they be discharged.² It was against the Washington jurisdictional rules for the plumber to relay a square foot of tile which he had removed from my bathroom floor to reach pipes; that was a union tile-setter's province. In Chicago 150 carpenters were called from the Drake Hotel construction to force abandonment of power saws, though these were allowed by the agreement under which they started work.³

Under such circumstances, construction still is what it always has been — a chaotic peddler's market with supply manufacturers, equipment makers, speculators, promoters, wholesalers, dealers, contractors, subcontractors, architects, all compelled to seek their profits in relatively few sales and high prices, because labor is the final handler of all the others' products and therefore is able to call the rules.

The net result has been the defeat of labor's own hopes. Sole responsibility for this defeat cannot be traced to the ever-ascending pay scales which labor demands during structure booms, then freezes, so far as possible, until the next period of activity. United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics Isador Lubin estimates that a 20 per cent reduction in these wages would cut the cost of a house by only 6 per cent.⁴ Rather, the evidence shows that defeat is due to the combined weight of the wages, the jurisdictional system, the abuses, rackets, and restrictions against mechanization and efficiency, which in the end limit construction to families in the wealthier class. Thus we have the

admission of Harry C. Bates, who, as president of the Bricklayers, Masons and Plasterers International, testified that a city bricklayer back in the golden '20s was fortunate to obtain 150 days of work a year for a total income of \$1200 to \$1500.⁵

IV

I have endeavored to sketch in the background of the building business. Private enterprise, especially in hard times, could not produce good low-cost housing against such a backdrop. So the government decided to do it itself, first through the Public Works Administration, whose projects costing \$130,000,000 are now being tenanted, and lately through the successor United States Housing Authority, which is spending \$800,000,000 as a curtain raiser.

In its move to solve America's housing problem (with a fund which in dollar bills would reach nearly four times around the equator) one would expect the government to attempt to correct the conditions which caused private enterprise to fail at the task. It has not. True, PWA Administrator Harold L. Ickes, after a couple of years' experience, did project those mass-production methods which are so necessary for the business. Interviewers, myself among them, gained the impression that his idea included huge direct purchases from manufacturers in return for price concessions on standardized materials, and annual salaries for labor (long-term employment) instead of high hourly pay scales.

The potentialities of any such plan have been made apparent. By purchasing 17,000 electric refrigerators at one stroke, PWA has obtained \$141 models for \$66, similarly \$55 gas ranges for \$34, and gas refrigerators priced from \$139.50 to \$199.50 for \$74.⁶ But that is about all. Because of pressure from the unions, the government has continued to walk

¹ *Industrial Relations in the Building Industry*, pp. 210-233.

² *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, Nov. 17, 1937, interview with Safety Director Ness.

³ *Industrial Relations in the Chicago Building Trades*.

⁴ Testimony before Senate Committee on Banking and Currency, Dec. 1937, transcript pp. 140-158.

⁵ Testimony before Senate Labor and Education Committee, April 20, 1936, transcript p. 41.

⁶ PWA purchase vouchers.

the same old toll roads laid out under the building codes. The contract for a completed structure is awarded to a concern of shrewd guessers which bets against fate and the unions that it can deliver. This concern in turn distributes its wager among a horde of subcontractors. Thus, under the codes, the local contractor-union ring has taken its cut by furnishing labor and supplies at much its own prices throughout the list of subcontract items, and in the end the government is as handicapped as any private builder.

If the local plumbers demand too much for their tubs, all the general contractor can do is fall back on the basic law exempting government work from the codes and contend that he therefore can buy his plumbing and hire his plumbers where he pleases. But in Oklahoma, where this was done, the union forces sued.¹ Rather than risk disapproval of the unions, the government now closely follows the codes, whether they involve plumbing or wall thickness.²

In Detroit, PWA awarded separate bids for housing foundations, but when it came time to let contracts for completion of the buildings the bids were dominated by local contractors and so high that twice they had to be rejected. The reason did not become apparent until the local newspapers published charges that racketeers had warned out-of-town contractors not to compete in the bidding, under penalty of suffering ruinous strikes by Detroit union workers, so that local union-contractor rings could monopolize the jobs and rig each subcontract for heating, plumbing, plastering, and the like, \$100,000 higher than the government estimated was a fair price.

Herman J. North, a Cleveland contractor who wanted to bid, wired Mr. Ickes that floors in Cleveland, Mil-

waukee, and Indianapolis projects had started buckling, that specifications were being violated, and that the government was being 'defrauded through inferior workmanship until it was receiving only twenty-five cents in value for a dollar spent.' An investigation meantime had been started by PWA investigators in Detroit, and Mr. North said this would mean that for once the PWA would receive full value for its expenditures.

It is true, too, that the subsequent set of successful bids was \$1,373,900 cheaper than those which had gone before, for, under the whiplash of the local press, the labor-union spokesmen finally felt impelled to make it plain that they would work for any successful bidder, even though he might come from out of town, and out-of-town contractors did carry off the jobs.

Through all this, the government worked the desired result, but it was careful to save the face of the folk who wanted to become rich in a hurry; at no point did its spokesmen criticize the unions. Contractors, whose misdeeds always make them fair game, bore the official criticism for being selfish. But even so tactics were employed in order not to embarrass them too much. Indeed, even plans and specifications were revised and brick veneer substituted for fireproof masonry in a few of the buildings which were to withstand the batterings of slum families for sixty years. President Roosevelt hinted that they might well bid lower than they had 'because the subsequent revision of the plans has resulted in considerable savings.'

While the newspapers were headlining charges of contractor-union collusion, the PWA was even denying knowledge of a government investigation.

'How do we know there is any collusion before the bids are even in?' A. R. Clas, the then assistant PWA administrator, was quoted as saying.

W. R. Carman, resident PWA repre-

¹ *Oklahoma City v. Saunders, U. S. v. Harry Hagen and Others.*

² See plans and specifications for PWA projects.

sentative, described the investigation reports as 'baloney.'¹

The nearest Mr. Ickes came to enlightening the public was in a press release blaming contractors for 'inflated prices' which reached a 'climax' in Detroit, 'where strong indications came to the surface that collusion was being practised.' He did not specify the other parties to the collusion.²

In Cleveland there are charges that a union contractors' association decided to rig bids so that seven contracts should go to five members. Numerous investigations have been made of suspicious developments at other projects. But in only two instances has there been retaliation.

One was in St. Louis, where an anonymous letter led to indictment of five contractors and four union leaders of the plasterers and lathers for conspiracy to defraud the government. But there have been no convictions.³

'You must understand that we were obstructed at every turn by fear,' government men told me. 'First, information for the prosecutions had to come from the workers themselves; but when we went to their homes for affidavits, they were so afraid that they pulled down the shades, and their wives wrung their hands, imploring them not to sign. When we finally did get the case ready for trial, our chief witness was declared a suicide.'

In many places where the government has investigated, I am told, it has encountered the paralyzing fears which hindered the St. Louis prosecution. In its files, its own officials privately declare, are pages of testimony which cannot be made public lest the workers be imperiled. This cannot be proved, for no

¹ News accounts, *Detroit News*, 'Housing Plot Story Sifted — contractors and labor racketeers accused of forming price rig,' an exposé by Don W. Pollard, May 26, June 3; *Detroit Free Press*, May 27, 30; *Wall Street Journal*, June 4, 1937.

² PWA release 78783, p. 11.

³ *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, *Star-Times*, *Globe-Democrat*, April 26, June 4, 1937, trial news.

PWA official will say it publicly because of the government's labor policy, but anyone who doubts its truth should read the impressive list of building-trades slayings contained in the *New York Times* annual indexes.

The official record shows that in 1936 and 1937 there were 824 strikes on PWA projects of all varieties.⁴ In Washington there even was a strike because steam-shovel operators were asked to dump their dirt into CCC trucks which were to transport it to a WPA golf course. Most significant, however, has been the storm against the government's plan to have a single sheet of concrete, painted underneath, serve as both floor and ceiling. Not content with \$1.50 an hour for plastering side walls, the unionists have resented this innovation as an underhanded reactionary trick to withhold from them the portion of the taxpayers' cash to which they were entitled.

As he applied pressure right and left to have the specifications overhauled, James Myles, as vice president of the Operative Plasterers and Cement Finishers International, even had the temerity to go before a Senate committee and announce that the union had struck, purposefully halting operations on huge projects because the PWA had 'started a type of construction that had never existed before' and thereby deprived plasterers of 213,280 hours of additional work and an extra profit of \$1,919,520.

'They have granted us alternatives here and there, but it is either "yes" or "no" with us,' he stormed.

There was no other complaint, nothing about the employment of non-union men anywhere. He affirmed that the union pay scales were satisfactory. But he was adamant against the new construction technique, and of all those present at the hearing only Senator Josh Lee of Oklahoma dared even to hint at criticism.

⁴ Memo of Ray C. Kirkpatrick, Assistant on Labor Relations, PWA.

'If no work at all was being done by the government, there would not be anybody getting jobs, then,' the Senator interposed mildly.

The union leader turned on him.

'Then I think we better stop them,' he exploded, referring to the housing projects. 'It would be better if we do not build them at all under the present system of construction.'¹

What did the government do about this brazen effort to prevent modernization of an afflicted business? Did it call on the public for support? It did not. The plasterers struck again and again, demanding that completed cement ceilings be routed out and plaster laid on them. PWA officials privately estimate that they thus delayed the \$12,400,000 Williamsburg Houses in New York from two and a half to three months, at tremendous cost to the taxpayers. And in the end the PWA made a deal; it promised never again to permit use of money-saving cement ceilings if the men would return to work.

The USHA now is making much of the fact that in return for promises to prevent wage cuts the American Federation of Labor's national building trades organization has agreed to discourage jurisdictional strikes on USHA construction and many local union councils have agreed to submit jurisdictional disputes to arbitration before walking out. That is a step in the right direction. It tends to curtail any racket strikes styled after those of the Cleveland glaziers. But it does not pretend to obstruct anti-economy strikes such as those of the plasterers, and trouble with the plasterers would not be unexpected because the USHA now is planning to make another attempt to construct the same type of ceilings which caused woe for PWA. It does not cover the type of strike which is the weapon of the union-contractor bidding ring. In fact, the government under USHA will not have even

the power which PWA had to effect a saving in Detroit. Whereas PWA Administrator Ickes recently has been threatening to cut off that city from PWA funds owing to persistence of what he describes as the same old ring methods which previously caused him trouble, the USHA after approving contracts must pay out \$25,000,000 there for more housing and let the ring overcharge as it sees fit, unless the city politicians show more interest in protecting the taxpayers than they have in the past and unless the USHA decides to designate more authority to itself than it generally is credited with possessing.

V

Instead of a direct frontal attack on these cost-raising factors, it would appear that the government's sole alternative is to seek economies elsewhere. Government agents have diverted attention from actualities and, to obtain funds, have stressed how the United States has lagged behind the British in public housing for the poorer classes. The country has been shown photographic exhibits of stinking holes where large families must live in inherited filth because, like thousands in our cities, the entire clan cannot raise more than three dollars a month for a single room.

These tactics stir national pride and demand action in a country which wants to lead in everything. They arouse charitable impulses in the hardest-hearted reactionary, for no beggar has a more compelling set of props than the government has in its photographs; they literally cry out against the horrible plight of people who must exist in conditions which would be fatal to cattle. But, with the money once in hand, the government until now has constructed only middle-class accommodations and turned its back on the British cottages which, despite higher materials costs, represent an outlay of only \$2017 (in-

¹ Testimony before Senate Labor and Education Committee, May 1937, transcript pp. 109-116.

stead of the \$5555.87 which we are spending for each unit), because their sites are chosen with an eye to economy and their combination fireplaces and cookstoves fulfill all heating and cooking requirements.¹

These cottages in England would be self-liquidating at a rental of \$14.85² a month, but USHA Director Straus declared that in the best of European projects the 'sanitary facilities are below what we deem a minimum; running hot water is a rarity, and bathtubs and that sort of thing are at a minimum in size';³ and Horatio Hackett, as PWA's housing chief, remarked that 'we first try to designate the lowest standard to which a man should live, and then instead of trying to build our houses and our rooms down to the gutters, we are trying to bring the slums and gutters up to our standard of living.'

This has necessitated PWA sites which cost as much as \$4.30 a square foot in New York and have been correspondingly expensive elsewhere, because they must be close to the heart of cities, where land has a high potential value for industrial purposes. The theory is that people will refuse to leave their miserable hovels if they must desert their neighborhoods or spend much time traveling to work. Again, at least 70 per cent of the site must be left free of buildings because the ideal way is to lay this out in trees and playgrounds, and in some cases even to provide bandstands. The policy has been so stretched that in Louisville only 6.8 per cent of the site has been used for buildings, thus providing 63 acres of recreation ground for 286 families.⁴ Such planning goes to fantastic extremes, even to the projection of laundries with electric driers and private garages!

Inevitably, costs have soared. At first

¹ PWA research.

² *Ibid.*

³ Testimony before Senate Education and Labor Committee, April 1936, transcript p. 162.

⁴ PWA chart, Jan. 10, 1937.

PWA experimented with 4 per cent thirty-year loans to privately sponsored limited-dividend organizations.⁵ But when these produced results such as the Hillside project in the Bronx at a cost of \$1156 a room, the government deplored these profit-making enterprises as being too expensive for the class it had in mind. As an antidote PWA built a \$2028-per-room colony for Harlem Negroes and the \$2195-per-room Williamsburg Houses for whites. In Philadelphia a \$1035-per-room limited-dividend project could not meet the problem of the 'bandbox' alley hovels which were being propagandized because they contained only a room to a floor, a family to a room, and one outdoor privy for a goodly portion of the community. The supposed cure was a \$1765-per-room undertaking. In thirty-five cities where PWA has had projects the results have been comparable. In non-metropolitan Wayne, Pennsylvania, the room cost is \$1788, in Enid, Oklahoma, \$1518.⁶

But, in spite of the fancy planning, the evidence does not support any conclusion other than that the major responsibility for the costs must fall on the building system.

The system back in 1905 meant contractor-union bidding rings and agreements whereby unions would allow their men to work only for members of their pet contractor associations.⁷ It still does. In 1908, one Mr. Goellnitz, a delegate to the first annual convention of the American Federation of Labor's Building Trades Department in Denver, was proclaiming to the conclave that 'bricklayers have done their utmost to get control of the concrete work, not to do it, but to destroy it.'⁸ The evidence is that this

⁵ *Urban Housing*, a PWA book; individual PWA reports.

⁶ USHA release, 'Status of Slum-Clearance and Low-Rent Housing Projects of the United States Housing Authority,' March 1, 1938.

⁷ *Light on Some Dark Places*, by Theodore Starrrett, 1905, Congressional Library. Publisher unidentified.

⁸ Transcript of proceedings, p. 76.

still is unionist attitude toward mechanical progress making for cheaper construction. The Dailey Investigation in Illinois reported in 1921 that graft, obtained by union racketeers with the aid of 'murderers, sluggers and bomb throwers in their nefarious war upon society,' was 'not the exception but the rule,' and that 'millions of dollars every year' were collected by Chicago building-trades overlords.¹ There has not been an investigation of such broad scope recently, but even so there is evidence that the same type of racketeers are collecting cash in the same old way.

¹ Dailey report, p. 44.

No citizen will object to the necessity of subsidies which will provide poor people with decent housing, but there will be no limit to indignation if it can be proved that neither the government nor the tenants are getting their money's worth owing to abuses in the building trades. As far as this article has gone, it would seem at least debatable whether the New Deal has done much to get its money's worth or to extend its passion for reform to the building trades it patronizes in furthering programmes to house a good many thousand persons at public expense. But there still is a lot more to this story to be told.

[Charges of such importance as those which Mr. Stevenson has to make must be closely documented. And in order to prove his case beyond shadow of doubt Mr. Stevenson felt it advisable to divide his argument into two parts, the second and concluding half to appear in the January issue. — THE EDITORS]

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY HERITAGE

ON a trip to Greece a few years ago my father died and was buried in his native village. Last year I went to see his burial place and the house where he was born. I wanted to know more about my origins.

At Athens I took a coastwise steamer for Gytheion, in the extreme south of Greece. There I got a taxi and a guide to take me to the village of Panitsa. We had to leave the car and walk the last two miles over a rock path to the village. It was beautiful country, and there were more wild flowers in the fields than I had ever seen before. Walking through them, I thought of ancient Greece. In the harbor of Gytheion I had just seen the island of Kranai, where Paris stopped with Helen when they were fleeing to Troy. And a few hours earlier the steamer had passed Cythera, the island of Venus.

But my reverie was interrupted when I saw a group of tall, straight cypresses in an open field ahead of us, the sign of a cemetery. After I had put wild flowers on my father's grave we started for the village. We crossed more fields to a road, and were soon in a little square closed in with tall white houses. There was not a soul in sight, and yet there was no sense of desertion. Always in hot countries there is the feeling about houses that they are places people are about to come out from, soon. We turned left through a wall gate into the courtyard of a farmhouse. Except that it was white, it was just such a house as you find everywhere in France, with three sides built around a court.

We climbed the steps to the first story and knocked. A woman came to the door, and the guide motioned me in. We entered a large room with a high ceiling, the walls white-washed, the floors bare stone, the only light coming from a partly closed shutter. There was a table against the wall, two or three chairs, a bureau with photographs, several ikons, a candle-lamp fixed to the wall. In one corner there was a pile of bright-colored blankets, and in another a large, high bed. Here my uncle — who had been a foster father to my own father, and was now an old

man — was rising from his siesta, greeting me, putting on his shoes, wiping his eyes. He took my hand, and then — the awful embarrassment of not having a language in common. He looked at me carefully and sadly, and the housekeeper cried, as if some message had come from the dead.

And somehow (for the deserted square had been full of eyes) the word spread, and relatives began coming in. There were perhaps three hundred people in the village, divided among four families, and, for reasons of relationship, a fourth of them came to see me. One of the earliest arrivals was a man who had spent several years in America and spoke English very well, and thereafter the questions were asked and answered through him. The guide was dismissed, the taxi sent back, and I was to stay the night, a week, a month, always. But now something to eat; I must be hungry, I must be tired. So, quickly, an omelet with cheese made of goat's milk, bread, and coffee. And all the while the men and women who were my cousins were greeting me. The children kissed my hands, and the widow of another uncle held one of my hands for a long while, stroking it, smiling, crying, the affection was so sweet to her.

It was somehow quiet. The interpreter would carry a question and an answer, and the women would smile and comment. The room was full, and more chairs were being brought in, babies were put on the bed, and I felt a kind of peace at being taken into all this talking.

When I had finished eating, someone suggested we go out for a while. The women stayed behind, but about six of the men, my Uncle Thomas leading, came out with me into the small square again and we sat down at two little tables under the mulberry tree. From the café the proprietor brought us coffee and candied cherries. We talked, and more people came up to greet me, among them the village priest, tall and full of smiling dignity. He was also a cousin, and he wanted to know what I had been doing, and all about Rome and Florence and Paris, where he had never been. And they all asked if I thought war was coming soon, as they believed.

Then, as the shadows began to grow and the children were coming out of school, we set forth to see the fields my father had owned. My uncle led the procession, taking authority silently. We saw the silver glistening of the olive trees and the ripe wheat, and we drank water from a spring. And on the path back to the village they showed me an open shelter the size of a henhouse, and inside were the skull and bones of a human skeleton. This was one of my ancestors, and for some reason it is considered fit that his remains should be preserved in open sight.

It was dark when we came back to the house. In the large room a great table had been fitted together, and the white tablecloth shone beneath oil lamps and candles. The housekeeper and two or three other women were just bringing in the soup. Before we sat down I looked into the kitchen. It was like a huge cave, and against the back wall a cauldron was hanging over a fire set in a hollow in the floor. This was the only light in the room. The shadows of the women were thrown against the walls, and here and there a half-grown girl held a baby while the mother helped with the supper. It was like something out of a long-forgotten past.

Looking at the fire and the shadows on the wall, I thought of the stories that must have been told here, of the feuds with which these hills abound — perhaps of a shepherd who stole another shepherd's wife, which is what they say was the beginning of the Trojan War. It was here men would have come, tired from work or fighting, to sit by the fire and tell their stories while the meat smoked.

I was placed across from my uncle; then there were his two strong sons, and five or six other men. The only woman at the table was the widow of Thomas's brother, and she represented him. It was the table of a patriarch. There was chicken-and-rice soup, fried chicken, and a dessert of curdled goat's milk with sugar sprinkled over it. The walls were dark now, with lamps and candles from the table giving the only light. Soon the women cleared away the dishes. We sat and talked awhile over cigarettes; the things we talked about could have kept us all summer. And then it was time for bed.

I was to have my uncle's room. One of the women was making the bed, using the hand-woven blankets — which are the symbol of a family's wealth — for a mattress, and then the white sheets, with another blanket and

a quilt; and when it was all done it was as high as my chest. One by one my cousins said good-night and my uncle last of all. I undressed and got into the clean soft nightgown left for me, and then I noticed that the only window in the room was closed with shutters. There was no glass, but there were spaces for the air. I thought awhile and decided to leave the shutters closed, to see what it would be like to wake in the morning in the dark. I put out the candle, in its bracket on the wall, and fell into the sweetest bed I ever laid my head in, full of the smell of the sun on the grass beneath the olive trees.

I woke in the morning thinking stars had somehow come into the room. The roof was thatched with reeds, and every so often a small opening the size of a hazelnut had been left. Through these openings the light blue sky glistened, and the room was cool and still light.

In this way I came to understand a little of another tradition that belongs to me. And all the time I was wondering — and I shall never know — what survives of ancient Greece in this, in people who have lived under the same sky, with the same language. My life has been in and of America, and I do not belong in that historic, patriarchal world. But I have seen it, and I recognize my heritage.

ON DEALING WITH PEDDLERS

I WAS expecting a telegram that Thursday afternoon, which explains why I hurried to the door without making a reconnaissance. It was maid's day out, and I was, comparatively speaking, defenseless. 'How's your vacuum cleaner working?' asked the red-headed young man.

For an inarticulate second, rage rolled me under as furiously as ever the surf did at Jones Beach the day after a northeaster. Then the spirit of my ancestors rose up in me and put into my mouth such guile as has amazed me ever since. 'Perfectly,' I smiled. 'I've had it only three days.'

The young man was stunned in his turn, but he also rallied. 'I'm selling the Uwalloper machine, which we consider the best on the market. What kind is yours?'

I scrambled in my mind for the name of some vacuum cleaner or other — any one. I could n't think of any — naturally. I grasped

at a straw. The All-Glorious people made our refrigerator. Was it too much to hope that they made vacuum cleaners too?

They seemed to answer well enough, for the redheaded youth only shrugged his shoulders politely, as if wondering whether it was worth while to converse with one so misguided as to have actually bought a rival product. But salesmen are tempered to the point of heroism. He continued. 'Our machine has two speeds. Has yours?'

I grew boastful. 'Three,' I said.

Perhaps it was the one thing too much for even a salesman. Perhaps he was n't a very good salesman. (I noticed he used the first person plural a lot, and I have been told that gregariousness is a sign of weakness.) Or maybe he did n't really believe me — though why a vacuum cleaner should n't have three speeds (whatever they are) if I want it to, when the most insignificant automobile has at least three, I don't know. But I rather think that when that redheaded young man bowed himself off and down our beautiful tree-lined street that Thursday afternoon he had some suspicion that he had met his master at painting the lily.

No doubt *master* is too strong a word. Though I did master that situation, as I have many another since, I realize that I am still only an apprentice liar. I practise only on the door-to-door salesmen; and they seldom average more than one a day in our half suburban, half old country town, even considering all the offscourings of the wheels of industry in the form of knives, soap, razors, electric cheese-parers, magazine subscriptions, apple-corers, chances on turkeys and on the Irish Sweepstakes — for all of which markets must be, as the industrialists so blasphemously say, created.

The household miles are long and tedious enough on the best of days; but the ones that really hurt the hoofs of this old war horse are the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway' from the second-floor linen closet to the front door; from the preserve closet in the cellar to the front door; from the depths of the kitchen garden to the doubly damned front door; from the clean smell of lavender, and the stringence of rue, the savory warmth of sage and the tartness of all the pickling vinegars, to the peddler at the door with his audacious inanities, or to that smooth voice on the telephone (with an unfamiliar or vaguely familiar name that might

be somebody you met at a tea last week) which turns out to be a racketeering photographer, or a new laundry soliciting your trade with promises of tender buttons restored. Is it any wonder that one takes refuge in fantasy?

I am still an amateur in the art of active sales resistance. I still gasp and sputter mentally at the first plunge from my native element of scrupulous truth-telling into the icy surf of extemporaneous invention. And yet, once the first stroke is behind me, I find that I can spurt hand over hand not too far behind the best of them — Munchausen, Rabelais, Mandeville.

And, all things considered, I do pretty well. I have even got an answer to that most difficult gambit, the Queen's Pawn Opening. When some hyperthyroid spinster with loose-gear hair says insinuatingly, after a quick glance at the tricycle in the front yard, 'May I ask how old your child is?' I reply (having noticed, with a bookworm's agility at reading upside down, that the pamphlet innocently ready in her hand bears the title *Book of Sophistication*), 'Twenty-three. But he's a little retarded. He has n't learned to read yet. However,' I sigh resignedly, 'it seems to run in the family. I've never learned to read, either. None of us ever have, except Great-uncle Isaac, and he was only a relative by marriage. We're the despair of the Board of Education.'

The venders of kitchen utensils I dispose of with the laconic and purely American phrase, 'We eat out.' To purveyors of needles and pins, thread, scissors, dishtowels, adhesive tape and bandages, I exclaim with horror, 'Oh, I *could* n't. I would n't have *one* of them in the house.'

But what I secretly consider my master stroke, one which I freely and unreservedly recommend to you next time you are approached by a cross-eyed Boy Scout with a long, pedestrian, and absolutely unstoppable harangue already working at the corners of his mouth, with an answer to every objection in your vocabulary ready to fizz up like baking soda at the touch of the sour milk, is this. It came in a flash of inspiration when a pimply youth sent in word by the maid that he had a personal message for me. I made the punishment fit the crime. The words leaped in answer like Minerva from the head of Jove: 'Tell him,' I said, 'to write it out.'

THE STATE OF THE LANGUAGE

'For the ear trieth words, as the mouth tasteth meat'

'WHICH,' 'THAT,' AND COMPANY

ONE of the lowest abysses of the pun is sounded in the ancient conundrum, On what would you live if you were marooned in the Arabian Desert? The answer: *On the sandwiches there*. It is an answer that could never pop into the mind of one entrenched in a very pure and exacting linguistic usage; no, not in a thousand years of painful concentration. What would make it impossible for him ever to think of it is not merely the dismal implied mispronunciation of *which*, but the very fact that *which* is called for at all. For the kind of usage referred to requires *that* in the room of *which* — and then where is your conundrum?

The quasi-grammatical rule, you may recall, is that you use *which* to introduce a nonrestrictive or nondefining clause, and *that* to introduce a restrictive or defining clause. But the very radical difference between the two can and ought to be made luminous enough to those who are merely dazed by grammatical terminology. Inspect this utterance of a college official accounting for an athletic policy: 'The alumni(,) who are interested in our athletic prestige(,) insist on a paid coach and the full schedule.' With the commas the sentence means: The alumni as a whole group are interested in our prestige, and all of them insist . . . Without the commas it means: *Some of the alumni* are interested in our prestige, and *those so interested* insist . . . The second form is the restrictive one: it restricts the class *alumni* to a part of itself, the part to which the qualifying clause applies. The difference is the useful one of meaning, and the question that brings it out is, Does the clause qualify all or some of the given class? The acid test, evidently, is whether the qualifying clause can be left out without falsifying the meaning. If it can, it is nonrestrictive; if it cannot, it is restrictive. And when it is restrictive (as *sand which is there* was in our sad riddle) the most exacting usage prescribes *that* instead of *which* or *who*. Strictly speaking, you say 'Members of the Cabinet, *who* are Presidential appointees,' but 'Members of the House *that* are coming up for reelection.'

The usage recommended as ideal finds its classic statement (and the one most often hurled at me by way of rebuke for my own lapses) in Fowler's *Modern English Usage*: 'If writers would agree to regard *that* as the defining relative pronoun, and *which* as the nondefining, there would be much gain in both lucidity and ease.' The approved practice is illustrated in Browning's *Pied Piper*: —

Restrictive: And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures *that* do people harm,
The mole and toad and newt and viper.

Nonrestrictive: I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me.

It is noticeable, however, that Browning, though he made the distinction for *that* and *which*, shrank from making it for *that* and *who*. Like many another, he regularly used *who* of persons, whether his meaning were restrictive or nonrestrictive.

(And folk *who* put me in a passion
May find me pipe after another fashion.)

I must confess myself unable, thus far, to overcome the same inhibition. I should write 'tricks *that* are vain,' but 'All hope abandon, ye *who* enter here.' My feeling

seems to be that there is something slightly fuzzy and not clear-cut in referring to persons by *that*. But the theoreticians are against me, and I warn all and sundry that my practice is not quite canonical.

One potent argument in favor of the orthodox distinction is that punctuation is becoming all the time a frailer clue to the very great difference in sense between restrictive and nonrestrictive clauses. It is latterly a fact of common observation that nonrestrictive clauses appear very often in print without the commas and, less often, restrictive clauses with them; so that the reader is left more and more to the process of inference from the context. How dubious this process can be is seen in a sentence such as this one: 'Abstain from fleshly lusts(.) which war against the soul.' You have, say, no clue to whether the comma, if there, was put there by an author or printer who fully understood what he was doing. Does the sentence mean (a) All fleshly lusts war against the soul, and we should abstain from them all, or (b) Some of the fleshly lusts war against the soul, and from such as do we should abstain? Rich revenues have been lost over a comma meant but not written; martyrs' blood has dyed the sands for theological guesses as parlous.

THE DRAGNET

AFTERWORD ON 'WHICH.' The foregoing counsel of perfection is far from being practised in America, unless my observation of current print is much at fault. One very common habit is to use *which* and *that* interchangeably at random. An even commoner one is to use *which* for both purposes except where it leads to awkward repetition, and then to invoke *that* as a last resort. I must admit having spent a number of years in that stage myself, for reasons that at the time seemed better than they do now. I owe my belated conversion to Homer P. Earle of Los Angeles, linguistic scholar and eminent authority on the works of the Spanish novelist-philosopher Unamuno — not so much because Mr. Earle bludgeoned me with good arguments (I knew most of them) as because his own style, as easy as it is accurate, is always the proof of an enviably nice ear. He said among other things: —

I applaud your vigorous attack upon the slovens . . . and hope you will renew it. . . . Meantime I venture to suggest that in those renewals you guard against a counter-attack upon the only weak point I have discovered in your own front. It is true that the choice of the better relative pronoun is not analogous to the gross errors you considered in your article. Nevertheless it would be a substantial gain if English should emerge from the present confusion of relatives and distinguish the defining from the nondefining clause. Let me illustrate the confusion from your article —

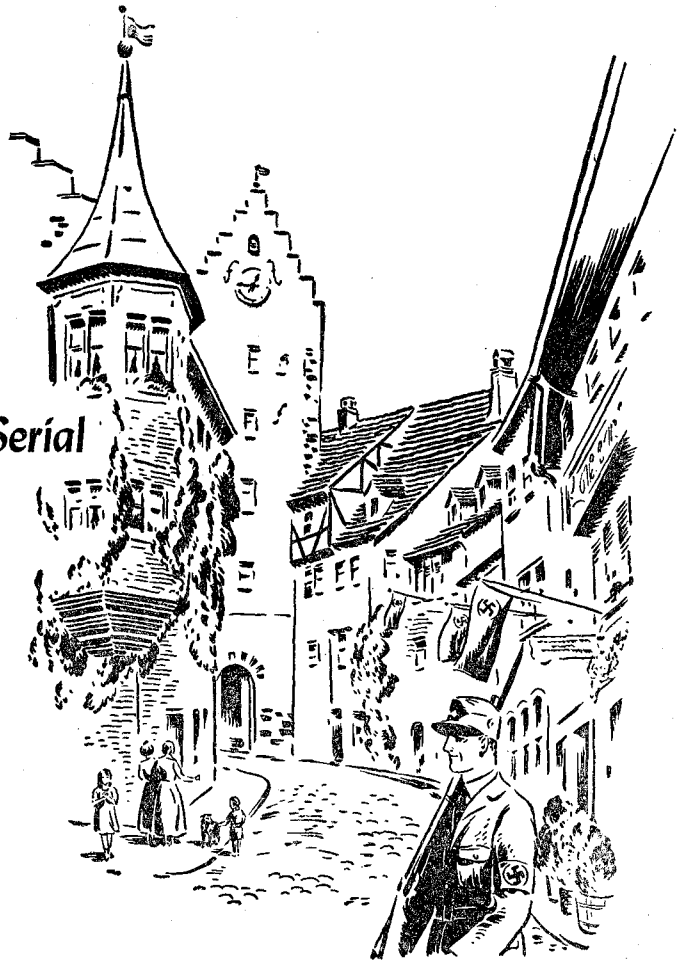
whereupon he cited 'the language *which* we inherit' and 'blunders *which* are commonly made,' with a crushing number of others. For good measure he added the telling argument of euphony: —

At best there is too much *s* and *st* and *sh* and *ch* in English. I wish we could dump the lot on Stalin and his sputtery language. I believe it is well to minimize the Russian effect wherever a *which* may be equitably replaced by a *that*.

It is, by the way, to Mr. Earle that the readers of this department must be grateful for suggestion of the fine motto (Job 34.3) at its head. The words of Elihu to Job go on: 'Let us choose to us judgment: let us know among ourselves what is good' — a sentiment also not without its aptness above the doorway of such a forum as ours.

WILSON FOLLETT

The Atlantic Serial



Reaching for the Stars

BY
Nora Waln

CHAPTERS I TO 13

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY
NORA WALN

A heart-stirring chronicle that carries
you within the barriers of Naziism.



NORA WALN was brought up in a Quaker household in the Grampian hills of Pennsylvania. Her girlhood was that of any American, save for this difference: China had laid fast hold upon her imagination. She had heard the family tales and read the century-old records of her family's trade with the Lin family of Hopei and Canton. Amber and alum root, cinnamon and chinaware, embroidered fans and lily flowers — this was the stuff upon which her adolescent fancy fed. Gradually her library grew to contain a row of Chinese histories and dictionaries; she became familiar with the philosophies of Lao-tzu, Mencius, and Mo-ti; she committed to memory analects from Confucius.

With such a head start, it was inevitable that she should find her way to the Celestial Kingdom. While still an undergraduate at Swarthmore she met a husband and wife of the House of Lin, who had been touring America and had been drawn to Philadelphia by their curiosity to see the Waln family. Thus began a friendship which was to carry Nora Waln to China, which was to admit her as an adopted daughter within the family circle of the Lins, and which was to have its perfect flowering in her first book, *The House of Exile*. For thirteen years China was her home. Early in her stay she fell in love with and married a prominent official, an Englishman in the service of the Chinese Customs. On his retirement, she bade farewell to her adopted family and went with him to the Rhine Valley, where, as he studied music and she fraternized with the people, the plans for her new book gradually evolved.

Reaching for the Stars is best described in her own words. To her American editor she wrote: 'I am now engaged in writing of life as I found it in my four years among Germans in the Rhineland, Vienna, Czechoslovakia, and at Dresden, with no bitterness and no malice, but a sincere attempt at interpretation. The mind which now guides my use of words strives only for accuracy. A task has been laid upon me. It is to tell as honestly as I can what I have learned from the Germans.'

REACHING FOR THE STARS

BY NORA WALN

THE fashions of this world are in continuous change and I would concern myself with things that are abiding. — JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

I

IT was the last Saturday in June, 1934. A soft summer day, the sun's radiance tempered by a breeze.

Motoring leisurely across Belgium, my husband and I stopped in Spa at noon for lunch. We chose an open-fronted restaurant facing on the town square, shaded by awnings striped a cool green and white. My husband has the habit of resting after midday food. While waiting for our salad to be mixed he glanced about in a way which I recognized to be a search for a quiet corner; and I gave my attention to the possibility of having a look at Spa, preferably with a resident of the place.

Recently I had read *Ereignisse und Gestalten* by Kaiser Wilhelm II. Inheritor of the kingdom of Prussia with the emperorship of all Germany and German responsibilities beyond the seas, he abandoned his position, at the threat of German revolution, in a hasty flight from Spa, thus losing for his descendants the power which a notable line of ancestors had won, by military victories and political strategies, for the House of Hohenzollern. So Spa was of interest to me just then, not as a Belgian town, but as related to him.

The restaurant proprietor kindly sent for his daughter, whom he introduced as an educated woman, a teacher before her marriage. She generously offered to escort me and we set forth.

Keeping to the paths of the wooded

rise above the town square, she pointed out the direction from which the German army had come in the summer of 1914; the buildings they had used as staff headquarters; the château where their Kaiser had dwelt; the road down which he had fled to seek sanctuary in Holland in the autumn of 1918; and the way the evacuating troops had gone.

'I helped the officers billeted on us to pack,' she said. 'They were stunned by the necessity to go home before the war was won. The invaders went in an orderly manner. I was nine when the German army arrived. I was thirteen when I sat on yonder hill to watch them depart.'

She flung her comely hands in a wide circle: 'There is where the Germans were. They succeeded in seizing all our land except a tiny corner. German orators now moan over the radio about their bleeding frontiers — but who first tore at the frontiers? Do they forget that they snatched as much as they could from their neighbors and clung to it as long as they could hold? They groan to high heaven about the Ruhr and Rhine occupation, yet they made use of everything in each place they invaded as if it were their own. Quartered on other people's homes, they shouted, whipped, and shot if their commands were not obeyed. More than four years they sat on us. It took the allied help of half the world to move them out of Belgium and

France. They would have been here still if America had not helped. You may feel that the Treaty of Versailles is bitter. So it is. The Nazis contend that Germany would have written a less vindictive settlement had she won the war. That should be so. It should be easier for conquering invaders to be magnanimous than for the nearly exhausted invaded and their allies.'

She was trembling. We sat down on a rock. As quickly as she had lost control, she quieted herself and began to ask me questions about myself.

'Your husband is English, but you are not?'

'I am an American, a Pennsylvanian.'

'Where did you marry?'

'In China.'

'Are you on the Continent only to enjoy yourselves?'

I explained. Music has always been my husband's avocation. It was given a secondary place in his education, and before he was of age he was started on a career in government service in China. His vacations he spent in study with private teachers and at the Royal College of Music in London. Now he had resigned. He had just completed eighteen months of music study in France and was going to Germany to study.

'Do you know the Germans?' she asked.

I told her that I had known many people of German descent in my native Pennsylvania; in China we had made a point of becoming acquainted with the German community in each post where we lived, entertaining them in our home and visiting in theirs; as successor to a French nurse we had had a German governess for our daughter, and at Tientsin had sent her to the German school.

'Did you send her to school when you lived in France?'

'Yes, to the French public school.'

'And where is she now?'

'At a school in Switzerland.'

'You are n't taking her with you into Germany?'

'We are not willing to send her to school there until we find out how the schools are under the Nazi government.'

'What is your opinion about war?' she requested abruptly.

'It is uncivilized.'

'I agree with you — but who is right and who is wrong when it does occur?'

'Nobody is right. Everybody is wrong.'

'That is loose thinking. The invaders are wrong. The German Kaiser sinned against civilization when he gave orders for his soldiers to march beyond his own frontiers, and every man who obeyed that command and set his foot on neighboring soil sinned against his fellow men.'

'It would seem from the book he has written,' I offered lamely, 'that Kaiser Wilhelm II did not want war.'

'Perhaps not,' she conceded. 'I have read his book. I imagine he saw himself as the conductor of an orchestra of Siegfrieds. He may have believed that he had but to send them forth in operatic step, blowing a heroic E flat on shining trumpets, and all Europe would awaken to join joyously in a Pan-Germanic chorus. But they were equipped with bayonets, hand grenades, machine guns, bombs, poison gas, and submarines for an emergency.' She shrugged her shoulders. 'Wilhelm II is an old man now. He is no longer important, except as an example of the self-deceptions the emotional Germans permit themselves. A young conductor has picked up the baton he dropped.'

We were silent, each busy with her own thoughts — I longing selfishly, as I have done so often since I came to live in Europe, to run far away from this war-scarred continent with its clatter of weapons now being collected for further fights.

'I have a boy of three,' she began. 'I would be content if I could be confident that he could have a life free from war. A few years ago here in Europe we founded a league of women pledged to bring our sons up never to kill each other.'

The German women were keen about the idea. We numbered many thousands. There was a member in Germany as companion to every member in Belgium and France. When the Nazi government came into power they outlawed our society. Pacifism is treason in Germany now.'

'Do you think that a people so intelligent as the Germans will long endure such autocratic rule?'

'A dictator does not rise,' she asserted, 'unless his temperament, technique, and objective are in tune with the people from whom he emerges. Power and glory are certainly the aim of many Germans, otherwise they would not have been tempted to listen to Nazi theories, and in Belgium we hear that Monsieur Hitler is a master in the art of shaping the state to this end. The Germans desire to be hypnotized by their leaders so as to feel sure that what they want is unquestionably right. He seems to possess this ability. Under such circumstances they will surely bear all that he imposes upon them, not only willingly but with enthusiasm, just so long as he inflates German importance.'

We walked on a little way and sat down again before she asked, 'Have you read Monsieur Hitler's book?'

I replied that I had read the English edition.

'That tells you nothing,' she declared impatiently. 'The vital parts are left out. He has forbidden foreign circulation of the book in full. Get *Mein Kampf* as issued to Germans.'

'How did you get it?' I queried.

'My mother's family are Flemings. I had the book from a cousin. The German invasion of Belgium is continued anew now. The arms are propaganda. The Nazis are calling to the Flemings of Belgium to join in a brotherhood of race. They would weaken our country by fomenting dissension among us.'

She built a little structure of twigs and brushed it aside. 'It isn't that Germans are intentionally wicked. It

is that they befuddle themselves into faith that good can be achieved through evil. They have consciences that prick them and they quiet their troublesome doubts, not by self-correction, but by repeated self-assurance of the best intentions. Once a German is convinced that the Germans know how to order life for everyone's good, he is converted to Pan-Germanism. The means is but the way to that perfectly beautiful end.'

No words for argument came to me. Therefore I was silent, and she continued: 'After the Germans had settled down on us they were kind to children who obeyed them. In their leisure they whittled toys for us. They were homesick for their own children. They showed us pictures of their wives and little ones. As we learned to understand the language they told us anecdotes from their home lives. They wanted Belgian children kept clean. They took our schoolhouses as hospitals for their wounded, but they used their medicine for us when we were sick and even helped to nurse us. They always wanted the battles to cease for Christmas. Bringing evergreen into the house, they celebrated the festival as in their homeland. I was meek. I have flaxen hair. "Princess Golden" the soldiers quartered in our house called me, and every year they trimmed a little fir tree. Also in the famine winters they shared their rations. Ashamed of my lack of patriotism, I grew fond of them. I really missed the eldest when he was gone from our house.'

Her voice hardened: 'But my childhood holds other memories. Hours of my mother's weeping. The fate of my brother. The sight of relatives and friends corralled and commandeered as they were bent to the will of the conquerors. Keys to cellars and storerooms had to be given up — secrets disclosed. In the occupied areas the battles could be heard and we could get no news from outside. Even little children who slipped past the front to find their fathers were executed as spies if caught. Belgians

young and old were detailed to till the fields and operate the mills for the benefit of the invaders. My brother was eleven when they came. He was a stout-hearted boy with more courage than I possessed. He refused to plant potatoes to feed men who had no right in Belgium. He was taken away. We never saw him again. His fate was that of all who disobeyed. It is the fate of all who refuse to do and think as they are told in Germany to-day.'

My husband beckoned from below. We rose and moved toward the car which was to carry me into life in Germany.

'God be with you,' she said in parting.

II

Soon we were off. Climbing through lovely country, we came to a glorious panoramic view, then dipped to the frontier over a moor golden with early gorse.

A Belgian in uniform stopped us. He was a guard on duty. Here, on land that had been German before 1914 and used then for the peacetime manœuvres of Rhineland troops, a Belgian regiment was holding manœuvres.

His right sleeve hung empty. 'Lost at Lantin,' he said. 'I was nineteen then.' Gunfire to the east punctuated his weary voice. 'We must practise to defend ourselves . . . every shot blows away money we need in Belgium . . . and wastes a man's time. . . . Germany, forbidden by the peace treaty to rearm, is arming . . . our scientists are no match for hers . . . tanks that travel sixty miles an hour . . . bullets that can cut steel . . . aeroplanes directed by electric waves . . . new poisonous gases . . . all these I hear Germany has. What use our practice?'

Suddenly his voice tightened: 'Our governors said in the past: "While God is in His heaven the Germans shall not pass over Belgium." Fine words. Fine words. I for one am not going to do any more fighting.'

He got down at the crossroads. Astonished, I stared after him as he made his way back to his post.

Farther on, in an area of sparse hill farms, we were hailed again, this time by a German. He had been running; sweat marked a broad line along his suspenders; his words were breathless. In his house his son's wife was dangerously ill — the child refused to be born — the doctor needed things from the nearest pharmacy — he had been sent out to flag a car to help.

Beaming his thanks, he got in.

A tall, lean mountaineer, his hands were calloused, his face seamed. He spoke, with a simple pride, English learned in a war prison camp. A man for work rather than reading in those days, so he told us, he had missed the news of the war until, looking up from a furrow, he saw soldiers marching past his fields to defend the Fatherland. He did not wait for his conscription to join. Three years he fought. Then he was taken prisoner by the British.

He got home a year after the Armistice to find his native place, which had always been a part of the Fatherland, held by the enemy.

'We were promised a vote. An unfair plebiscite in 1920 fastened Belgian rule on Eupen and Malmédy. We Germans of Eupen-Malmédy wait to be reunited to the Fatherland. The Saar first. Then our leader will rescue us. That is right. They have suffered most. It takes long. It will come — but it takes long — and I am old.'

When we left him at his house door he promised to let us know about his daughter-in-law by postal card to Bonn.

Turning east into a wooded road, along which a lonely tram track ran, we passed the Belgian Customs. Some yards farther on, the way was barred by a slender pole swung as a gate between two posts and neatly painted red and white, the colors of love and innocence.

'Heil Hitler,' exclaimed a young man

in a uniform of green jacket, black trousers, and high black boots.

'*Heil Hitler*,' we responded to the convention.

Beyond the barrier, atop a pole of stouter proportions than the one used to close the road, waved the Nazi flag — a scarlet flag with a circle in pure white bearing a hooked cross in black. It was a banner of no flimsy stuff, but an ensign cut from a notable weaving. The branches of trees had been trimmed to give it space.

A frontier officer came to our car and bowed. He spoke politely, exchanging comment on the weather and inquiring my husband's reason for wishing to enter Germany. Then he escorted my husband and his credentials into a small roadside building. I waited.

Up the shady road out of Germany swung an open roadster, halting across the gate from me. The shiny car was a gray Mercedes-Benz, upholstered in bright blue leather and driven by a plump man, dressed to match in a gray suit and bright blue shirt. His round head was shaven as clean as his genial pink face. Beside him sat a slim girl with fair hair and big blue eyes; pretty in a sleeveless white sports frock and without a hat.

He wanted a ride through the Belgian mountains — an hour or so. He had passports and some money. He did not have a permit to take money out of Germany. Good-naturedly he handed his wallet over to the custody of the officer questioning him, and was allowed to take from it 'pocket cash' — a few coins. Then pressure of the officer's foot on a lever lifted the red and white pole. Their right hands raised high in salute, the man and the girl cheered '*Heil Hitler*' as their car leaped forward and whizzed by.

Trams from Belgium and from Germany met at the frontier to exchange passengers. An officer in a green jacket stood at each end of the barrier. People entering walked round the right; those

going out round the left. Every man, woman, and child had to show a card with a photograph on it, and respond to the '*Heil Hitler*' salute. A woman from the Belgian side who persisted in saying '*Grüß Gott*' instead could not pass. She went away in the tram in which she had arrived.

An officer came from the roadside office. He bowed to me and, opening the hood of our car, copied our engine number on his pad. He asked about our luggage. I gave him my keys. He undid one bag, glanced in, closed it carefully, returned the keys, bowed again, and went back into his office.

With blithe '*Heil Hitler*' three workmen bicycled round the barrier into Germany, tin dinner pails swinging on their handlebars. A boy of eight or nine would have bicycled out as casually, but he was stopped. 'I'm on my way to my grandmother's and late,' he protested. 'You officers all know she lives just over there. Her house was in Germany before war shifted the boundary.' He was turned home to get his pass card.

The day was lazy, but the German officials did not loiter or chat. Alike in a mannered courtesy, they performed their duties with dispatch. Even when idle they did not lounge. They stood seriously, their shoulders straight and their heads high. I was surprised by their youth.

Our car's international *carnet* signed, the Customs satisfied, and my husband's passport stamped, we were assured that all was in order for our entry. I have a passport — an American passport. My husband forgot to offer it and he was not asked for credentials for me. Some months later, when we were settled in a house, the local police just put me on their registry as *Ehefrau* or housewife, a title of which I am proud and to which I have not the least objection. There was considerable concern about my husband's desire to bring in and keep over an indefinite length of time a motor car of English manufacture, but seeming-

ly no concern about his bringing in a woman.

The barrier opened. We entered the land which French friends had warned me is a land of *Die Herren der Schöpfung*, a civilization where man is the master of creation. I turned in my seat to watch the frontier close behind me.

Life in Germany had begun.

III

Within Germany the road we traveled was smoothly laid. It widened down a charming hill, curved and bent over the valleyed Eifel, and followed the course of the water along the banks of the Ahr and the Rhine as we circled to Bonn. Our way led through carefully kept forests clean of underbrush and gnarled trees, by tidy farmsteads, past terraced vineyards, and in and out of neat hamlets and towns each with its own tall church spire.

Poppies and cornflowers, buttercups and bouncing Bet, scattered their beauty lavishly; brown-eyed Susan, Queen Anne's lace, John-go-to-bed-at-noon, and the prim daisy were as much at home here as in the countryside of my childhood.

Half-timbered black and white houses, with a window box of petunias or bright geraniums blooming on every sill, had charm for us. We saw many geese, plump brown ducks, and on the pond in each town a pair of stately swans.

Children were numerous — clean, winsome children who stared wide-eyed and called '*Ausländer*' at us, but were quick to answer smile with smile.

The highland soil was thin, the Rhineland valley a rich loam. Rich or thin, it was tilled as by those who know their craft. Tall rye swayed in the breeze. Oats were full-grained; winter wheat in fine head; the first clover crop stacked, the second deep enough to cover well the larks' nests. In avenues approaching the villages and in orchards cherries were ripe, apples and pears coming on. Within garden fences a few very late strawber-

ries gleamed sweetly in beds where the leaves were turning. Raspberries were in season, currants nearly ready, gooseberry bushes laden with fruit, and the vegetable gardens all nicely hoed.

At frequent intervals we passed under white cloths lettered in black stretched across the road high above our heads and read: 'Thinkest thou, German man, and thou, German woman, of the Saar?' — 'My dear German folk, forget not thy kin in the Saar' — 'Germans! While you enjoy life in the Fatherland, remember your brothers in the Saar' — in German, of course.

Commercial advertisements were few. We spoke of this at a place where we bought gasoline. We were told that an order had been issued from Berlin for the removal before 1936 of all those now defacing the landscape.

At the posthouse in Blankenheim we stopped for coffee. With 'My balcony is best in June,' the inn host ushered us through to a porch on the edge of a ravine. The ravine's farther side rose above us in steep cliffs; and on the loftiest crag stood a stone castle, its massive outline dark against the pale sky. Unfurled from the highest turret floated the banner of the black cross. The time was after six and the slanting light of the sun had set panes of gold in the castle windows.

We were seated at a table by the rail. 'The castle was the home of the Knights of Blankenheim until destroyed by henchmen of Louis XIV of France,' our host told us as he spread the cloth. 'Hitler Youth have rebuilt it with their own hands. It is in use as a hostel; just now a Labor Corps is there.'

As he placed our cups he chatted on, and en route to his kitchen he took time to dial a radio bringing to us the 'Unfinished Symphony' of Franz Schubert. The players were well begun, and to the sweet rise of the composition's theme we heard the nearer homely grind of a coffee mill, the flow of a tap, the rattle of an iron stove. Then the silence held

only Schubert's music until, from somewhere hidden quite close, came the notes of a thrush. Evening shadows lengthened while we listened. The bird, gifted with but a narrow scale, sang clear and true, adding his voice with all a thrush's power to Schubert's message. As I listened, for no common-sense reason there swelled in my heart a renewed confidence in the affairs of the world.

Suddenly we lost the melody of thrush and Schubert in the boom of the 'Horst Wessel' song; '*Die Fahnen hoch*' — the clang of castle gates and the tramp of booted feet; '*Die Reihen dicht geschlossen*' — down the cliff trail men climbed; '*S.A. marschieret mit ruhig festem Schritt*' — like the crack of a whip their shouted words resounded across the ravine. In double file they passed down the village street.

Thirty-two young men, near six feet tall and handsomely built; stripped to the waist, their smooth skins reddened by sun and wind; trousered in gray-green cotton cloth freshly laundered; booted to the knees in stout leather — they strode along in the vigor of physical health and mental contentment, holding between them a rope. Thus the first German Labor Corps I saw went by, their eyes glancing neither to the right nor to the left.

'*Heill Heill*' cheered the villagers. '*Heill Heill Heill — Heill — Heill*'

'Fine strapping fellows,' said our inn host as he brought a tray to our table. 'They go down to the meadow in the evenings to exercise in a game of tug-of-war.'

The coffee was good, the cream thick, and the innkeeper gave us cherry tarts newly baked. The reckoning was fifty cents. Before we rose to go the thrush sang again.

'*Hitler — Arbeit und Brot*' we read painted on an arch of a railway bridge spanning the river below Altenahr. 'Hitler — Work and Bread' we read again on a white banner set in the vineyards of Walporzheim.

'Thank the *Führer* for 415,673 hours of work' we read where the road widened into a fine boulevard. The new cutting was not an ugly gash in the mountain-side because the raw banks had been sodded as a lawn to the end of the completed work. It was Saturday afternoon. The road builders were away. They had left their machines protected by fitted waterproof covers and their hand tools, so we presumed, were locked up in the neat red shed on wheels.

'*Heil Hitler!*' called two boys standing in the middle of the road beyond Remagen to signal us. They asked our destination and a lift that far. 'We are Hitler Youth,' they told us.

Both wore rucksacks, and the elder had a guitar hung on a shoulder strap. Fair-haired, freckled, clear-eyed; square hands clean even to scrubbed nails; blue shirts elbow-sleeved and open-throated; black cotton shorts, laced boots, and thick socks. We gave them our back seat.

They quickly slipped off their packs, making themselves comfortable. Frankly glad of this opportunity to practise English learned at their school in Hamburg, they used it eagerly, their voices courteous. One was fifteen, the other twelve. They had recently been in the Black Forest and were now visiting the Rhine and its tributaries, spending the summer in learning to know their country.

At night they slept in Youth Hostels. They assured us there were plenty of these places all over Germany, each equipped with facilities for keeping one's self and clothes as a German should, as well as providing shelter and the comradeship of other Hitler Youth.

'We have serious conversations, evening campfires, and music,' explained the elder.

'Rüdiger plays well,' added the younger, touching the lute.

This was the smaller boy's first season of Youth Travel. The elder had him under his care. Rüdiger had been started

in the same way three years before by an experienced boy. He now knew Hannover, Thüringen, and Bayern — in fact, most of his Fatherland excepting East Prussia.

'East Prussia is the most important province to study, because it is into the East that our nation must expand,' Rüdiger told us. 'A journey there is difficult. The Polish Corridor separates that part of our nation from the Fatherland. I can't get across. The technicalities are too many. But next year I shall go by boat.'

'I'll go by boat, too,' put in the younger.

'Yes, you can come. We must all understand East Prussia.'

We asked if they had traveled in any other countries but Germany.

'No, that we cannot do. It would be interesting, but our Leader forbids. He wants German youth to be German, not to pick up other ways: and we have plenty to see in our own beautiful Fatherland. Also, Germany is poor. We have n't money to spend outside.'

'I'd like to see France,' said the twelve-year-old. 'My mother went to Biarritz with her parents when she was young.'

'Flat-headed sheep is what the French call us Germans,' the older boy told him. 'They would take the Rhine away from us if they could.'

'Would they?'

'Sure, they would — and they have mines laid all along the border. All they have to do is to press a button in Strassburg to blow up our western frontier. That is what the League of Nations has let them do.'

'But I'd like to see France,' the little one persisted. 'My mother liked Biarritz.'

'We are a generation who cannot do things because we like.' The older boy spoke firmly. 'We must live, not for ourselves, but for Germany.'

On entering Godesberg we found the streets garlanded with swastikas. The

boys were keen to know why. We stopped to let them ask. The policeman consulted answered them politely. Adolf Hitler had come to the Hotel Dreesen yesterday afternoon and the decorations had not yet been taken down.

'The proprietor of the Hotel Dreesen is our Leader's lifelong friend,' Rüdiger informed us.

'If we had come yesterday we might have seen *den Führer*.'

'Have you ever seen him?' I asked.

'Rüdi three times and I once.'

'Our Leader is the best man in the world,' exclaimed Rüdiger, his eyes shining like stars.

From Godesberg on, the back seat was quiet. Once I turned to look. Within the circle of the older boy's arm the little one was asleep, his head cradled on the other's shoulder. As we approached Bonn, Rüdiger whispered directions. When we drove up before a Youth Hostel he woke his companion gently.

'Thank you,' 'Good-bye,' and 'I hope we meet again,' were their words as they shook hands with us.

'My name is Otto. You forgot to ask,' remarked the little one when he had hoisted up his pack.

'Why not exchange addresses and birthday dates?' exclaimed the elder, and we did.

'*Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler! Heil Hitler!*' we heard in a medley of cordial young voices as they were welcomed into their hostel.

We went on to a hotel. The hotel-keeper came out to the curb, greeting us as if truly glad we had come. He asked after the health of the little girls, our daughter and our niece, who had stopped here with my husband in the early spring. His remembrance of them pleased me, making me feel that I had come to live among a warm-hearted people.

Then he said: 'Bonn is full. This is the best tourist season we have had in Germany for many years. The privilege of registered marks combined with

curiosity as to whether we Germans have cloven hoofs is bringing people into our country.'

'You have n't rooms for us?'

He hastily assured us that he had received our letter and reserved a place. The rooms were nice. The charge — inclusive of meals, which were excellent, and the 10 per cent for service — was twenty marks a day, 'as you are staying longer than a fortnight.'

We dined in a small room where full-length portraits in color of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, wearing uniform, and Reichskanzler Adolf Hitler, in a trench coat, looked down on us. I could see other portraits of these two leaders of the German people on the walls of a brilliantly lit café across the street. This café was filled with singing people. As we sat down they were chorusing in slow rhythm, starting low and rising high, a folk song which begins: '*Es liegt eine Krone im tiefen Rhein.*'

None of this crowd were young. All were well past middle age. The women wore their long hair in knots on the top of their heads and used side combs. Most of the men had the local summer haircut, a clean shave, leaving them bald and shiny pink. All were neatly dressed in good clean clothes. They were orderly people — quiet except for their music. The waiter told us that the café was filled with rival singing clubs, come in from near-by villages to enjoy Saturday night in town.

They sang in emotional voices as people do who have pleasure in sentimental melody. At times a group would sing while all the others listened. Then the folk round another table would take a turn, sometimes repeating the last song, giving it a different interpretation. Several times quartettes came out on the pavement and, turning, sang through the open windows to their companions inside. Often there were solos.

Between songs waiters served these people with food and beer. The women buttered bread for their men and put on

slices of meat or cheese. Their concert went on all the time we were eating dinner and long afterwards. My husband went out to visit a bachelor friend, named Hans Schmidt, and I listened on to the singing. Upstairs, I found a balcony to my room and sat there in a low chair. It was like a concert, but I enjoyed it more than any formal concert I have ever attended. Here in Bonn, the birthplace of Beethoven, on my first evening of residence in Germany, I heard *Rhein-Lieder*, *Volkslieder*, and songs from Brahms, Schubert, Schumann, Löwe, Mendelssohn, Wolf, and others of the German constellation of composers — all sung as if folk songs.

As I prepared for bed a quartette of male voices were giving a song which they announced had been used by a city watchman of a bygone day. There was a verse for every hour of the night watch and a chorus repeated after every verse. This is what I heard: —

'Hark to what I say, good people,
The clock struck ten from our steeple,
Commandments ten God did decree,
To them let us all faithful be.

Chorus:

Human guarding cannot aid us,
God must guard us, God who made us,
Lord, by thy grace and might,
Grant to us a peaceful night.

'Hark to what I say, good people,
Eleven has struck from our steeple,
Eleven disciples steadfast were,
Grant that we die not in despair.'

Thus, in serene Christian faith, a German city watchman of a bygone day had marked the passage of time from curfew until dawn, and German people of the twentieth century still cherished his words. Here was a peace like that in the *Deutsch* communities of my own dear Pennsylvania. These people had the same substantial build and the same homely ways of their kinfolk far across the seas whom I knew so well in my early youth.

Memory told me these were people I

could love and trust. Our Pennsylvania Germans do not sing in public cafés, but this scene below had a domesticity solid as in a home. Less homesick than at any time since I came to Europe, I listened. It seemed my bed could be in Lebanon County; it had the good comfort, and linen smelling of fresh garden lavender.

On the wings of their song I drifted to sleep.

IV

I awoke to the ring of church bells.

'*Die Welt steht auf dem Kopf,*' the maid who brought my morning coffee told me, and to this information that the world stands on its head I buttered my first German Sunday bread. She lingered, and realizing that perhaps the Rhineland, like folk in China, enjoys a friendly chat and has time for it, I did not discourage her.

'We Germans have Adolf Hitler sent by God to help us. The poor people in other lands have nobody to help them,' she declared in preface to a detailed and romantic account of his recent activities as given to her by a cousin, a waiter at the Hotel Dreesen near Godesberg. She and her cousin had spent yesterday afternoon, their free day, walking in the Königswald.

She told how the *Führer* had come to the Hotel Dreesen on Friday afternoon, looking tired and worn. The usual vegetarian meal had been carefully cooked for him, but he did not notice food and it was understood by all that he wrestled with some serious government problem. She said: 'Ordinarily, it is his habit to thank those who serve him.'

Dr. Joseph Goebbels, whom she called 'Our Joe,' Herr Viktor Lutze, and other aides had been there with the *Führer*. 'Others give what advice and help they can, but the strain of every decision for our German good rests on our Hitler,' she averred.

Dr. Goebbels and the *Führer* had left

the party gathered round a table and walked on the Rhine terrace, Dr. Goebbels talking to Herr Hitler in a comforting voice. The context of his speech could not be heard, but Germany, Germany, Germany, throbbed through his words. Then the *Führer* walked alone, back and forth, back and forth, struggling toward decision. The hour advanced beyond midnight, a fog gathered over the Drachenfels. The orchestra, which had played all the evening, played on and on, giving such help as it could, choosing the *Führer's* known favorites from Wagner and the National Socialist hymns.

Back and forth, back and forth, he walked. Dispatches interrupted him and after each he stared long at the Rhine, running past in its solemn flow. Finally, there came a telephone call from Berlin. The *Führer* himself must be brought to the phone. He listened, but did not speak beyond an occasional monosyllable. When he had hung up, he walked alone again, paler now, his dark eyes sunken in sadness. Suddenly he turned and gave the command: 'We go.'

An order was put through to the Bonn aerodrome for a Junkers plane to be got ready. The *Führer* and his party left the hotel. 'Since then our Hitler has striven for us, putting down a revolution before it started. He lives only for Germany. He is our father and our mother, keeping us safe from all harm,' the maid stated as she took my tray.

Downstairs I asked the hotel manager about this revolution. 'Yes,' he acknowledged, 'there is serious trouble in Munich and in Berlin, but our Leader has it competently in hand. Here in the Rhineland there is not the least disturbance. Come to the door and observe the tranquillity of Bonn.'

I walked with him to the door and saw that a Sunday peace rested on the tree-shaded avenue. Elderly people strolled there, quietly and neatly dressed, many of them accompanied by small children, some turning into a near-by church;

folk in ages between the elderly and the very young, athletic of figure, hurried by dressed for various sports.

I went down to the tree-protected promenade along the Rhine. In the coolness here equally peaceful people were enjoying a Sunday leisure, while in and on the water several swam and many had pleasure in boats. Tiny yachts sped by, their owners wearing natty seafaring rig. Some people brought folding canoes to the bank; quickly setting them up, they paddled off.

At fairly frequent intervals passenger vessels passed, churning a wide wake of foam. Their decks were filled with happy-looking throngs, many of them singing. All the boats were cleanly painted, usually white with a trim of blue, green, or red and af flutter with flags and gay banners. On one a group of men were chorusing in fine harmony with their orchestra of wood, wind, brass, and strings.

On the opposite bank from where I walked a populace less refined than the quiet people here made merry. There a calliope played amid the white tents of a circus. A merry-go-round and Ferris wheel revolved.

A ship, with a notice inviting everyone to come on board and view a state exhibition of things made by German hands, stood docked below Bonn bridge. I was about to go up the gangplank when my husband and Hans Schmidt arrived. They came to announce their decision that after two days of motoring we needed a real walk. So we crossed by motor car to the foothills of the Siebengebirge and parked in a *Platz*. A dirt road on which cars were forbidden led up from here.

Donkeys for hire, saddle horses, victorias, and a miniature railway train offered conveyance to those who wished to begin their pedestrianism after arrival at the wooded summit. We joined those walking up the long hot Broadway. They were a friendly sort, joking about the toil of lifting one foot after the other,

quoting proverbs on the merits of exercise, and exchanging fun with those so lazy as to ride. None appeared concerned with any revolution.

Donkey men were persuasive and parents lenient, so that many children climbed the hill on donkey back. The timid clung to an adult hand while in the saddle. The bold gave themselves airs, flapped the reins, and dug in their heels. The result of this was several times disastrous. More than one young rider came down and had to suffer the mockery of the crowd: *'Wer den Schaden hat, braucht für den Spott nicht zu sorgen.'* Thus is the loser laughed at in many lands.

Everybody took the hill at an easy pace excepting a column of little girls dressed alike in black shoes, short blue skirts, white blouses, and brown jackets much too warm for the day. Their hair, drawn severely from centre partings into tight plaits, was damp above their brows. Sweat poured down their earnest faces. Some were of fine physique, others sadly marked by undernourishment. Sound limbs and rickety legs keeping the same forward step, they swept by singing with ardor as they marched. In face and figure they were children still — children whose honest faces were lit by a shining radiance, such as I once saw on the young converted at a Christian revival service in America.

'Bund Deutscher Mädel,' commented Hans. *'The Hitler Maids.'*

Verse after verse of their hymn drifted to us when they had passed, their clear young voices penetrating the distance even when we had turned from the broadway into a narrow path leading to the quietness of the wood. It was pleasant here under the deep foliage of hardbeam and beech. Our way was not crowded. Neither was it lonely. We met solitary walkers, occasional couples hand in hand, and many family groups, one in which two sturdy boys marched before their parents and a little girl was merry on her father's back.

In technicalities beyond my education, my companions talked of the composition of symphonies, dwelling on Beethoven's carefully weighed decisions and his intelligent courage, passing through consideration of his *rondo finale* to discussion of Brahms, and on to Schubert's *C Major*, which they called a 'reckless, glorious steeplechase.' We passed a class of school children out with their teacher identifying plants and trees. Beyond a rustic bridge we met two young girls wearing green tunics and barefoot sandals and a young man dressed in matching green shirt and shorts. They were playing guitars. Swinging along three abreast, they kept step to their music, singing as they walked: '*Wer recht in Freuden wandern will, der geh' der Sonn' entgegen* —' I liked the idea that those who would wander with joy must go toward the sun.

It was an idyllic day — a lovely sylvan day. Furred and feathered creatures were friendly along our paths as in a Buddhist land. Red squirrels wanted nuts. Most of the German folk had provisions for the inhabitants of the wood. There were several people who inspired such confidence that birds flew to their hands for tidbits.

We stopped for lunch at one wayside place and for coffee in another. In both I was surprised by the quality of the food. I had yet to learn the high standard in comfort and diet which the German counts a necessity.

People were friendly everywhere. At lunch, when I made some remark about life, a stranger leaned across from her table to tell me that in some thirty poems a German poet named Mörike has summed up all one needs to know. As proof she recited several beautiful verses which made me want to read his works.

Where we stopped for coffee we found a crowd gathered round a man with a long gray beard. He played a lute and gave a lead in singing whatever songs he was asked. Since leaving China I had

not expected ever again to find a minstrel in a modern world, but here, they assured me, was one — a minstrel in a shabby brown velvet coat. It made me absurdly happy.

Back at our hotel the man who came to take our dusty shoes asked if we had enjoyed our walk.

'I never miss mine,' said he. 'Thursday is my day off. My wife goes with me. We start from home at six in the morning so as to have a good long day. Eleven years we have been married. Rain or shine, except when she could n't because of the baby, she has never missed coming along. He is a big boy now. Goes to school. He eats dinner at his grandmother's on Thursdays. Packs a tasty lunch for us, my wife does. Always a surprise in it for me. When we want a drink we stop in some place for a coffee, a beer, or maybe a nice glass of wine. We don't sit in long. It is out-of-doors we like. That is what I minded most during the war — no freedom to wander.'

V

I now set forth to find a furnished house in which to make a home during our sojourn. Child of a Pennsylvania Quaker and a Swedish mother, and wife to an Englishman whose favorite composers are German, I have always lived in homes with doors wide open for German visitors. During the Great War I was neutral, as were all my kin. Neither then nor since had it ever occurred to me that one group of the peoples involved was any more to blame for those four long years of reversion to barbarism than the other. I knew people who had been caught up in the tides of patriotism on both sides. I had mourned dead who fell facing each other's guns.

I had some German friends and many German acquaintances, but my knowledge of things German was very superficial. I knew well one German book, a drama; and I was not entirely ignorant of Germany's poetry, but I did not have

the habit of reading her literature, nor had I given her philosophies more than a casual glance. From an early age my attention had centred on things of the Orient, but the influences round me had tended to my acceptance of the Germans as belonging to the coterie of the civilized. Also my heart was soft to them because they had been defeated. People invited to any house where I was hostess were not asked again if they were stiff to German guests met there.

On this Monday morning, July 2, 1934, I reasoned that the National Socialists of Germany are Germans, a people of violent temperament, but a moral people who, when they do wrong, soon long to make it right again. A hotel maid had gossiped of further revolution, but there could be nothing serious happening in a land where people were so serenely unconcerned in demeanor as here. I thought of the French Revolution and of the Russian Revolution, as I achieved a reasoned pardon for the violence attendant on the National Socialist assumption of control in Germany.

Since I must live in Europe, this country now suited me as well as any other. Moving from France had interrupted a book I was writing about Chin Shih Huang Ti, the builder of the Great Wall of China. As my publisher wanted the remaining chapters as promptly as possible, I had a concern to get my domestic affairs in order quickly that I might finish my book.

Monday and Tuesday, and until late afternoon on Wednesday, I searched with a quiet heart; then my complacency was shaken. The estate agent took me to Marienburg, an attractive suburb of Cologne. We stopped before a house which was occupied.

'This is the place you want,' said he; 'it has every requirement you have specified. I can only show you the location to-day, but by to-morrow morning I shall have an order to view.'

'Who lives in it?' I asked.

'A man named Abendroth.'

'The musician?'

'Yes.'

'Why is he moving?'

'He has been dismissed from all his Cologne appointments.'

'Abendroth dismissed! I thought he was one of the few important men in music left in Germany and Cologne's pride. Is he a Jew?'

'Pure Aryan,' he answered.

'Who dismissed him?'

'The local government.'

'Why?'

'It is not usual to question acts of government here. It borders on treason.'

'Is Herr Abendroth banished from Germany?'

'No. As soon as the news spread that he had been dismissed from Cologne, the rival musical city of Leipzig invited him there.'

'So Cologne loses him to Leipzig. Did n't any of the citizens of Cologne protest?'

'Foolishly, thirty-five did. I believe that they were elderly professors, probably most of them musicians. Two young officials in government uniform received the deputation. When the officials had explained to the petitioners the seriousness of the misdemeanor they were committing in presenting a petition against a government decision, thirty-three of them had the sense to slip away.'

'And the other two?'

'They persisted in reading the petition and were beaten insensible. One was a fine organist at one of our biggest churches. I have heard that his hands are ruined.' The estate agent coughed nervously. 'You must not judge ours a bad government. We have got to be ruled hard until things are straight. Our country would have gone Communist if the Nazis had not saved us. Hitler's government is benevolent to all who willingly obey. Our *Führer* knows that we must be a people of one Will if we are to regain our place among the strong nations of the world.'

He offered to show me other houses,

but I felt that I needed to think before using any more of his time, and I went back to my hotel. What shocked me more than the violence of the young officials was that thirty-three elderly men had slipped away. If thirty-five men had prepared the petition, then thirty-five should have supported it. A country which bred old men weak in courage had not my respect.

Wanting to think things over quietly, I went to Bonn University campus next morning. I took the morning mail along to read, and en route I bought copies of the local papers. My husband had said that he intended staying here, so I was prepared to study them in my quest for a house.

We had a postcard of greeting and 'again thanks' from Rüdiger and Otto, the Hitler youths whom we had given a lift on Saturday. Also a letter from the German farmer met in Eupen-Malmédy. He had a fine grandson safely born. Mother and child were doing well. Would we be godparents? This request touched my heart. Next I read a letter from my brother in America, and one from friends in China.

Then I opened the German papers. They reported troubles in other parts of the world — unrest in France, misery in Russia, a serious shipping strike in California, the breaking up of the British Empire, and hopelessness in the Danube countries. Reading here, this seemed a sorry planet; but in Germany at least there was peace. There had been an insurrection over the week-end within the National Socialist Party, but the *Führer* and his aides had soon brought this to order.

Twelve years in China detached me from newspaper reading as a regular habit, but my husband has *The Times* sent to him from London wherever he is, and several copies had come together, catching up with our new address. I opened them leisurely, half my attention on a rusty-coated blackbird in the tree above me who was singing notes as liq-

uid as if the month were May. When I had them all doubled back at the middle, where their principal news is always hidden, I suddenly saw that Germany was in the headlines: —

'Herr Hitler's Coup' — 'A Midnight Descent on Munich' — 'Arrest and Execution of S.A. Leaders' — 'A Party Purge' — 'More Executions in Germany' — 'The "Clean-up" Complete' — 'President's Thanks to Herr Hitler' — 'Ban on S.A. Uniforms' — 'Attitude of Army' — 'Ex-Premier among Victims' — 'Bodies Found on Moors' — 'Growing Death Roll in Munich.'

Under these headings I read column after column of restrained English prose narrating the execution of an unknown number of Germans by their fellow Germans. Then I read two editorials: 'Purging a Party' and 'Mediæval Methods.'

The fair day darkened, time turned back, and memory swung me across space. . . .

It was a summer day in China and I had stepped out of a hotel at the Nankow pass under the shadow of the Great Wall. My chair bearers, who were to carry me on a visit to friends in the northeast, sat waiting. Before us, on the plain, soldiers were drawn up in regimental formation. Discipline was in process among them. Every ninth man in every ninth row was being called out to kneel, bare his neck, and bow his head to the executioner's sword. Silently, they were meeting death.

Then, as now, the fair green earth had waved before me in sickening black. I heard the voice of my head chair bearer speak: 'Come, Tai-Tai, we wait'; and my sight had cleared that I might walk to my waiting chair. The bearers set off in their usual deliberate trot, helping me to quietness by their steadiness, hastening their pace only when they could put a hill between us and what was going on. Then without a command from me the old bearer stopped the chair and put it down. 'You had

better have a drink of tea,' he said kindly.

I could not put the scene from my mind and must ask questions. The chief bearer explained to me that their commander was an austere man who gave to every soldier in his army a set of moral edicts: no one in his ranks could loot, rape, swear, smoke, drink, or be untidy. Slackness had come into this regiment, and its members were being taught to obey the will of their Lord by this method of striking terror into their midst. There had been no court of inquiry. Justice resided in their commander.

My memory was broken in upon by a German voice: 'We are professors of the university. We noticed that you have copies of the London *Times* and would appreciate sharing them.' Thus two men introduced themselves. I gave them the papers and they sat down, both reading from the same sheet. Their faces went white as they read, yet neither made any comment. When they had finished, the professors folded the papers neatly, returning them with thanks.

I went back to my hotel. On the faces of the people whom I passed I saw no troubled anxiety, no harassed, apprehensive, bewildered look. Men, women, and children all appeared concerned only with their own affairs. I crossed a market square where fruits and vegetables were offered for sale; here *Hausfrauen* were busy at their marketing, intent on their purchases. Beside one mother a little girl waited, gayly skipping.

I told my husband that I intended to leave, and learned again that he meant to stay. After sitting a while embroidering, I realized that he was right. Violence may occur in any land. I had never left China because it occurred. I could not now run away. Deep in my heart I knew that it is a woman's first job in life to make her husband as comfortable a home as she can — in the place where he wants to be, regardless of geography.

VI

The forenoon of our second Sunday we went to a pageant given on Bonn campus by citizens of the town. I had supposed from reading the papers that the S.A. (*Sturm Abteilung*, or Storm Troops) were all on vacation, but men in the brown uniform were roping off the central grass when we arrived. In company with other observers we strolled under the trees, noticing the charm of fair children, the kindness in the wrinkled faces of the aged, the feminine dresses of the girls and the eager attention they gave to young men, many of whom were sabre-gashed, some with a nasty black gumlike paste on fresh wounds.

A goodly audience had gathered before the citizens taking part in the pageant arrived on horseback and in open horse-drawn carriages. The men were gay in satin breeches, lace ruffles, silk stockings, and buckled shoes; the women gowned in dainty flowered silks and muslins. All wore powdered wigs. Children were replicas of their elders. With bygone ceremony they descended from horse and carriage, greeted each other, and came on to the green to dance minuets.

Sweeping curtsy, and stately bow, distinguished the leisured performance of the opening number danced to music composed by Jean Baptiste Lully for the court of Louis XIV. Then came a minuet from Haydn, light-hearted and cheerful. This was followed by a graceful and tender melody arranged by Mozart. And, lastly, we were given one from Bonn's own Beethoven of quicker tempo and more varied rhythm than any of those before, dignified, yet with a spirit of romping fun in it. 'A minuet truly Rhenish,' a woman standing near explained to me.

Later in the day we went to a memorial service held in a private house for Dr. Willi Schmid, a musical critic who had lost his life at Munich during the previous week-end. An obituary notice was

read from the *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten*, and a statement was made that he had been in no way involved in politics. His executors had arrested and shot him instead of the wanted man. It was a case of mistaken identity. The government had expressed regrets. No blemish of even suspected treason was attached to his reputation.

There was no prayer, and no discussion. The service consisted of a programme of selections from Bach's *Matthäuspassion*. The infinite tenderness and sorrow of this music filled the room for more than an hour. Then the radio was turned on that we might listen to Herr Hess, deputy to Herr Hitler, speaking at a National Socialist Congress at Königsberg in East Prussia.

Herr Hess began in a husky voice, each slow phrase emotionally controlled. In this manner he spoke of Herr Hitler's courageous action in carrying out a grave decision with severity and energy a few days ago, thereby saving Germany and the National Socialist movement from mutineers. The death of these ringleaders had prevented a civil war. It was necessary to save the lives of thousands, if not of tens of thousands, of the best Germans, among them possibly women and children.

He thanked all the organizations of the party for their loyalty; particularly the Hitler Youth, among whom every boy looked up to the *Führer* as his idol, because he had always acted, especially in these days just past, in the way of an ideal heroic figure. In a few hours he had freed the nation from the thrall of a few abnormal, perverse beings, and restored to womenfolk their faith in the purity of the ideals for which their men and their children lived and strove under his leadership.

He gave no details of what had happened and mentioned no names, but went on to appeal to his East Prussian hearers — as representative of soldierly German manhood, men who could best understand the *Führer*. He asserted

that when the fate of the nation is at stake the degree of the guilt of an individual cannot be given meticulous judgment. To my astonishment he remarked that, severe though it may be, there is a deep significance in the old German system of crushing mutinies by shooting every tenth soldier, without putting the smallest question concerning his guilt or innocence.

His delivery quickened as he entered on the major part of his address, which was a discourse on war and peace. He mentioned that within a few weeks would occur the twentieth anniversary of the day which saw the beginning of the German soldiers' great heroic struggle. He said Germany now had the good fortune to be governed predominantly by her front-line soldiers, who had grafted the virtues of the front on to State leadership.

He paid a glowing tribute to all men who had fought at the front, on the enemy as well as the German side. Then in graphic and lengthy detail he painted a dramatic picture of the splendors and the agonies of warfare, drawn from his personal experience, and called on soldiers everywhere to prevent their governments from bringing about a repetition of these horrors.

After some caustic remarks about the men who had betrayed Germany, betrayed the German soldier, he warned the world not to confuse the Germany of to-day, the Germany of peace, with the erstwhile Germany, the Germany of pacifism. 'The way is not open for a stroll through our land,' he proclaimed, rousing his audience in Königsberg to loud and lasting applause, which came clearly through the radio.

'Exactly as the French people contested each hand's breadth of ground with their utmost powers in the Great War, so would we Germans do the same. The French-line soldier well understands us when we declare to those who are still playing with the idea of a war which would call others to the front: "Just you

dare attack us! Just you dare march into the new Germany!" Then the world will learn something about the spirit of the new Germany! It would fight for freedom as heroically as any people have ever fought! Old and young would dig themselves into the soil of the Homeland! They would defend themselves with unprecedented fanaticism!

He closed with a conclusion, under ten minutes in duration, that peace was wanted in Europe and throughout the world, asked for an understanding with France reflecting the will to peace and the mutual respect of the soldiers on the two sides of the frontier, and reminded the world that Herr Hitler had repeatedly declared that Germany desired only equality of rights in all spheres, including that of armaments. After the attainment of such an understanding between Germany and her neighbors, Germany could more easily content herself with that minimum of armaments which was necessary to secure her safety and therefore peace. A virtually defenseless country was a danger to peace, a temptation to other countries to make war on her.

When the radio talk was over there was no comment in the room where we sat. Soon the sincere simplicity of the *Matthew Passion* continued. Listening, I realized as never before how infinitely tender music can be when composed by a mature intellect seeking to teach humanity that only through love and understanding of each other can mankind be civilized.

During the following week the greater part of my time continued to be occupied with the search for a house. Finally, since we must have a home when our daughter and niece arrived for the summer holidays, we took temporarily an apartment near the botanical gardens at Cologne. We went to tell some people who had been energetic in assisting us, and stayed to afternoon coffee.

Here we did hear comment on Herr Hess's address. Our host and hostess

denounced it in no uncertain terms. 'The German people have a right to an adequate explanation of "bloody Saturday"' . . . 'We Germans are one of the foremost peoples in the world in the adequacy of our laws and the efficiency of our Courts of Justice' . . . 'No Chancellor has the right to turn back to mediæval practices' . . . 'Herr Hess has criminally evaded the issue with an emotional smoke screen' . . . 'We hope that Herr Hitler, a Chancellor democratically elected, will be more adequate when he addresses the *Reichstag*, which has been summoned to the Kroll Opera House to hear him on Friday, July 13.' Those were things they said.

At eight o'clock on Friday evening, July 13, we went to the Cologne High School of Music. We had been invited to attend the graduation exercises. But we discovered that the ceremonies would not take place until after the broadcast of Herr Hitler's speech, to which all Germans must listen. He spoke for an hour and a half with furious animation and skillful technique. I had read his book, *Mein Kampf*, wherein he has explained his theories on public speaking. He fulfilled them all. He told nothing more than he wished his people to know.

The most important part of his oration, so I thought, was: 'I am ready before history to bear the responsibility for twenty-four hours of the bitterest decision of my life, during which Fate has taught me, in anxious worry, to cling with every thought of mine to the dearest thing we possess in this world: the German people and the German *Reich*.' And: 'In this hour I was responsible for the fate of the German nation. Therefore the Supreme Court of the German people was myself.'

'Audacious poetry!' exclaimed the stranger on my left as this remark from his Chancellor came out of the radio.

When the speech was over the Cologne High School of Music ceremonies began. The programme was ambitious and dis-

appointing. The performance was not even equal to that which I had heard the previous year at the Royal College of Music in London, and I had expected much more from scholars in a land so natively musical as this.

Afterwards, feeling that Germans have no end of vitality, I went along on an invitation to hear some real music. Arrived at a fine house, four of our number, one of them a Jew, took up their instruments. They were business men. They said they had met together to enjoy music without interruption every Tuesday since they were young men — except when interrupted by the war, in which all had fought. Our host's promise that we should hear real music was no idle boast. They played superbly Beethoven's 'Quartette in E flat,' Opus 127.

Our host had both beer and champagne on the ice, and sandwiches, ready for a party. As he filled glasses he sang from *Die Fledermaus*: '*Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was nicht mehr zu ändern ist!*' (Happy is he who can forget what cannot be altered.)

VII

'*Still, sprich durch die Blume,*' was said to me when I asked a simple question as we sat drinking coffee on a Rhine-land terrace.

'Hush, speak through a flower!' It seemed a curious answer. Because I looked puzzled, it was amplified: 'Do not speak the names of Government officials or Party members unless you praise them.' I felt hurt, for I had meant no harm. I probed no further that day. Mine had been but an idle curiosity.

Never before had I been so close to the frequent passing of tragedy, nor among a people who accepted tragedy as these. Every few days I encountered stories that appeared incredible in a land as outwardly serene and gay as this. For instance, I saw a woman go by, tall and fair, her beautiful face so marked by pain that I must ask about her.

I was hushed and not answered until we were in our host's house. Then, after the servant had left the room, pillows were put down along the crack of the door, a wad of plasticine stuck in the keyhole, and the telephone — which in Germany plugs into a wall socket — pulled from its connection 'because the inventions for listening in on families are most easily applied to the telephone and some chance remark overheard might be judged treason.'

These arrangements completed, I was cautiously told the following about the woman. Two unknown men wearing the brown uniform of the National Socialist Party had entered the house while husband and wife sat at dinner, and taken the husband away. Three months later four young men wearing black uniform with the 'death's head cap' had brought back a coffin, and informed her that her husband had committed suicide. It was forbidden to open the sealed casket.

My narrators carefully explained that the husband was not a Jew, but an Aryan, a distinction in tragedy of which I did not see the point. The party officials stayed until after the funeral. The widow was made to pay five thousand marks for 'burial services.'

From what I could learn her husband had been a respected member of the community. Neither the community nor her kin had made any united protest. In fact no protest of any kind had been made. And this was explained with the sentence: 'It is not wise to interfere between individuals and the Party.'

Around us, as the summer advanced, trellised roses bloomed to meet the purple clematis. Stately delphinium, snapdragon, hollyhock, and sweet pea beckoned to the budding aster, the dahlia, and the chrysanthemum. The Rhineland is rural even where urban, and every man here a landed proprietor, be his estate but a window box.

In the Rhine Valley I never saw a no man's land of old tin cans and rubbish. I never came upon an ugly back-yard

corner. Everywhere were flowers in array, neat paths, and pretty lawns; in each garden there was an arbor or a tree with a clean table and chairs set beneath its shade. Nearly always there was water—a trickling stream, a lily pond, or a fountain, if the location gave no view of the river.

‘For us, where there is something growing, there is always hope,’ I was told, and this was added: ‘If you will look you will find the seed of blossom in every German heart. No matter how sordid the round of his daily life, tucked under the crustiest exterior each German has a sentimental love of forget-me-nots and rustic waterfalls.’

Although the Rhine is a busy commercial river, at few places along its banks are warehouses permitted to press down to the water’s edge; long stretches of riverside are kept open, some laid out in parks, others left in wild and rugged beauty. At the close of the Great War, the peace dictated by the Allied victors leveled the fortified walls of patrician Cologne; the havoc and mess round the proud city were soon cleared away and its double-towered cathedral now looks down on an encircling green belt planted with trees and shrubs, furnished with swimming pools and playing fields. In lovely Düsseldorf, flowering vines clamber up houses built flush on the street. It seemed they must spring from the pavement. I learned that their roots are nourished in well-tended beds in the cellars of the houses, the trunk stems carried through wall and sidewalk in encasing tubes.

Walls do not generally shut homes from view. In passing one may enjoy the flowers grown there, and also glimpse the householder surrounded by his family at coffee, or perhaps find him busy at cultivation. Even on huge estates, where there are gardeners enough, owners wheel heavy barrows, spade, plant, weed, and water, spray and train, in serene business.

‘Politics spoil the character,’ accord-

ing to a German proverb, and I found few people concerned with their government, except those actively employed in it. The people I met preferred to be occupied with other things.

Daily I heard what in America is called classical music, and under the following explanation I was assured that there is nothing curious about this. Effective melodies are invariably borrowed folk tunes, and all the great German composers were folk musicians, kin to the highway minstrel and the troubadours of a day earlier than their own. The chorals of Bach were taken from the German folk songs and turned into hymns by Martin Luther, who put religious words to them. In Bonn, Beethoven’s birthplace, one can hear to-day the rustic dance melodies, the cuckoo calls, and the final serenity which the master put into his Pastoral Symphony. Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Wagner, and the other great men arranged and rewrote what was already commonplace, enriching it with their own genius. Even the tune of ‘*Deutschland über alles*,’ taken from Haydn, was got by him from a Croatian folk song.

There may have been places where the political events of this time beat in upon these people differently than I saw. As far as my observation went their concern with politics was to keep free of it. ‘We love the Fatherland deeply, truly, reverently, but we are not temperamentally suited to the management of affairs other than our own,’ I heard again and again, while broadcast on the air every day were strange statements made by members of the National Socialist Party who quite frequently gave their remarks support by quoting phrases torn from the text of Schiller, Lessing, Fichte, and even Goethe.

‘These Rhinelanders have wine in their veins, not blood,’ a Berlin friend who was visiting us said of them. ‘They need a firm hand before they can be properly incorporated into the Third Reich. They care more about carnival

than politics and have a half-serious, half-mocking affection for both England and France. Given moonlight on the Rhine, they have always been willing to let who will tend to politics.

'But a new time is born now, a serious time, and soon their life and vigor must be harnessed more practically to the service of the State. That cannot be done, of course, until we have reoccupied the Rhine—a right the Versailles Treaty forbids us. These folk compounded of gentleness and coarseness, nimble wits and catholic piety, careless gayety and business genius, are a splendid people. They must be made more closely one with the rest of the Fatherland. Of course, some of the great factory owners here have supplied Hitler with gold, helping to make his rise possible. They gambled on him as an "unknown soldier" who might be right in his fanatical belief that he is selected by God to bring back German prosperity.'

I found the heavy summer heat in this valley more trying than any heat I had ever known, but the people here were not wilted by it. They were seemingly impervious to its discomfort. Boisterous in their enjoyment, they danced in the open, sometimes with flowers in their hair, the blond heads of the women shining in the sun. Young people strolling with arms round each other's waists stopped unabashed for long kisses. Aged couples laughed at them and did likewise. It was usual to see people whose hands were callous with toil playing musical instruments. No gathering was without its song.

Peals of laughter punctuated the pleasures of the populace. The German language seems a hard-wrought struggle with thought. It lacks the ease of English, and the crystalline clearness of meaning to which I had become accustomed in China and in France. To me it is barbaric and rough, a language of doughty vigor, plastic and unformed; yet possessed of a richness more polished tongues have lost. When spoken, High

German breaks upon my ears like the rumble of a wooden drum, the gutturals hard and brittle, closely overlaid by flute tones. But on the tongue of the Cologne populace language turns into a melodious dialect. They put a soft roll on the *r*'s and add a rich cadence to expression, jewelizing their speech with vivid phrases often vulgar, nearly always funny.

Very shortly after arrival I learned that there was pressure to cultivate selfishness in regard to places of recreation. The National Socialists were urging the Rhinelanders to exclude Jews from use of the river and its meadows, from the forested hills, from the swimming pools and playing fields, and to keep them out of the opera houses, theatres, and concerts.

Marie and Brenda, my daughter and niece, soon discovered this. And one afternoon I came home to be told that they were giving tea to Manfred, the son of a German neighbor. High voices arrested my attention before I opened the door to the room where they sat.

'The Jewish problem must be settled. It is a serious world problem,' I heard Manfred say.

'It is no problem at all,' put in young Brenda quickly. 'The world is God's and we must live in it together peacefully.'

'German soil is German,' he said firmly. 'They have to get off German soil.'

'The German Jews are German,' Marie said. 'They helped to make this nation, and in its good and its evils are a part of it. You cannot rise up and crush them, neither can you stamp out the pacifists, the Masons, all who believe in the League of Nations, and every other element that does not bend to this wicked creed. Don't you know your own Hans Sachs?'

'Children, children,' I admonished; but I have never been able to stay Small Girl on any of her determined courses. Her voice, clear and firm, subdued mine.

repeating words she had learned long ago in China from a German governess, an East Prussian:—

‘And so, dear sons of mine,
while you stay bound in love to one another,
each one willing to be the protector of the other,
so long will you stay rich and unconquered, too.
But if you are not concerned to cherish each other,
and each seeks his own gain,
then you will perish in a few short hours.’

The three had stony faces.

To my surprise Manfred’s face softened first, and he said: ‘You foreigners cannot have any idea how beset with difficulties we young Germans are. We have to join the Hitler Youth. We have to accept as gospel every Nazi word. Otherwise we have no future. We are told quite plainly that no job and no profession will be open to us if we do not accept National Socialism. I want to be a doctor. I have always intended to be a doctor. I am ready to take my final high-school examination next term. I cannot study further without a certificate that I have passed it. And no one is allowed to take the examination who does not have a reputation as a believing Nazi.’

‘You poor thing,’ I heard from Brenda. ‘Do take another piece of the chocolate cake.’

Marie was filling his teacup, putting in plenty of sugar, as I closed the door to go away.

VIII

The people here were not entirely occupied with their own personal celebrations. Masses of them took part in each national celebration, as requested from Berlin, celebrating events with a fervent pageantry which often made me feel that we were a part of a Wagnerian opera.

Torchlight processions were usual — and national anthems, as romantic as they are violent, as sentimental as they are martial, assailed my ears. Local songs, drums, and full orchestras were supplemented by radioed programmes in

which noise more thrilling than the words filled the air.

Into the outward serenity of this summer came the radioed news of a National Socialist uprising in Austria, the failure of a group who had tried to bring about an *Anschluss* with Germany. Music and noise were suddenly stilled, this gay world abruptly quiet.

‘The *Anschluss* is right; Austria should be joined to us. This clause must be torn from the wicked Versailles Treaty, but, alas, the Austrian is a fumbler. Somewhere his timing has gone wrong,’ one heard said. It was known that Dollfuss was dead, and there was sadness that he had not been allowed a priest before his death. The Rhenish Catholic folk with whom I listened were much moved when a broadcasting voice announced that his last words had been, ‘May God forgive them.’

The great anxiety was: ‘Has Austria again plunged us into war?’ Men and women mentioned radio broadcasts which, they said, had been going out from Munich, given by an Austrian National Socialist living in exile there, broadcasts against Dollfuss and his government. They spoke of thousands of Austrian National Socialists finding sanctuary in Bavaria — armed men organized into legions, camped near the Austrian frontier; men in training these eighteen months past in readiness to rescue their country when the signal should be given.

Anxiety deepened as word came across the wires, picked up from France and England and Luxembourg and other stations, that Frau Dollfuss was with Mussolini, and Italian troops were massing on the Tyrolean border. It was remembered that the elected German Chancellor, Adolf Hitler, was not a birthright German but an Austrian. ‘We have been sacrificed to Austria,’ white-faced people said. ‘War has come upon us.’

Then suddenly spirits rose as quickly as they had sunk. Round the radio where

I listened, listeners began to say: 'Heil! Heil! Heil! He has saved us!'

News had come across the wires that Adolf Hitler was in Bavaria turning back the Austrian legions. 'All National Socialists have taken an oath to obey implicitly the *Führer's* will and so there can be no question among them of disobedience,' ran the murmur around me.

'He is standing on the road turning them back.' Only then was it remembered that in his book, *Mein Kampf*, Herr Hitler has written praise of Mussolini and expressed the view that a bond of friendship must be made and kept with him.

When it was known that a telegram had gone to President Miklas in Austria expressing President von Hindenburg's condolences on the 'abominable outrage' of which Dr. Dollfuss was the victim, there was general approval.

'Twice within a summer month this *Führer* has saved us from war — from inner revolution by his action at the end of June, and from world war now,' was said in these days, and I saw that many of an intellectual class who had been indifferent to him were won to his support by his conduct at this time.

IX

Full meed of praise one heard, yet never a thorough discussion of the tenets of government. Instead of this, '*Vorsicht, leise sprechen*' became a phrase very familiar to me. I have a lively curiosity and I had never lived with people like these before. 'Careful, be quiet,' had not been a habit of my life. I found it hard to acquire. Resolved not to question, I would find myself questioning. 'I would not bother myself if I were you,' I was told.

The amusement places were full. Old men had their own corners in coffee-houses, certain chairs sacred to them; here they met the same friends for the same games at the same regular times. Women too had their groups and their

own sacred tables round which they had met on the same date for years; a circle of girls, often from the same school, stout matrons now who once a week went *konditor'n*. They brought their handwork to the coffeehouse. Quite at home in this public place, they ate heartily of *Torte, Apfelkuchen mit Schlag-sahne, Pfirsich-Melba Eis*, helped down by generous cups of coffee topped with whipped cream. Then they embroidered their gayly colored *Kissen, Tischdecken, Läufer*, and other things that would make nice presents at Christmas, discussing as they worked everything except the forbidden.

In places where there was music, usually out of doors in this fine weather, the young folk danced on a part of the paved terrace reserved for dancing. They have the custom that a young man may go to any table and with no introduction bow and ask a girl to dance. Strangers, they dance, and when the music stops he brings her back to her table and leaves her. They have this social freedom and yet a simple question on anything related to their government either brought extravagant speech lauding National Socialism or such a reply as this, said behind a hand: 'We have the police, but that is not the end. We have the secret police and the more secret police. Who they are nobody knows. I may be one. My wife may be one. Hermann, here, may be treating us to beer with money he gets as a secret agent.'

Men are not afraid of outspokenness if they really care about a thing — nor women either. Where there is ardor of soul against a condition, people defy danger, courting martyrdom. Death is an experience common to each of us. Stirred to defense of a conviction, men and women gladly give their lives. They are not halted by threat of arrest or torture where feeling is strong enough. People the world over suffer, even die, gladly for any cause they really cherish. The Germans are no cowardly exception

different from the rest of mankind. I had known too many of them to conclude this.

I found their desertion of the cause of free speech disconcerting, and their failure to stand by kin and neighbors astounding. I had a desire for 'more light,' as Goethe puts it. But at this period of my experience Rüdiger and Otto were the only persons who took the task of my enlightenment seriously. It became my habit to write them queries. They answered with detailed care. Beyond this I had to educate myself by observation.

Crossing the Cathedral square in Cologne one day, I heard an order broadcast to all Germany. On August 2 every church bell in the land was to ring at noon, tolling for fifteen minutes in commemoration of the twentieth anniversary of the day when the flower of German manhood set forth to protect the Fatherland from a war forced upon them. Flags were to be flown on every home and shop in honor of the sons of the homeland who had shown a readiness to sacrifice themselves for the just cause of Germany.

No turret, balcony, or roof was to be without its banner. The colors of the old and of the new *Reich* were to float there side by side. 'The reborn nation is commanded to think in silent reverence of the incomparable spirit which they displayed in the path of heroism. Silent prayers are to be followed by church services, parades, and ceremonies in every corner of the *Reich*; these are to be inspired by the thankful knowledge that God has raised us out of want and shame to National Socialism,' said the fervent broadcasting voice.

I bought a copy of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and there read: 'In the days of the collapse in 1918 and of the Versailles dictate it seemed as if all our sacrifices had been in vain. To-day we may say that, historically considered, we did not lose the war of 1914-1918, for the plan to dismember the

German *Reich*, to break up the creation of Bismarck, and to set us back where we were before 1870 did not succeed. It did not succeed in the war, or in the post-war period, in spite of all apprehension. Since National Socialism seized power, the national spirit of self-assertion has been so renewed that skillful political leadership will be able to avert every future danger.'

On August 2 the banners of the old and the new *Reich* floated side by side on castle and cottage, small shop and great factory; but they were at half-mast, draped in black, and the church bells, ordered to toll in honor of the soldiers of the German army left on the field of battle, now tolled for them and for the leader of that army.

Twenty years ago to-day the German Government had informed the Belgian Government that it intended to occupy Belgian territory in order to forestall an enemy attack from that direction. A few weeks later General von Hindenburg, who had fought as a young lieutenant in the battle of Sedan which gave the Germans the victory over invaded France in 1870, had been summoned from retirement to repulse a Russian attack in the east, and at the age of sixty-seven won the battle of Tannenberg. From that date until this, with rare intervals, he had been the embodiment of German hope. In belief that red revolution, such as had occurred in Russia, was rising in the Fatherland he had advised his Kaiser to seek refuge in Holland. Leading home his defeated army, he had striven since then to establish order, and he had served republican Germany for several terms as President.

Now, early this morning, Dr. Goebbels sadly broadcast to the nation the news of his death. Round us I heard the question: 'What will happen? Who succeeds to the Presidency?'

There was radio silence for half an hour after announcement of the death. Then Dr. Goebbels spoke again an-

nouncing the unification of the Presidency and the Chancellorship in Herr Hitler's person: 'The bill giving this joint office to Adolf Hitler is in two parts. Firstly, the office of the *Reichspräsident* is united with that of the *Reichskanzler*, and in consequence the former powers of the *Reichspräsident* pass to the leader and *Reichskanzler*, Adolf Hitler. He nominates his deputy. Secondly, this bill enters into force from the moment of the death of the *Reichspräsident* von Hindenburg.'

This automatically gave to Adolf Hitler General Field Marshal von Hindenburg's place in the German army. It was made known to the people that General von Blomberg had sent an order to the services which read: 'The Field Marshal's example of service to the Fatherland until his last breath will forever be a lesson to us to pledge our strength and our lives to the new Germany. The door of this new Germany was opened to us by Field Marshal von Hindenburg, who called Adolf Hitler to the Chancellorship, thus fulfilling the dream of centuries of German history. Inspired by the heroic figure of von Hindenburg, we tread the path to the future of Germany full of confidence in the leader of the *Reich* and the German people, Adolf Hitler.'

Soon all Germany knew that, division by division, the soldiers and sailors were pledging their loyalty with an oath: 'I swear by God this sacred oath that I will render unconditional obedience to the leader of the German *Reich* and the German people, Adolf Hitler, the commander in chief of the services, and I will at all times be ready to stake my life for this oath.'

'The army,' I heard, 'is the only force capable of resisting National Socialism. This shows that it stands behind the new law and the new order.'

By evening Adolf Hitler had designated that he wished to be known as *Führer* and Chancellor, and that he desired the bill appointing him to this joint

office to be submitted to a national plebiscite on August 19.

'There is nothing left for us to decide,' a woman explained to me; 'our part is to thank the *Führer* for what he is willing to undertake for us.'

In dramatic detail Field Marshal von Hindenburg's funeral was broadcast to the world. Every step of the black horses drawing the hearse, a gun carriage covered with a war flag, was reported on its long journey from his estate to Tannenberg, — the scene of the greatest victory of the war, — where he was buried.

At 11.30 on the day of the interment all Germany paused for a moment; heads were bared in the streets, arms outstretched in salute, and bells rang from the steeples. In the schools children listened and were dismissed for the day. In shops and factories workers gathered round a wireless for the ceremony, spending the whole morning listening.

Every employer of labor had by government order to install a wireless set ready for this broadcast, and have it there for future use, so that it would no longer be possible for a worker to give the excuse that he had not listened to a government broadcast because no facilities were provided.

From this day on there were the bustle and stir of preparation for August 19, the day chosen for the plebiscite, or 'thank you.'

In the midst of this the Baptist World Congress in session at Berlin passed two resolutions: 'Firstly, this Congress deplores and condemns as a violation of the law of God all racial animosity and every form of apprehension or unfair discrimination towards Jews, colored peoples, or subject races, in any part of the world. Secondly, this Congress urges governments throughout the world to declare themselves ready to surrender whatever of their national sovereignty it may be necessary to surrender in order to establish an international authority for the maintenance of peace on a basis of equality and right in the world.'

This seemed fine to me, but I did not hear that it stirred governments anywhere to action.

X

The plebiscite sanctioning Adolf Hitler's election as *Führer* and Chancellor happened round me. There were crowds of excited people, often cheering, and hundreds sang.

People everywhere talked of the election. A man in the street car said: 'Kaiser Wilhelm II broke the ship of state which Bismarck built, and now we have a man who is certain that by gift of God he has the power not only to repair that ship but to steer it.'

There was much color. Banners and flags waved on every home and shop and on public buildings. There was much singing and marching to flute and drum, and endless parades, even a parade for work horses, in which each horse wore a bow of the National Socialist colors. The trees that shade the streets all had *Ja*, or yes, on their trunks.

The radio broadcasts were tireless and a loud-speaker covered 'every inch of Germany,' so a man in the street told me. Men from every walk of life addressed the nation and the world. There was a twenty-minute biography of Herr Hitler every evening.

An elderly woman who shared a tram-car seat with me explained the need for this. She said that since the Kaiser and the kings left their thrones there have been many political parties — twenty-eight and more in some elections each putting up a candidate. People had become bewildered and tired of it all. Few knew the names of the Chancellors that have held office. Despite familiarity with Herr Hitler's name because of the '*Heil Hitler*' salute, it was very likely that numbers of folk knew nothing further about him.

She knew because her second son lived in Bavaria and had been a member of Herr Hitler's party for twelve years. He had told her that Herr Hitler is a modest

man who shunned publicity at first. In fact, early in Nazi history the party had been called 'Riders of the Night' by the romantic. Then as they grew stronger the *Führer* had begun to make use of propaganda, and he had as his Propaganda Minister a man who was cleverer at this than any other man in the world. 'In this hour of victory when he stands high as the leader of all Germans within and without the present *Reich*, every man, woman, and child must know him,' she concluded.

The twenty-minute biography given each evening portrayed a moral man, virtuous and steadfast; pictured his birth in a humble home on the German-Austrian border, his straitened childhood and unhappy youth, the loss of his mother, days of poverty in Vienna, his war service, his suffering from gas, and how he lived only to right German wrongs. Herr Frick, the Minister of the Interior, said: 'It is the business neither of the State nor of the National Socialist Party to attack the Christian churches. The State and Party leave every man to find salvation in his own way. What they will control is political activity under cover of ecclesiastical endeavor.'

Secretary Hierl, the *Reich* Labor Leader, said: 'Let us show foreign countries which are befogged by a lying international press that Adolf Hitler is no dictator oppressing the German people by force, but the true leader of Germany, raised to his position by the confiding trust and devoted love of a whole nation.'

Speaking from Hamburg on the eve of the plebiscite, Adolf Hitler repeated his philosophy of authoritative personal government as against party government because a state governed by conflicting parties is without resolution. 'The world must now know two things,' he said. 'First, the German *Reich* will never surrender its honor and its equal rights. The German people, internal relations and economics in order, will defend the nation against all. Secondly,

the German Government, like the German people, is filled with the unconditional wish to make the greatest possible contribution to the preservation of world peace. The German army does not need to rehabilitate the fame of its arms. . . .

'The time of the German revolution is past,' he continued. 'The National Socialist ideal has conquered. Germany is ruled by this philosophy. But in taking over, a loyal alliance has been made with many who did not spring from the movement. In practice this has proved beneficial to the German people. Millions of Germans who have earlier stood aside or opposed have become reconciled to a régime which has no wish other than to put Germany's best and most capable men in the posts of public life.'

'The gradual evolution of the *Reich* in coming decades under National Socialist leadership of the German people's State demands discipline at home, complete order, undisturbed tranquillity. Therefore, it is my inflexible resolve personally to bring to account any who would venture to hinder or oppose this development. I will not have the ignorant, misled, insignificant persons shot. But I will in all cases crush to earth the really responsible.'

'The National Socialist State pledges itself to positive Christianity. It is my sincere aim to safeguard the rights of the two great Christian confessions, to preserve their doctrines from attack, and to create harmony between their duties and the requirements of the present State.'

'The economic tasks ahead are great. They demand decision and endurance. But the skill of the German inventor, the ability of German economic leaders, the diligence and superior ability of the German craftsman, the industry of the land tillers, the area of the foodstuffs, and the richness of the soil will supply our needs if we are courageous in our struggle.'

'Do not count on any standing in the eyes of the outer world other than that

of the strength your brotherly solidity gives the *Reich*. . . . Not for my sake but for that of the German people I have requested this referendum. I do not need a vote of confidence to strengthen or maintain the position I hold. But the German people need a Chancellor supported before the whole world.'

'I do not argue with those to-day who think they can do better in this place than I can. They have all failed. They must admit that on the whole my fifteen years of struggle for you has been successful. I have created a movement from nothing and given the German people a new and better situation at home and abroad. Ever since I have been in the struggle one thought only has ruled me — Germany.'

Just before the voting a remark from Bismarck was broadcast to the nation: 'We Germans, placed in the centre of Europe, must hold together more than other nations. We must be one if we do not wish to be lost. We have no natural safeguard and must stand back to back unless all sacrifices of the past are lost to us.'

The published result of the election was that out of a qualified electorate of 45,473,635 there were 43,529,710 who took advantage of their right to vote. Of these 38,362,760 voted 'yes' to Hitler's appointment to the position of *Führer* and Chancellor combined, 4,294,654 voted 'no,' and 872,296 marked invalid ballots. By radio Herr Hitler immediately thanked the nation, and then General von Blomberg for the army's oath of loyalty. He promised to uphold the integrity of the service and to consolidate the army as the sole bearer of the nation's arms.

National enthusiasm was not allowed to subside into quietness at the conclusion of this successful election. Rally after rally for one cause and another filled the days. Events in one corner of the *Reich* were broadcast to every other corner. Thus a unified enthusiasm was kept astir. Greatest among these were

the Saar rally at Coblenz and the *Parteitag* at Nürnberg. The rally at Coblenz had as its theme encouragement to the Germans of the Saar, who would in the winter have the opportunity of voting whether they would rejoin the Fatherland or not.

At this time a young American girl, member of the sorority to which I belong, telephoned me. She was traveling in Germany, and came to stay in our apartment for a few days. On her travels she had made a friend, a young S.A. After she was gone he continued to come to offer his services in any way that would be of aid to us, despite the fact that he was very busy on the Saar rally. We did not see him for several days, as he had gone to Coblenz. I knew he had a ticket for a seat well to the fore in the assembly at which Herr Hitler would speak, and that he was eager to sit near his *Führer*.

'Well, how did you enjoy your *Führer's* speech?' I asked when he returned.

'I did not hear it,' he said simply. 'I forgot my credentials and was found too near the *Führer* for one who did not possess them. So I was taken into the cellar of the building and locked there until I had been identified.'

I expressed sorrow, but I did not find him sad for himself.

'We young Germans must learn to be silent, not only when we are dealt with justly, but even when enduring injustice,' he told me. 'And I was not treated unjustly; I should not have forgotten my credentials.' When I showed my surprise he added: '*Wir sind zu blindem Gehorsam verpflichtet!*'

'We are pledged to blind obedience,' I repeated after him.

'Yes,' he assured me solemnly.

XI

It was a lovely fall. The mountain ash was gay with bunches of scarlet berries. The chestnut wore leaves of gold. The girls went off to school in Switzerland.

Every day I drove my car out into the country. One afternoon I halted in a tree-shaded street. This street was full of little boys. While I waited for them to pass a man spoke to me.

He said: 'I see you have a large car and you don't look busy. Would you lend yourself to our services?'

I asked him what he wanted. He explained that he was a schoolteacher and here were ten thousand little boys called in to Cologne to march past Herr Dr. Joseph Goebbels, the *Reichsminister*.

'This marching is not good for their hearts. Many of them have come a long way. They have had this day of parade and now they must get home again. I and other teachers have made ourselves a self-appointed committee to ask kindly-looking people with cars to give conveyance to the little ones.'

I said that I would gladly do what he asked and he filled my car to overflowing. Directed by the children, I took them home. At the very end I had just one more to deliver. We were in a small village about four miles from Cologne.

'Our house is the first beyond the church,' the child directed me, adding, 'I am the pastor's son.'

I took him there. Before he got out he thanked me for the ride, shaking hands with great politeness, as all the others had done, saying, '*Auf Wiedersehen!*' And then, like his companions, clicking his heels together and lifting his right hand, the palm spread, he exclaimed: '*Heil Hitler!*'

He seemed so very young, I waited to see him safely in. His bang of the garden gate brought a woman to the house door, a fair woman about my own age. She stooped for his kiss.

His arms tight around her neck, he told her in high excited treble: 'Mummy, I kept step all the way. Mummy, I never once lost step. We marched to the music. I kept marching in the tracks of the boy before me. All the way I did.'

XII

Rabbits nibbling in a field of clover display no corporate concern when a weasel slips in among them. Seemingly their caution is only enough to register brief personal alarm. Individually anxious, the rabbits hastily hop aside from the path the quiet weasel is pursuing towards his selected victim. Crouched in hiding, they are still, heedless to the piteous death cry of their fellow. When the weasel has gone, the remaining rabbits soon present a tableau of contentment on the meadow, a pretty pastel in fawn and green.

I kept picturing the Germans of my own kind, people privileged to some education, as rabbits. My image would have been truer if I had seen the company of liberals the world over as rabbits of a clover field, myself among them.

But I did not see this. Despite the internationalism to which I had been led by careful educators, I had not drunk very seriously at that fountain. I still beheld the map of the earth as in the usual school geography — the land done in blobs of color to denote the nations, and responsibilities limited by national boundaries.

My scorn was a self-righteous scorn. It was none the less bitter because I had found in Germany a people of whom I can write unconditionally that they are the most generously kind, the quickest to sympathy, of any people I have yet known — a folk tireless in the practical things they will undertake and accomplish for one on the slightest acquaintance. This applies to all. No line can be drawn between the Nazi and the others across which one can point, saying, 'This is white and that is black.'

At that time, in Germany, there were plenty of front doors with this placard out: *Arzt für seelisches Leiden* (Doctor for Suffering of the Soul). On my mentioning these soul doctors people told me that there had been many more before Herr Hitler took charge of things.

Now their clientèle was falling off. National Socialists explained that their movement gives joiners 'spiritual release by self-forgetfulness in common effort' — 'great moments of disciplined fury when souls rise and mingle in divine comradeship' — 'exultation to all who have been afraid of life and its insecurities' — 'rejuvenation to men and women who have grown soft, covetous, mean, and timid.'

The quack doctors would be outlawed by the *Führer*, so I was told, if this were necessary. He never wastes attention on things which will die of their own weakness. When the *Reich* is completely National-Socialized they will all be out of business, because nobody will consult them. I have listened to the movement's Minister of Enlightenment and Culture broadcast: 'National Socialism is humanity's greatest experience. It is man gloriously in search of his soul.'

On the day of this broadcast I encountered National Socialism in three small shops. Radio talks usually last well over an hour, some continuing two or three, the *Führer* occasionally speaking what is nearer four — a physical feat no one else surpasses. While the Minister of Enlightenment and Culture's talk was going on I entered a chemist's shop to have a prescription made up. The radio was open full blast, in accord with the government order that those who speak for the party shall be listened to in every shop, public square, factory, school, and home. The proprietor's wife served me, as usual when I went there.

'Ach — we drink a witch's brew,' she exclaimed bitterly, waving her hand at the noise.

'Hush, Margo,' whispered her husband, and I saw that another customer was coming into the shop where we had been alone. When he had been served and was gone, the husband admonished his wife again, 'You never know where reporters are. The very walls have ears. If you are not more careful you will get us both taken into corrective custody.'

She shrugged her Rhenish shoulders: 'To think that I worked to help this party into power. Under the democracy I actually ran round persuading my friends to vote for them. They heralded their approach as deliverers and they stay as conquerors. A woman cannot speak her own mind any more. She cannot think her own thoughts. Libelous thoughts are punishable by death, and libel is everything which is n't a cheer.'

'It is n't so bad as all that,' said he. 'Give them time. A great many have tried to get the German cart out of the mud since the defeat. This party are elected to do it for us and we must give them their head in a fair trial. You are only bitter because you have foolishly got yourself into trouble.'

'Trouble! *Ach* — it is no trouble to me,' she replied with scorn, and then explained. She had met a friend on the street who had asked, 'How is business?' and she had answered, 'Bad — practically nonexistent.' This conversation had been overheard by a boy of fifteen, son of her nearest neighbor. He had reported it at the next meeting of his Hitler Youth Group.

'They have a weekly confessional,' she enlightened my puzzlement. 'We have these confessionals in all our National Socialist Groups. The creed of this party teaches that loyalty to the State ranks above every other relationship. It comes before loyalty between husband and wife, parent and child, brothers and sisters, friend and friend.'

'In our Groups it is the leader's duty to encourage confessional. The adult or child who is most diligent in protection of the State stands highest in favor. Have you not heard of the instruction sent out to us from the leaders of the National Socialist Movement? "They who stand in the way of the victory of the *Reich* will be crushed. Illegal action will lead to physical extermination. The German folk are no spies, but he who does not report observations makes him-

self guilty of the crime as if he had committed the error himself and will be so punished." Every German of the *Reich* over fourteen years of age must know this instruction by heart. No excuse for ignorance of it is accepted.

'My neighbor's son meant me no harm. He did what he thought was right in repeating my words at his little group. Grumbling and gossiping are forbidden. We had a two months' campaign of education on this in the spring. His report was forwarded to the party official of this district. I am now being taught to remember not to grumble. My punishment is light, really, compared to what some of my friends have received for no greater civic disobedience.

'Every workday morning, for six weeks, I have to present myself at the ward office of the party. I must be there promptly at eight o'clock and wait until the official is ready to receive me. He is a young man, about twenty-six, always sleekly groomed. I have to say "*Heil Hitler!*" as I open the door into his private office, giving the Nazi salute as I go in. Then I must stand before his desk — he remains seated — and, raising my hand in the salute, hold it there while I repeat "*Heil Hitler!* Business is good to-day!"'

From the chemist's I went on to a grocer's shop to leave my daily order.

'*Grüss Gott*,' I said absently as I went in.

'Don't use that greeting to me,' exclaimed the grocer woman. 'I may forget sometime and give the same reply.'

'Suppose you did?'

'Yes — suppose I did. *Ach!* Who knows what would happen? We dare not greet God here any more. We must hail Hitler. I have three little children. Who is to protect my little children if I am taken away? I have got to be careful for their sake.'

She showed me a communication which she had received through the morning post, a message mailed in a plain white envelope with no indication on its outside as to where it came from.

Inside there was a sheet of paper with the Party letter head. There was no writing, just a small newspaper clipping pinned to the centre of the clean page.

The clipping reported that various people resident in various neighborhoods had been selected to send in a memorandum as to those who were using the 'Heil Hitler!' greeting. Certain shops, various individuals, even some postmen, had been found negligent. Addressed 'Heil Hitler!' everyone responded 'Heil Hitler!' but tested with other greetings several had not given back the salute of loyalty. The report closed with a question, 'Is this the right way for these people to show gratitude for the great work the *Führer* is doing for us?'

'I would n't be worried by it,' I said.

'It is not a thing to be careless about,' she asserted. 'The long arm of arrest reaches everywhere. Even if one is taken by the regular police and wins one's freedom by law in the courts, the secret police can arrest again as one walks from the prison door. There is no court of appeal from under their hand. It is seldom that relatives or friends can find out where the arrested is taken. It is n't that I would mind arrest so much for myself, but what is to happen to my children? More persons go into the concentration camps than come out. Those who get alarmed there and show rebellion never come back. I have a slow temper, uncontrollable when roused. I must be careful because of my children.'

'Heil Hitler!' she said loudly as I left.

'Heil Hitler!' I responded to the convention of her country.

Going to the shoemaker to have some repairs done, I learned that he was away — indefinitely away. There had been a search for books. Such searches, so a twelve-year-old son told me, are periodic but not systematic. A Party person may descend on only one house in a block when he comes. The child told me that no one is allowed to possess a book written by a pacifist, a Communist, a Jew, a Mason, or any book about

Masonry; any book on politics or political science other than National Socialism; any book of science which refutes the National Socialist theory of race and blood; or any novel or poems by an author who has in any writing whatsoever ridiculed the National Socialist Party members or their tenets; any printing which gives any account of the Christian Church strife in Germany excepting that allowed by the Third Reich; or any book dealing with the German post-war period from a democratic or liberal point of view.

The searchers, two armed men, had found a book by the Englishman, Bertrand Russell, behind the shoemaker's clock. The child said it was a book telling of paths which lead to peace.

'Does your father read English?' I asked.

'No, he cannot. The book belongs to a friend. We were keeping it for the friend.'

'Has the friend been arrested, too?'

'He is not in the Rhineland now and Papa would not give his whereabouts or name.'

'Is n't the responsibility your friend's?'

'We do not reason that way in our family. We believe that loyalty between friends is above submission to the imposed will of this usurper party. We are every one ready to die for that belief.'

'We certainly are,' his little sister seconded his remark.

'Ena is brave,' he said, putting his arm around her young shoulders. 'She is brave. But she is young. She is only seven. She has so many years to resist National Socialist teaching. It is n't their harsh methods which the young have to be so strong to resist. It is their soft ways of confusing good with evil which resolve the power to resist. She has fair hair and blue eyes, as I have. I know what is before her. She is the type they want to win to their cause.'

'Where is your mother?' I asked.

'She has gone to try to find out where our father has been taken and get per-

mission to send him some soap and clean linen. There are n't any comforts in the concentration camps.'

When I left, the boy was at his father's last, repairing my shoes.

'I will pay in advance,' I said, and put ten marks on the table.

'That is too much,' the children told me quickly. 'Two marks sixty is the price.'

XIII

In the weeks following I had two experiences of my own concerning books. First, one which, although it may appear out of place, must be put in because of the bearing it had later on my life in Germany. I had received but given no heed to a letter from a Berlin publisher which contained a contract for German publication of my *House of Exile*. One afternoon, on my return from a walk, Hilgers, the manservant, told me that a man had called to see me. Hilgers described him as a very secretive man who looked like the Secret Police and would not disclose his business. He would be back at nine o'clock next morning and left word that I was to be in.

He came next morning. By my husband's order he was shown into my husband's room. I was told to wait. Finally I was called. He was the publisher. He had read my book in the American edition. He knew the number of countries in which it was published and had seemingly a more complete knowledge of how it was selling in the various languages than I had. He had written to Boston for my address and learned that I was in Germany.

He explained that in Germany, under the National Socialists, it is necessary to have a government permit to print a book. He had that permit for my book. He had sent me a letter here. I must have got it, as it was registered. There was a contract in it, and he had waited for an answer. When none arrived he considered telephoning, then thought it better to come to Cologne to see me.

I had not replied because my feeling was such then that I did not care to publish my book in Germany. My husband and our visitor talked seriously with me concerning this attitude. When the publisher went away he had the signed contract in his pocket.

A woman brought up in the Quaker faith cannot long indulge comfortably in a scornful righteous indignation. Her conscience will begin to twinge.

To remember that in the name 'Friend' the people called Quaker have an ideal set before them; to believe that if one will appeal without fear to the good inherent in every other there will be response; to address noble and commoner in plainness, and treat the occupant of palace and cottage on the same human level; to form no hasty conclusions — these are precepts a Quaker child learns.

Prodigal to this gentle faith, too often I find myself away on strange paths. Then remembered precepts call me home. I now resolved to subdue my emotions and try to give more intelligent attention to these people among whom I must stay for an indefinite time.

We found a pretty house for us in a village upriver from Cologne, and I sent for my boxes of books to be forwarded from France. Sometime later I received a notification from the Customs that boxes addressed to me had arrived containing books forbidden entry to the *Reich*. I went over. A customs inspector handed me a 'black list.' I found it an illustrious rollcall.

Studying it from beginning to end, the thought occurred to me that a person wishing to read for culture might use this in purchasing a library, if life had kept him too preoccupied to acquire the necessary education to make his own selection. It was fairly complete, so far as the languages of Europe and America are concerned, but lacking in Oriental titles — in fact, entirely devoid of them. The works of the liberal Persian poets and the pacifist Chinese political phi-

losophers were not on it. Even German, French, and English translations of their books could come in.

I handed it back to the customs inspector. I unpacked and he checked. From among my books all of Balzac, Anatole France, Victor Hugo, André Malraux, and Romain Rolland had to be laid aside to be sent out of Germany. All of Norman Angell, Walter Lippmann, Sinclair Lewis, Spinoza, Maxim Gorky, and Edna St. Vincent Millay must be relinquished. To the growing heap I must add the poems of Heinrich Heine; Thomas Mann's *A Man and His Dog*; a score of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*; and, lastly, Lessing's drama, *Nathan der Weise*.

I worked quietly, feeling bereft. Before leaving France I had selected carefully when preparing the boxes of books which were to follow me. A gypsy can carry but a limited library. These were my friends, companions chosen for my exile. Choking back self-pity, I was silent until I came to *Nathan der Weise*.

To part with that slim volume seemed more than I could bear without protest. It is a favorite of mine — one of the stories I like best of all the stories men have told.

Besides, it was given to me by a German who judged its tolerance good and true — as I could show in the comments he had written on the margins of its pages. It was a gift from a man who lies dead somewhere under the forest of black crosses which mark the graves of unnamed German soldiers fallen on the soil of France — a youth who gallantly flung his life away, as did thousands of others of his generation, fighting for what he believed was the right. In this telling I brought tears to the eyes of the sentimental German who as a customs inspector of that soldier's Fatherland

was denying me the privilege of bringing home this book. But to no avail. *Nathan der Weise* was now under ban here. He could not let it enter.

He told me that there was no condemnation of Lessing and mentioned him as one of the writers celebrated by the National Socialists. I could have copies of all his other works. I could see his comedy *Minna von Barnhelm* and his *Emilia Galotti* on the stage this winter. The objection to the book I had was that Lessing had made the hero of it a Jew.

I asked if he did not think that Lessing might be a better critic of what Germans should read than the men who compiled this black list.

'I do not meddle in politics,' the inspector replied quickly. 'I do my duty — and that has not been easy these twenty years I have served. Lessing may be wisest, but he has been dead more than a hundred years and the men who declared a ban on his book are in power. If I let the book in I may find myself in trouble.'

I did not press him further. I laid my banned books in a box, fitting them so that their corners could n't get broken, putting my favorite in a snug place. Then I sat down to rest on the box of books allowed to stay with me, feeling exhausted.

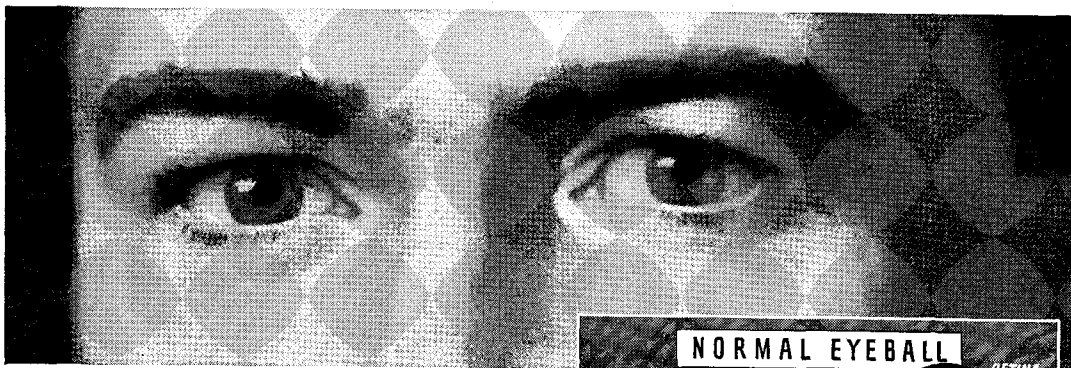
The servant of National Socialism brought a hammer and new nails, shining as silver, with which he fastened on the lid of the box that must leave the *Reich*. His steady, relentless blows shook me as if they closed a coffin, their fall beating a funeral dirge for the Germany whose matchless beauty Madame de Staël heralded in *De l'Allemagne*.

Is that Germany dead? Or does she lie as Snow White in a trance from eating a poisoned apple?

To be continued

With each twelve months of the Atlantic
THREE GREAT BOOKS OF THE YEAR

SAVE YOUR EYES



Nature places your eyes in deep sockets, surrounds them with bony structure, provides quick-action lids and cleansing tears to help protect your eyesight.

Moreover, Nature warns you when all is not well with your eyes. If you have unexplained headaches, a tired feeling after reading, watering or bloodshot eyes, crusts or scales on the lashes, puffiness of the lids or blurred vision—a competent eye specialist should be consulted.

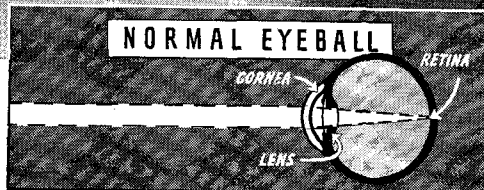
The specialist may be able to give relief by prescribing and fitting glasses, or he may find that treatment of some underlying medical condition is necessary. If you wear glasses, have them checked periodically by your eye specialist. Incorrect lenses or frames that do not hold the glasses in the right position can cause serious eyestrain.

Simple Rules for Conserving Sight

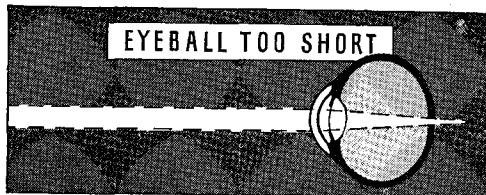
Don't strain your eyes by reading or working in a dim light. Avoid glare. Frequently interrupt prolonged close work such as reading, writing or sewing by resting the eyes; either shut them or look off into the distance. If you read in bed, make sure that your book is held at equal distance from *each* eye—never read when lying on your side and always have the page well lighted and *below* the level of your eyes.

If something gets into your eye rubbing it may have serious consequences. When tears do not wash out the offending substance, draw the upper lid over the lower. If this fails, have a doctor remove it. Unless ordered by an eye specialist, avoid the use of ointments, salves and other remedies. The eye is subject to changes due to advancing age. Even though your eyes seem normal, your safest course lies in regular examinations.

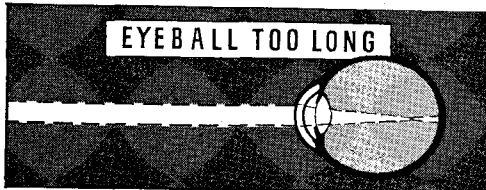
If discovered in time many defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected. The Metropolitan booklet "Care of the Eyes" contains valuable information. A post card brings you a free copy. Address Booklet Department 1238-T.



When the normal eye is looking into the distance, light rays focus the image directly on the retina—or back part of the eyeball. The muscles which control the lens of the eye come into play for close work.



The *farsighted* person has a short eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image *back* of the retina. He may be able to see distant objects but cannot focus on nearby objects without straining the muscles of the eye.*



The *nearsighted* person has a long eyeball. Light rays entering his eye focus the image in *front* of the retina. He can see objects close at hand but cannot focus for distant objects.*

ASTIGMATISM

Astigmatism is the incapacity of the eye to see both vertical and horizontal lines at the same time with equal sharpness. Thus, light rays entering the eye cannot be brought to a common focus at any point. This results in a blurred image.*

* These defects can be corrected by glasses.

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The Cost of Creating a Job

IT costs more today than ever before to equip a worker for his job. The capital investment per worker in all manufacturing industry was only \$1,900 in 1899. By 1914, it had increased to \$3,200 per worker. In 1935, it stood at \$7,600. In many industries the investment per worker is much higher than this average. In the steel industry, for instance, the figure is \$11,500. In the railroad industry, the capital investment is \$26,000 per worker. In the electric utility industry, \$47,000 per worker.

If business and employment are to expand and progress, new capital must be invested. It

takes money to create new jobs. Moreover, even existing industrial equipment wears out and must be renewed. Often it becomes obsolete and must be replaced. And as old industries die, they must be succeeded by new ones, else our entire economy will stagnate. 18 new industries, born since 1880, today account for the employment, directly or indirectly, of 1 out of every 4 people now at work in the United States.

Labor should have as much interest as business men in seeing that the flow of new capital into American industry is renewed for the benefit of all.

As bankers for commercial and industrial enterprises, it is part of our responsibility to contribute something to a better understanding of the facts about private business.

BANK OF NEW YORK

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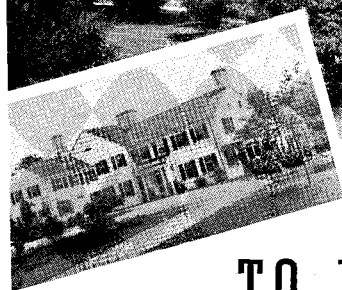
New York's First Bank

Founded in 1784

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A typical Davey restoration of large trees. Above picture taken less than eight years after picture at left.



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A Davey Expert will be glad to inspect your property and make recommendations for the planting of new large trees, or consult with you on any problems of tree care. No obligation! Write, wire, or telephone—

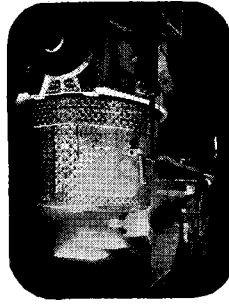
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The Bethlehem Steel Quiz

TRY IT ON THE FAMILY

Once again Bethlehem Steel Company sets down ten simple questions contrived to quiz your knowledge of steel, steel-makers and steel-making. No inside information on the subject is necessary, since the majority of the alternatives to the correct answer are taken from your general fund of facts.

Score 10 for each correct answer—40 is a good average, 70 should earn you the respect of all and sundry and, if you score 100, you may blandly let your astounded audience assume that the intricacies of steel manufacture are abecedarian to you.

Correct answers to the Bethlehem Quiz will be found opposite page 879.

1. Only one of the following sentences is correct. Can you spot it?

- (a) *George Pocock, the famous boat-designer, was the first to use streamlining on the super-structure of a large ocean-liner.*
- (b) *Two men, Tyrus Cobb and George H. Sisler, first developed a zinc roofing material with a steel base.*
- (c) *The rivet heater heated the rivet and tossed it, with tongs, to the riveter above him.*
- (d) *The steel sheets were first pickled in vinegar, then plated with tin.*

2. One of these cities is *not* a steel center.

- (a) *Baltimore* (b) *Buffalo* (c) *Birmingham*
(d) *Indianapolis* (e) *San Francisco*

3. A Reinforcing Bar may sound like a place to get a refreshing drink after a day spent Christmas shopping, but it is really a long rod used by the building trade for one of the following purposes:

- (a) *As an anchor between parallel brick walls to prevent bulging.*
- (b) *Set between angles of a gable roof to relieve stress.*

- (c) *To support a stairway and eliminate sagging.*
- (d) *Set in a form of concrete to strengthen it.*

4. Which one of these simple steel contrivances is an important outlet for wire?

- (a) *eggbeater* (b) *dishpan* (c) *double-boiler*
(d) *paper clip* (e) *doorknob*

5. You may not realize how inexpensive standard grades of steel are. Actually, they cost less than half as much per pound as all but one of these:

- (a) *aluminum* (c) *milk* (e) *shoes*
(b) *butter* (d) *book paper* (f) *cotton*

6. In Bethlehem Steel Company's new rod mill, the red-hot rods, being rolled to size, pass through the rollers at a maximum speed of:

- (a) *3 miles per hour* (c) *27 miles per hour*
(b) *12 miles per hour* (d) *46 miles per hour*

7. "Dardelet" is the name of:

- (a) *The latest French coiffure.*
- (b) *A new type of lastex infants' wear.*
- (c) *The swing-anthem of Middlewestern jitterbugs.*
- (d) *A self-locking threaded fastening, used where vibration is likely to occur.*

8. While "work-hardness" has nothing to do with excessive labor, it is a term used to describe:

- (a) *The effect of exercise on the muscles of an over-trained athlete.*
- (b) *A method of rapidly setting concrete.*
- (c) *Hardness developed in metal resulting from mechanical working, particularly cold working.*
- (d) *Epidermal friction which results in callouses.*

9. Iron ore, commonly brick-red in color, which is mined and used in making iron and steel, is similar in its composition to one of the following substances:

- (a) *lignite* (b) *coal* (c) *iron rust* (d) *shale*

10. What large steel producer has been making alloy steels longer than any other American company?

Your Property— In Trust in Massachusetts

Prudent persons realize that with the increasing complexity in business and investment fields the problem of leaving property for the best possible benefit of their heirs is a matter for serious concern. In solving this problem many investors have created Living Trusts, under the particular advantages of Massachusetts Trusteeship.



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